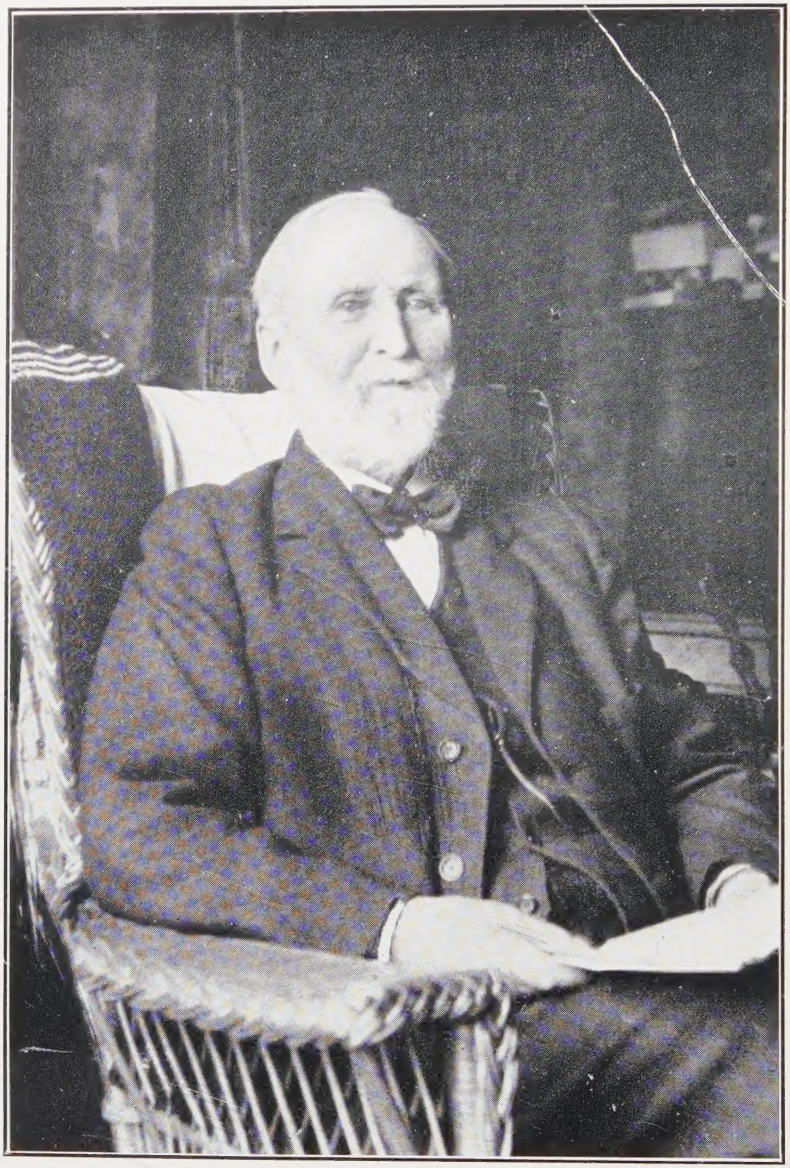
# The Light Bearers

LUCIEN V. RULE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/lightbearers0000luci



REVEREND JOHN RULE

at 87

1837 ——— 1925

# The Light Bearers

## Home Mission Heroes of Presbyterian History

*Centennial Story of an*
*Old Country Church and Neighborhood*
*in the Presbytery of Louisville*

*by*

*LUCIEN V. RULE*

*With a Foreword by Rev. Charles R. Hemphill, D. D.*

GOSHEN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Founded 1825

Dedicated and Given to God

Rich and Poor of All Denominations are Welcome
and are Urged to Worship in this Church

PRESS OF
BRANDT-CONNORS & FOWLER
LOUISVILLE, KY.
1926

Copyright 1926
*by*
LUCIEN V. RULE

## Dedication

TO the enduring memory of Rev. Edward O. Guerrant, D. D., and to my father, Rev. John Rule, college mates at "Old Centre" and Heroes of the Home Mission Movement of Louisville Presbytery and the Synod of Kentucky in their time.

# Chapter Contents and Subject Index


| | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| | FOREWORD | |
| | THE UPPER RIVER ROAD IN SONG AND STORY | I |
| | Old Half-way House | I |
| | Kuykendall Station | II |
| | The First Fort Near Goshen | III |
| | Shrader-Taylor Homestead | III |
| | Old Defenders of River Front | III |
| | Tippecanoe Hero | IV |
| | Old Magruder-Belknap Home | V |
| | The Reynolds Home | VI |
| | Attractive Scenes | VII |
| I. | THE LIGHT BEARERS | 1 |
| II. | Gideon Blackburn | 6 |
| III. | A Great Emancipator | 8 |
| IV. | Gideon Blackburn and Andrew Jackson | 11 |
| V. | Their Works Do Follow Them | 13 |
| VI. | A FATHER OF THE FAITH | 18 |
| | An Abrahamic Home | 19 |
| | An Old Testament Type | 20 |
| | Elemental Manhood | 22 |
| | Elemental Religion | 23 |
| VII. | The Solitary Torch | 25 |
| VIII. | Westward in the Fifties | 29 |
| IX. | The Call of '61 | 34 |
| X. | The Mantle of Elijah | 39 |
| XI. | OLD TIME KENTUCKIANS | 46 |
| XII. | The Cross and the Rose | 50 |
| XIII. | A Daughter of Music | 54 |
| XIV. | A Deaf-Mute Educator | 57 |
| XV. | Webster George | 60 |
| XVI. | The Sunday School and the Day School | 63 |
| XVII. | STORY AND RESTORATION OF AN OLD COUNTRY | |
| | Graves of Forgotten Heroes | 69 |
| | Andrew Steele, Old Elder and Pioneer | 69 |
| | Early Singing Teachers | 70 |
| | When Presbytery Met at Goshen | 71 |
| | The Old Sacramental Meetings | 72 |
| | Elder Wilson Duerson | 72 |
| | Romance of Dr. Hill and Martha Smith | 73 |
| | Tragic Death of Mary Lucy Duerson | 73 |
| | In Memory of "Lady Bountiful" | 74 |
| | The Liberty Girls of Olden Times | 75 |
| | "Faithful Women Not a Few" | 75 |
| | Old Record of Elders and Deacons | 76 |
| | The Restoration Movement | 78 |
| XVIII. | The Story of Dominie Sears | 80 |
| | Old Time Funerals | 81 |
| | The Fellowship of Suffering | 81 |
| | A Patriarchal Pastor | 83 |
| | A Prophet of Colonial Times | 84 |
| XIX. | The Pilkingtons of "Old Brunswick" | 86 |
| | Great Preachers of "Old Brunswick" | 86 |
| | Father Comfort | 87 |
| | Uncle John and Aunt Jane | 87 |
| | Hearts that Beat as One | 88 |
| | Aunt Maggie Makes a Romance | 89 |
| | Closing Scenes | 90 |

Page

XX. The Harrod's Creek Presbyterian Church ..... 92
Pastor Thomas Cleland ..... 93
Rev. Andrew Sherely ..... 95
The Great Barnes Revival ..... 96
The Colored Baptist Churches ..... 97

XXI. SOCIAL LIFE IN THE OLD SOUTH ..... 99
A Slave Time Tragedy ..... 102
Memories of an Old Kentucky Home ..... 103

XXII. The War Tide Turns in Oldham ..... 105
Pastor Dinsmore Supports Rob Morris ..... 106
Pastor Dinsmore's Successors ..... 107
Masonic Aid for Prison Sufferers ..... 108
Rob Morris the Evangel of Brotherhood ..... 109

XXIII. Doctor Newton and Aunt Martha Eubank ..... 111
Doctor Newton as a Teacher ..... 111
Doctor Newton's Famous Pupils ..... 113
Doctor Newton and the Civil War ..... 115
Elizabeth Henshaw ..... 117

XXIV. Col. and Mrs. Richard T. Jacob of Old Clifton ..... 119
Mrs. Sarah Benton Jacob ..... 120
Doctor Johnson of Westport ..... 121

XXV. ANNALS OF THE POOR ..... 122
Edward O. Guerrant ..... 125
The Man of God at Home ..... 125
Jacob Ditzler ..... 126

XXVI. Hurried To Heaven ..... 128

XXVII. The Work at West Goshen ..... 133

XXVIII. The Struggle For a Free School at West Goshen ..... 138
"The Backwoods Seminary" ..... 139
Thomas B. Talbot ..... 140

XXIX. A New Time Kentuckian ..... 144

XXX. "The Miracle of Romsey" ..... 148

XXXI. Mr. W. N. Taylor Discusses the Future of Goshen Church and Community ..... 152

XXXII. FROM SERVITUDE TO SERVICE ..... 156

XXXIII. "My Old Kentucky Home" ..... 161

XXXIV. The Story of a Slave Child ..... 165

XXXV. The Dream of Freedom ..... 168
A Story of Little Africa ..... 169
The Young Brickmaker ..... 169

XXXVI. The Young Light Bearer ..... 170

XXXVII. The Story of William the Shepherd ..... 173

XXXVIII. A Home Missionary to Little Africa ..... 177

XXXIX. The Shepherd and His People ..... 181
Joseph S. Cotter, Jr. ..... 184

XL. A Book of Remembrance ..... 185
The Centennial Goshen Church ..... 185
As the Life of a Tree ..... 187
The Dark Mother Comes ..... 209

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Frontispiece—Rev. John Rule at 87. | |
| Old Half-Way House | II |
| Old Harrods Creek Baptist Church | IV |
| "The Bluff" | VI |
| Gideon Blackburn | 2 |
| Old Edwards Home | 9 |
| Old Blackburn Academy | 14 |
| Rev. John Rule in his prime | 17 |
| Peter Cortelyou | 19 |
| William Christie | 21 |
| Rev. Robert G. Brank, D. D. | 23 |
| Rev. Samuel Davies | 26 |
| Rev. John Witherspoon | 27 |
| House and Carriage Shop of Rule Brothers | 30 |
| Old Centre College | 35 |
| John Rule, William Brown and Abram Rule | 36 |
| L. W. Green | 37 |
| Mrs. Mary Woolfolk Rule | 45 |
| Old Woolfolk Home | 51 |
| Mary Woolfolk | 55 |
| James G. George and Son, Webster | 58 |
| John F. Glover | 64 |
| Rev. Thomas Cleland, D. D. | 68 |
| Andrew Steele | 70 |
| An Old Country Church | 72 |
| Rev. E. P. Humphrey, D. D. | 74 |
| Prof. Jacob Cooper | 77 |
| Charles Hodge, D. D. | 81 |
| Alexander T. McGill, D. D. | 82 |
| James C. Moffat, D. D. | 83 |
| William H. Green, D. D. | 84 |
| Rev. B. H. McCown, D. D. | 93 |
| Governor Richard T. Jacob | 100 |
| Old Todd-Woolfolk Homestead | 103 |
| Rev. J. H. Dinsmore | 106 |
| Dr. Rob Morris | 107 |
| Dr. A. S. Newton | 112 |
| Aunt Martha Eubank | 113 |
| Old Goshen Academy | 114 |
| Home of Aunt Martha Eubank | 115 |
| Newton Woolfolk | 116 |
| Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson | 117 |
| Thomas B. Talbot | 123 |
| West Goshen Day School | 136 |
| West Goshen Church and School | 141 |
| "Land O' Goshen" | 145 |
| William B. Belknap | 149 |
| Goshen Church Centennial, 1925 | 153 |
| Jos. S. Cotter and the Story Hour | 157 |
| "Uncle William" | 159 |
| Joseph S. Cotter | 166 |
| Rev. and Mrs. Wm. H. Sheppard | 174 |
| Joseph S. Cotter, Jr. | 184 |
| Rev. Thomas H. Cleland, D. D. | 186 |
| Rev Edward O. Guerrant | 188 |

# Foreword

This book belongs to a class of publications that should be encouraged, the histories of local communities and institutions so often "to dumb forgetfulness a prey."

It is the history of a country church now a hundred years old, and of a community in which it has been the central and uniting influence. Though it is a Presbyterian Church, there is nothing narrow or sectarian in its story; and though miles away from city or town, it is linked with more than one name of wide reputation. The founding of the church, for example, is connected with the ministry of Gideon Blackburn while pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Louisville; and our author takes occasion to recite much of the career of this pioneer preacher and educator—he was at one time President of Centre College—of the West and the South.

We are also made acquainted with the ministers and teachers who, through the successive years, moulded the character of the community.

While the book is of special interest to Presbyterians, it has a wider appeal. In its pages we learn much of the ideas, manners and customs of the people. A great deal of family history is given; and decendants of the men and women described will find here interesting facts and incidents in the lives of their ancestors. It is worth noting that a large proportion of these old family names are still found in the community.

To his own father and mother, who for more than sixty years have lived and wrought in the church and community, Mr. Rule pays a tribute of filial affection and appreciation.

The reading of this book will do much to promote the revival and conservation of the country church, and to create a desire for country life, on which largely depends the future of religion among us as well as our social and political welfare.

The author commands a clear and readable style, and both informs and entertains. He has made a valuable contribution to the important subject of Rural Sociology, to which he has devoted diligent study.

C. R. HEMPHILL.

Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., December 12, 1925.

# The Upper River Road in Song and Story

## "Old Half-Way House" at Harrods Creek

THE Ohio River from time immemorial has been the great waterway of the Middle West. The story of Louisville, written some years ago for "Historic Towns of the Southern States," tells the romantic history of this beautiful stream. And now the proposed highway from Louisville to Cincinnati on the Kentucky side follows the course of "The Hudson of the West" and passes through sections of country rich in soil and scenic grandeur and full of historic and legendary association.

The River road from the city limits to Harrods Creek is as familiar and lovely to the people of Louisville as Riverside Drive is to the people of New York City—a comparison made by nearly every visitor from the East. And the story of the old homesteads—where George Rogers Clark passed his last days, where Zachary Taylor lived and where Jefferson Davis made love to the daughter of "Old Rough and Ready"—has often been related. The handsome modern mansions that crown the river hilltops compare with the rural seats of the leisured wealthy anywhere.

But the story of the Upper River road has never been fully told; nor have the memorable old scenes, buildings and homesteads been marked and pointed out to the passing tourist. So our first illustration will be "The Old Half-Way House" at the mouth of Harrods Creek, a tavern dating far back into Indian and pioneer days when the tide of population flowed from the Southern States into the newly-opened Northwest Territory. These land-hunters and home-seekers were terrified by the falls at Louisville and crossed the river at Utica to avoid the current and rapids they dreaded worse than death itself. Many an historic personage passed over stream in those times, and tradition says there were occasional bloody encounters when the rough backwoodsmen imbibed too freely at the old tavern.

In later days, when Zachary Taylor and Henry Clay were popular heroes, the farmers of the upper river counties rode into Louisville horseback and stopped at the old "Half-Way House" to break the length of the journey, and in the woods adjoining the barbecues of hard cider times were held. The old tavern often rang aloud with political disputation and the click of glasses and firearms were not infrequently heard together.

## "Kuykendall Station," A Historic Spot

At the corner of Seventh and Main streets, Louisville, stands the beautiful granite Column, erected "To commemorate the establishment of the town of Louisville, 1780. On this site stood Fort Nelson. Built in 1782 under the direction of George Rogers Clark, after the expedition which gave to the country the great Northwest. The Colonial Dames of America in the State of Kentucky."

But few people are aware that this historic spot and stone are also tragically connected with the first, and almost simultaneous, settlements made in, and Indian massacres of the pioneers occurring in Jefferson and Oldham counties fifteen miles East of the future Falls City. They also recall the long-forgotten but brave and devoted Baptist soldier-preachers of that period

Very careful research into the Revolutionary records of Old Virginia, now published and accessible at the Louisville Public Library, restored entirely the lost history of "Kuykendall Station" and its founder on the John T. Yager farm near Brownsboro in Oldham County.

"Old Half-Way House," River Road Tavern at mouth of Harrods Creek. Once the beautiful and hospitable Lentz Cavender Home. "Eight Mile Tavern House" stood two miles below on River Road and sheltered many travelers. But the "Old Half-Way House has gathered more magic stirring tradition of pioneer days when Utica was a great crossing point to the North West.

Among the Revolutionary veterans paid off and honorably discharged at Fort Pitt were five men by the name of Kuykendall. These brave defenders of American freedom were Elijah, Jacob, Elisha, Moses and Peter Kuykendall. Moses was a member of Capt. William Harrod's company in 1780 at the stations near the Falls of the Ohio, as Louisville was then called. In 1782 Kuykendall Station was established on the waters of Harrods Creek in what was then Jefferson county.

Moses Kuykendall died and was buried at the old fort in December, 1807. The Yager homestead belonged to William and Abram Keller, pioneer Baptist preachers in Oldham county, and the first settlement in that section was made about the Kuykendall fortress and the old stone Harrods Creek Baptist Church, built in 1797, and still standing in good condition and use. The remains of the old fortress were long visible, but to-day only the ruins of an immense pioneer "still" are pointed out to the tourist on the old farm.

## The First Fort, Near Goshen

In one of the most beautiful glens to be found amid the Ohio River hills above Louisville is situated the historic Snowden house. It was built in the fall of 1793 under the supervision of a pioneer carpenter, Andrew Marrs, of North Carolina, who came with the early settlers to this section of the State. When it is related that pioneers right around Louisville were unceasingly harassed by the Indians for some years into the present century, and that the people farther up the river needed protection until even after the War of 1812, it will be seen how necessary it was that a strong fort should be erected at the first arrival of the settlers who located away from the hamlet at the Falls of the Ohio.

The Snowden house, now owned by Mr. Giltner Snowden, was built for this purpose and other pioneer homes were put up in its immediate vicinity. It is quite well situated for a fortress, since it commands the approach of two long valleys and has a never failing spring of cool water at its door. All houses in those times were necessarily built beside a spring, and when people ask to-day why certain other sites, much more beautiful, were not selected, this fact may be recalled to account for it.

The Snowden house was the first of a circle of forts that held back the inroads and attacks of the Indians from across the Ohio River in Indiana. Some years later Rev. Gideon Blackburn, the great Presbyterian pastor in Louisville, a famous and eloquent pioneer preacher and college president, established an academy at the old fortress, which was taught by his gifted son, Rev. John N. Blackburn. For years young men and young women from Southern Indiana came to this early pioneer school to receive classical training.

## Shrader-Taylor. An Old Homestead

The Shrader-Taylor homestead at Goshen is one of the most beautiful types of the comfortable old brick dwellings modernized with every equipment of a twentieth century farm-house. The Shraders were sturdy Pennsylvania pioneers who built the old home about 1811 and '12. It withstood Indian attack like the Magruder house. On one of their raids from Indiana the red men captured and scalped a white boy by the name of Huckleberry on the back of the Shrader farm. His dead and bloody body was thrown into the little stream that has since borne the same name. "Huckleberry Creek." The Taylors who purchased and improved the old Shrader place a few years ago are also sturdy Pennsylvania people who have added much to the community to-day.

## Old Defenders of River Front

On the northeast corner of the Thomas Bottorff farm above Goshen, about two miles from the river, are the ruins of what was once a commodious two-story log dwelling, with heavy stone chimneys. In a beautiful and secluded blue-grass grove pasture nearby is a broad, handsome, red-brown marble monument to the memory of a distinguished Revolutionary soldier and one of the earliest settlers and defenders of the Ohio River Front, the most perilous point in Oldham county in those days. The following inscription meets the eye:

RICHARD TAYLOR

Native of Virginia; 1740—1825. A commodore in the navy in the Revolutionary War, in which he captured many British vessels, and finally died from wounds received.

CATHERINE DAVIS TAYLOR
His wife: 1750—1820

Commodore Taylor doubtless settled on a Revolutionary grant of land in this section. The story of his coming to Oldham county was long lost to local tradition. But we now know that he was the ancestor of the late Richard Taylor Jacob, who had the monument put up in his memory some years ago. Governor Jacob himself was born in 1825 in the old log home that stood in the grove and has now gone to ruin. The creek below was named "Taylor's Run" for the commodore.

Old Harrods Creek Baptist Church, Oldham County, built in 1797 near Kuykendall Fortress, Brownsboro. Same year that Long Run Church was built, where Abraham Lincoln's grandfather was killed by the Indians. Both churches members of the same Association.

Back on the Henshaw farm, near neighbor to the old Commodore Taylor home, still stands the old John Hanson Wheeler stone house, one of the few typical stone forts left in this part of Oldham, similar to those built around Kuykendall Station long ago, and one of which is still a substantial dwelling house. This house was the type between the early log and the later two-story brick dwellings erected around Goshen as early as 1810, '11 and '12. This type of stone dwelling is said to have been the home of freeholders in old England and the colonies.

## Tippecanoe Hero Lived at "Bluff"

On the old Tarleton farm known as "The Bluff," now owned by the Bottorffs, stands a small brick sentry house commanding a wide sweep of the

river up and down. Col. Ralph Tarleton was a neighbor of Commodore Taylor and served in the Tippecanoe campaign during the War of 1812. He, too, was one of the bravest defenders of the river front. The late John Grove Speer, M. D., another honored centenarian of Oldham county, refers to the terror of Indian attack after the Pigeon Roost Massacre in Southern Indiana, in September, 1812. Even as late as that year the pioneers were afraid to live very far from the river front fortress.

Col. Tarleton always claimed that he killed Tecumseh in the Battle of the Thames, and there is no doubt that he was in the fore-front of the battle with other heroic Kentuckians. In after years he was such a lover of the Ohio River that he built his dwelling house after the model of a steamboat, as can be seen from the illustration.

## Old Magruder Home, Now Belknap Home

One of the first brick houses built in the vicinity of the forts that have just been described, was the Magruder homestead. Enoch Magruder, its architect and owner, was a member of the Maryland family of his name and came to Kentucky among the first pioneers, building himself a simple log house, to begin with, near a bend of Harrods Creek, in 1802.

The Magruder homestead was built in 1811-12, as it then required two or three years to finish a large brick dwelling. The brick were previously prepared on the farm; the walls of the dwelling were made quite thick and the rooms were large and comfortable.

All during the second war with England the country around the Magruder house was kept in alarm by threatened raids from Hoosier Indians; and one day in 1812, just before the building was completed, a courier from up the river came dashing through the neighborhood with the wild report that the Indians had crossed the river, were burning and scalping, and would be at hand very soon. People by the score came rushing to the Magruder house from every quarter, as the Snowden house was considered too small. The usual force of armed men moved toward the river, but the enemy did not appear. In such an event the pioneer party would cautiously cross the river and send scouts back into the Indiana forest to see if there were any traces of the Indians. If not, after an interval of careful waiting, they would return to Kentucky and reassure the people.

In addition to having served as the brick fortress in its community, the Magruder homestead is interesting from the well-authenticated story of Daniel Boone's visit to its vicinity before the Revoluntionary War. Below the house is a part of Harrods Creek especially fine for angling, which was known during the last century among the Indians as "Happy Fishing Waters." On the hill above this arm of the creek is a fortification to defend it, similar to the one at Fern Grove, (Rose Island) Indiana.

On a beech tree right across from the fort Daniel Boone's name was found carved in his characteristic style, with the "D" backward and "E" similarly connected. The name was surely genuine, because the settlers of the community accepted it as such, and fifty years ago Mr. James Henshaw, of Oldham county, cut out the block containing it and presented it to some historical society.

The Magruder farm was purchased several years ago by Mr. William Belknap, Jr., of Louisville, and has since been transformed into one of the most beautiful and valuable homes and farms between Louisville and Cincinnati.

## The Reynolds House, Old Kentucky Home

After the simple log cabin of the lone forest, the second type of dwelling erected by the pioneers was the two-story log house. It is remarkable what large and comfortable two-story log houses were built by the early settlers in Kentucky. Many of these houses, with solid stone chimneys and weathered over in modern fashion, stand to-day as secure and commodious a type of "the old Kentucky home" as one would wish to see.

"The Bluff"—Home of Col. Ralph Tarleton, a River Front Defender, above Goshen, Kentucky.

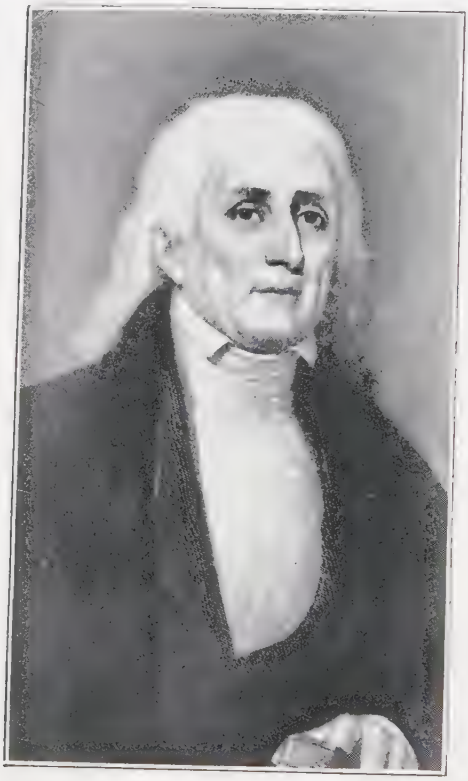
Such a home is that on the old farm of Mr. R. W. Reynolds, near Goshen. It was built in 1797 or 1798 by Robert Woolfolk, a Virginia Revolutionary soldier, who came to Kentucky with five brothers and settled on Harrods Creek just back of the circle or river front fortresses that protected the pioneer community from Indian attack. Robert and Edmund Woolfolk entered land together and put up their dwelling houses on adjoining hills. They were ready with the rifle at a moment's notice and were thrifty tillers of the soil. But they were also a superior type in mental culture and moral force, and did much for the progress and uplift of the community. Robert Woolfolk became a merchant and lived to be nearly 100 years of age. He died in Louisville and is buried in Cave Hill Cemetery. The Reynolds home and farm (now owned and operated by Mr. I. L. Wilson) is one of the best in the entire country round.

## Attractive Scenes Along The Road

Two scenes of the Upper River road are of special historic interest. The first (described in a later chapter) is a grove where stood 100 years ago the old community meeting house whose most famous pastor was Rev. Gideon Blackburn, chaplain in the Indian wars with Andrew Jackson and a warm personal friend of the General. This same grove was the old meeting house cemetery, where the ashes of Revolutionary heroes rest. It is located on the farm of Mr. J. W. Mount.

The River road scene next mentioned is passing through the village of Goshen. The old road was called the Goshen and Sligo plank road and turnpike. The building to the right (no longer there) was the historic old Pythagoras Masonic Lodge. Other buildings of note still stand in the little hamlet.

# "The Light Bearers"



GIDEON BLACKBURN

CHAPTER I

# The Light Bearers

*Light Bearers of the Better Time to be;*
*Love Voices in the Western Wilderness;*
*Pathfinders in whose footsteps still we press,*
*Climbing the perilous steeps to Liberty.*
*Teachers of Truth, they set the people free—*
*Co-workers in the Old World House of Toil,*
*They braved the deep to find a virgin soil*
*And Promised Land beyond the sundown sea.*
*Their Church and Altar were the cabin home,*
*The open wood and God's unbounded dome,*
*Without a thought of glory, self or gold,*
*They fed the flock within the forest fold;*
*And we, their children in a New Crusade*
*Must lift the Cross and follow unafraid!*

---

I WILL never forget the thrill of interest with which I first opened Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit" and read the sketches of Francis Makemie, founder of the Presbyterian Church in America, William Robinson, the wonderful teacher and circuit-rider, who discovered Samuel Davies, the eloquent youth who became Patrick Henry's pastor and President of Princeton College. Then there were Father David Rice, founder of Presbyterianism in Kentucky, and Father John Dickey, Presbyterian Pioneer in Indiana, and Gideon Blackburn, the Whitefield of the West and South. I was somewhat familiar with the lives of John Witherspoon and James Caldwell, brave Revolutionists of Colonial days; but those other Fore-runners of Faith and Freedom in the Old South took hold of my heart with all the fascination of hero-worship. Had their stirring story been told me in boyhood my whole conception of the gospel ministry at that impressionable period would have been different. As it was, they were all but lost even to local tradition, and I have discovered them for myself only after the most tireless research.

What a pity that Presbyterianism in America never had an Edward Eggleston! Nevertheless, these Fore-runners have been my constant inspiration in the Country Life Movement, because they were Social Crusaders, indeed. It meant something to be a man of God in those trying times. When the appeal of the

scattered and unshepherded Scotch-Irish exiles in Maryland and Virginia for a pastor came to the Presbytery of Laggan in 1683, they ordained young Francis Makemie for the mission to their countrymen beyond the sea.

The Moderator of this very Presbytery had just the year before been released from prison, a sufferer for Freedom's sake, and permitted to depart on a similar mission to Maryland. Makemie himself was about twenty-five years of age when he came to America, and it was just twenty-one years before he went back to England in behalf of his exiled countrymen, to secure additional pastors for the churches he had organized. He was a tireless itinerant of the gospel and a noble defender of free speech in all the colonies.

The Established Church was corrupt and impotent, except to persecute and oppress, and Makemie found the Dissenters holding their services in private houses, which had to be registered as places of worship under the Toleration Act. These early household gatherings first kindled the fires of Revolution in the land, and it is small wonder that the authorities were suspicious of them, especially when addressed by men of power and eloquence like Makemie.

He was a man of affairs. He married well and settled in Virginia, where he engaged in the business of a merchant and planter and devoted himself to the progress and improvement of the Colony in every particular. He wanted to see the South develop its own resources of agriculture like New England. He urged the people to build towns and break up their social isolation. He brought a large and valuable library with him to America and was the advocate of education and culture everywhere. He had a comfortable home, well furnished, with good portraits; and his estate was well stocked with flocks and herds. He was a slave-holder and had two white servants also, for he was a typical Southern planter as well as a gospel minister.

However, this was merely to make him independent and give him resources to carry enlightenment and liberty to the people, for we find him braving every peril of sea and land to preach and teach throughout the colonies. He made himself the shepherd and leader of all the scattered and persecuted Dissenters, and the story is well known how on his way to New England in 1707, with his companion, John Hampton, he was arrested and imprisoned for preaching the gospel in New York, notwithstanding the two ministers had been entertained at dinner by the Governor and both had licenses with them, under the Toleration Act. Makemie suffered the full penalty and paid a fine of $400, but he so fearlessly defended freedom of speech that he won his case with the jury and saw the corrupt Governor finally deposed from office. That official sneeringly called Makemie "a jack-of-all-trades, a preacher, a doctor of physic, a mechanic, an attorney, a counsellor at law, and, which is worst of all, a disturber of governments."

Rather a "diversity of gifts," indeed; but the Fore-runners of Faith and Freedom were men of the people in a great age of the world. At the very time he was most needed he died, while only about fifty years of age; but he had builded so well that succeeding generations will cherish the memory of his services to the Free Church and Free Republic of the New World.

The founders of the various religious denominations in Oldham County, Kentucky, were among the most famous men of their time. Three of them were of Scotch or Scotch-Irish descent. William McKendree, founder of the Method-

ists: Gideon Blackburn, founder of the Presbyterians; and Alexander Campbell, founder of the Christians, in Oldham. They came right on the field and devoted themselves personally to the upbuilding of spiritual and social life.

One of the most gifted and famous of these great men was Rev. Dr. Gideon Blackburn, the Apostle of Presbyterianism in and around Louisville in the long ago and founder of the old Goshen Church. He was a Western Whitefield in the pulpit. He ranked with Daniel Boone as a leader of the Scotch-Irish pioneers in Kentucky, Tennessee and the Northwest. He was a right arm to Gen. Andrew Jackson in subduing the hostile Indian tribes of the South; and was the Assembly commissioner to convert, educate and civilize the same red men, giving some of the best years of his life to the task and succeeding wonderfully at it. Few men ever understood the Indians better or so held their confidence. He traveled thousands of miles preaching and collected thousands of dollars in the North and East for his Mission.

He was equally interested in the education of the poor white people of the South. He was himself a poor boy; born in Augusta County, Virginia, of sturdy, hard-working Scotch-Irish Presbyterian parents. Until he was twelve years of age he made his home with his grandfather, Gen. Blackburn, a Revolutionary soldier. But he had an uncle, Gideon Richie, a devout and most kindly young man, who noticed that his namesake was a lad of promise; so that he was put to school and educated for the ministry by the manual labor of his beloved uncle. His whole heart was ever with the common people, and he looms on the horizon of Southern history like some great figure of the heroic age.

CHAPTER II

# Gideon Blackburn

GIDEON BLACKBURN is the sort of a hero the Presbyterian church would hold up to the Boy and Girl Scouts of America. One record has it that he was licensed to preach the gospel at twenty years of age, another at twenty-three. The only accessible account of his life is found in Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit," a work unknown to the present generation, yet containing an authentic and thrilling story from which we shall freely draw. Young Blackburn joined the tide of emigration into Tennessee and there first distinguished himself.

"Here is the young preacher," says Sprague, "without a dollar, on the very outskirts of civilization, ready to enter upon his work; and he certainly did enter upon it under very peculiar circumstances. The scattered population of that region was at that time constantly liable to Indian depredations. A company of soldiers was about to march from the neighborhood in which he lived, to protect a fort on the spot on which Maryville was subsequently built. Mr. Blackburn being doubly armed—having on one hand his Bible and hymn book, and on the other his hunting shirt, rifle, shot pouch, and knapsack, joined this company, and marched with them to the fort, and there he commenced his labors as a minister of the gospel.

"Within sight of the fort, he built a house for his own dwelling, and shortly after was erected a large log building that served as a church. * * * During the early part of his ministry here his situation was one of imminent peril. So long as the Cherokees remained hostile, no work could be done except by companies—some being obliged to stand as sentinels while others would work, with loaded guns so near that they could seize them in a moment. As there were many forts in the region, the young preacher would pass, under an escort, from fort to fort and within a moderate period would preach in them all. He very soon became a general favorite and his preaching commanded universal attention.

"When the people were out of their forts the place of preaching was generally a shady grove; the immediate position of the preacher was beneath some wide-spread oak; and he usually stood with his gun at his side and all the men, including also boys who were old enough to use a rifle, stood around him, each with gun in hand. He was compelled at this period to perform not a little labor with his own hands; and his preparation for preaching was made either while he was actually thus engaged, or in the brief intervals of leisure which he was able to command. He kept himself not only on familiar terms, but in exceedingly kind relation with all his people and exerted a powerful and most benign influence in forming their characters."

In personal appearance Gideon Blackburn was a superb type of manhood, despite a fractured thigh bone in his youth, which was badly set and occasioned a slight lameness throughout life. He was full six feet two inches tall, like

so many of the Scotch-Irish ministers and soldiers of American history. Sprague says that despite his lameness he moved about with ease, rapidity and grace as well as dignity. "Indeed, it was often remarked that his gait, as well as his whole bearing, was military—resembling rather a man who had been trained in a camp than one who had been educated in a cloister or a college."

He was one of the finest looking men of his generation, yet with no trace of personal vanity. His biographer describes him as possessing strongly marked features—"A high and somewhat receding forehead, eyebrows prominent but smooth, eyes large, full, light blue or rather grayish. His nose was large but not heavy and slightly acquiline. His lips were thin, finely chiselled and gently compressed and the corners of his mouth being slightly elevated, he usually looked as one wearing a benignant smile. His chin was broad and prominent, giving the aspect of solidity and firmness to the whole countenance. His complexion was ruddy and healthful. His head was large and when he was a young man, was clothed with a heavy suit of glossy black hair. In his latter years his hair became perfectly white and being parted on the crown of his head, it hung in large and graceful curls over the back part of his neck and down almost to his shoulders, which, added to his fair complexion and fine face, gave him a venerable and even majestic appearance. It was his eye, however, that was the most striking feature in his whole countenance. Calm, mild, benevolent and even somewhat languid in its ordinary expression, it was capable of outshadowing every thought, feeling and emotion or passion of his soul with out effort."

There was only one portrait of Dr. Blackburn ever painted. He was urged and implored many times by many people who admired and loved him, but would never give his consent, having a peculiar idea, which he got from his old teacher, Rev. Dr. Doak, of Tennessee, that it was conducive to personal vanity and a violation of the second commandment—"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness"—to have one's portrait painted. Yet when his fame as a pulpit orator and heroic missionary of the South-west made him a man admired wherever he went, his many friends determined to obtain his portrait at all hazards. The story of it is given by Dr. Blackburn himself in the biography.

"It is one and the only unpleasant association I have connected with Boston. It was obtained, not with my consent, but by stratagem. Some ladies wished me to sit for my portrait—I would not consent, for I was then as I still am, opposed to all such ministrations to human vanity. Besides, I think it expressly contrary to the second commandment. But my friends determined to have my likeness at all events. An artist was procured and secrecy enjoined upon him. I was invited several afternoons in succession to meet with friends at the house of one of the ladies. The artist was concealed in a favorable position in an adjoining room and labored at the portrait, while my friends kept me in earnest conversation about my favorite hobby—the wants of the Southwest. Thus the portrait was obtained and engraven and before I was aware, the engraving was in the hands of many."

CHAPTER III

# A Great Emancipator

DR. BLACKBURN passed through Kentucky and visited Louisville several times during his missionary travels. In May, 1823, he was invited to preach for the Presbyterian congregation of the town, coming from Tennessee for that purpose. He was already an acceptable and popular minister throughout the State and he accordingly moved to Louisville with his family at the call of the old First church. During the four years of his pastorate, from 1823 to 1827, the membership more than doubled and its influence was felt throughout the community. Dr. Blackburn was accompanied by his son, Rev. John N. Blackburn, in many a good missionary and educational enterprise in the surrounding country. The son's Academy on the river road above Louisville, was a popular pioneer educational center. The son lived, married and now lies buried at the old Samuel Snowden farm, near Goshen.

It was during his Louisville pastorate that Dr. Blackburn took a stand against slavery and in favor of emancipation that makes him one of the notable predecessors of Abraham Lincoln. Curran Pope, a prominent Presbyterian of the time, relates the incident. "There is or was in this vicinity a church called Beulah, erected and donated by a Mr. H———, the deed to which was drawn by Dr. Blackburn and the gift was made through his influence. Mr. H——— had been an extensive Negro trader to the South and had accumulated a large estate. He was converted by the preaching of Dr. Blackburn and in his last moments Dr. Blackburn was with him and wrote his will, by which he emancipated all his Negroes and provided for their support and removal to Africa and conveyed his real estate for benevolent objects. The probate of this will was resisted by the heirs next of kin—he being unmarried; and the will was set aside by the Court of Appeals on account of the controlling influence exercised over the testator by Dr. Blackburn."

Dr. Blackburn's attitude toward slavery is further illustrated by his biographer: "In regard to the temporal and spiritual welfare of his domestics, he always manifested a deep concern. One of them who had served him very faithfully for several years, he emanicipated when he was about thirty-five years of age, giving him a handsome outfit toward housekeeping. The others, some seven or eight in number, he emancipated one after another, until all were freed with two exceptions. These were very wicked and were judged by him unfit or unworthy to enjoy their freedom and being an annoyance in his family, he sold them. The sale of these slaves, it is believed, he ever regretted, notwithstanding their viciousness and unworthiness, for he was always opposed to slavery and ever gave his countenance and example, with these two exceptions, to the cause of emancipation. Those whom he liberated from bondage, with the exception of the first, were all sent to Liberia in Africa—the only place, as he judged where the colored man can enjoy true and substantial freedom."

It is said that the Rev. John Little's concern for the salvation and social uplift of neglected and degraded colored people of Louisville began through his personal interest in a Negro boy employed by him, who gave promise of better things than mere manual labor. This, in substance, is the whole story of Negro emancipation and education advocated by the Presbyterian church in general. Gideon Blackburn, however, was one of the greatest friends of freedom and social development the Negro ever had. The following remarkable instance is taken from Presbyterian history:

THE OLD EDWARDS HOME.

Where Rev. John N. Blackburn married and lived when Pastor-Teacher at old Goshen Church. Later the Busey Snowden Residence.

"The First African Church (Presbyterian, in Philadelphia), founded in 1807, owed its existence and for many years its continued support, largely to the Evangelical Society of Philadelphia, organized upon the recommendation and through the influence of Dr. Alexander. Its first pastor, although never installed, was John Gloucester, a slave of Dr. Blackburn, of Tennessee. He had attracted the attention of the latter, under whose preaching he was converted, by his piety and natural gifts and by him was purchased and encouraged to study with a view to the ministry. After having been licensed and ordained by Union Presbytery he was, in 1810, received from that body by the Philadelphia Presbytery and under the patronage of the Evangelical Society, continued in charge of the African church until his death in 1822. The house of worship, located on the corner of Shippen and Seventh streets was completed in 1811.

"Mr. Gloucester first commenced his missionary efforts by preaching in private houses; but these were soon found insufficient to accommodate his congregations. A school house was procured near the site of the future edifice; but in clear weather he preached in the open air. Possessed of a strong and musical voice, he would take his stand on the corner of Shippen and Seventh streets and while singing a hymn would gather around him many besides his regular hearers and hold their attention till he was prepared to commence his exercises. Possessed of a stout athletic frame and characterized by prudence, forbearance and a fervent piety, he labored with unremitting zeal, securing the confidence and respect of his brethren of the Presbytery, in building up the congregation which he had gathered. His freedom was granted him by Dr. Blackburn and by his own application he secured the means in England and this country to purchase the freedom of his family. He is said to have been a man of strong mind, mighty in prayer and of such fervor and energy in wrestling supplication that persons sometimes fell under its power convicted of sin."

CHAPTER IV

# Gideon Blackburn and Andrew Jackson

GIDEON BLACKBURN and Andrew Jackson had some Scotch-Irish characteristics in common, as the striking incident related by his biographer shows: "On one occasion he had a difficulty with General Jackson in the presence of the General's staff and the army, concerning the disposition which should be made of a company of soldiers which he himself had raised as volunteers and brought to Gen. Jackson's camp. The General wished to consign them to the command of an officer under whom the Doctor had given his pledge to the young men that they should not be placed. Thereupon the difficulty arose. Gen. Jackson was imperious—the Doctor was firm. It came to words—high words—many feared it would end in blows. A gentleman present remarked that it was the most exciting and eloquent duel of words he ever witnessed.

"The Doctor was as haughty in his bearing as the General was imperious and threatening; but he was calm, collected and firm, and he carried his point, and then with a bow of great dignity, he ended by saying: 'General, that is all I ever asked; and now with the greatest confidence, I commit these noble young men to your care, whose parents have committed them to me!'

"They parted with mutual civilities. Years afterward I called upon Gen. Jackson when he was President of the United States. I came from the neighborhood of the Hermitage. The first person after whom he inquired was 'my much respected friend, Dr. Blackburn.' It so happened that I had a letter from the Doctor, and I immediately handed it to him. He apologized to me, saying: 'Excuse me a moment while I run over this letter.' He broke the seal eagerly, and as he read, his countenance betrayed deep and serious emotion. The substance of the letter, as I learned afterward, was to urge upon him the fulfillment of a promise to confess Christ before the world. After the letter was read, the conversation turned upon the Doctor, and the President spoke of him with the greatest respect, and paid an eloquent tribute to his piety, usefulness and eloquence."

The biographer remarks that this incident showed Dr. Blackburn's "self-control under contradiction and the highest pitch of excitement," proving likewise his pride and dignity under great provocation. "There was rather more of the haughty bearing and defiant manner of the Norman Knight than was pleasant to behold in a Christian minister and especially in one who was ordinarily so kind and gentle. And if Gen. Jackson could respect and even love him after that famous passage at arms, it was rare that the like happened with others."

But the biographer points out the "mighty man of valor" that Gideon Blackburn was: "I have already said that in his gait and bearing the Doctor's manner was military. All his manners partook somewhat of this style. The

truth is, he had, in early life at least, a strong partiality for the profession of arms and even after he was a preacher he led or accompanied several expeditions against the Indians in East Tennessee; and in one of these he is said to have distinguished himself as a skillful commander and an intrepid soldier. That this statement, if intended as a eulogy by me, would sound somewhat strange at the present day, I admit; but it is not so intended; for sure I am that I am no advocate of war - - - but I have no doubt that the Doctor's known love of adventure and his undoubted courage and his high military bearing in his manners, contributed largely to his influence over the hardy and adventurous pioneers of the West and Southwest, when he appeared before them as a preacher of the gospel; for such qualities among such a people, especially when associated in their minds with high moral worth, always command their admiration and respect."

It was this greatness and gentleness of character that endeared him to all classes of people. The biographer mentions with what touching courtesy he always addressed one of his old and infirm domestics, "Aunt Judy." And for years he risked health and all his own material prospects to Christianize the Indians. As a teacher of young men he was the equal of any man of his time. His biographer, Rev. Dr. J. W. Hall, lived in the Blackburn home and contributed the main data for "Sprague's Annals," whence our information is derived. Dr. Hall was himself a young man, a pupil of Dr. Blackburn at Old Centre College and this is his testimony: "He governed by authority, by condescension, by love, by a thousand little acts of attention and kindness—chiefly, however by the power of persuasion and religious motives."

When the call to become President of Old Centre College came in 1827 Dr. Blackburn resigned his pastorate in Louisville and removed to Danville, where for several years he was greatly beloved and admired. He entirely eliminated the custom of duelling, then so much in vogue, making the penalty corporal punishment if the student was under sixteen and expulsion if that age and over. It was never necessary to enforce this rule of the college, though on one occasion two young men were presented for such an offense. The older one was the aggressor and the younger one had sent the challenge. The first one apologized in chapel after his public reprimand; but the second one backed toward the door and slipped out while the Doctor was praying over the case. A titter went around the room when the Doctor opened his eyes, but he exercised the greatest calmness and though it was some weeks, the boy eventually presented himself once more before his fellow students and was courteously excused. The Doctor never lost the confidence or affection of a pupil.

CHAPTER V

# Their Works Do Follow Them

GIDEON BLACKBURN was one of America's greatest pulpit orators. He visited St. Louis in February, 1816, preached with wonderful acceptance to the people and among his auditors were many Catholics. A French lady was a regular attendant and was deeply moved. Her priest took her to task, saying, "Why do you never shed tears over my sermons?" "Well, Father," she replied, "if you will preach like Dr. Blackburn I will cry all the time!"

It was the remarkable adaptability of the man himself to all types of character, to every condition of life, and his profound human sympathy that gave him such mastery of the heart; and then his temperament was ardently imaginative and emotional, for, like Goethe, Tolstoi, and other great men of history, he was born in the month of August. He but rarely wrote out a sermon. He never read a discourse in the pulpit, but always spoke easily from a few careful notes, although his preaching had every manifestation of the Spirit. He used to say to his pupils, "There is one rule not down in the books, more important than any: Get your head, heart and soul full of your subject, then let nature have her own way with you."

When he was a young pioneer minister he was compelled to cultivate the farm for a living, because he and his people were extremely poor. So he would take his pen, ink, and paper into the field where he was plowing, leave them on a stump, thinking out his main points as he walked round the furrow. He thus became accustomed to thinking on his feet, and he practiced it in his study the rest of his life. He lived in an age, the pioneer period, when men and women were very emotional; and he stirred the heart as few men have ever done before or since; but he was always perfect master of himself and his audience, never playing upon their feelings merely for the sake of exercise. He believed far more deeply in the physical manifestations of the Great Revival of 1800 than his contempory Presbyterian associates, like Father David Rice and others. But Gideon Blackburn loved the great moving tide of pioneer emigrants as no other minister, for like Daniel Boone he followed them into the West and Northwest; and it was natural that his ways were their ways and his thoughts their thoughts. The difference between Gideon Blacburn and David Rice was the difference between Whitefield and Wesley; but they would have been great in any age or country.

The Blackburns made their Academy at the old Joseph Snowden home a young ladies Seminary for the entire section of country surrounding, in Southern Indiana and Kentucky. They took the manhood and womanhood at hand and moulded it for service. Our grandmother, Adaline Caldwell, then a young girl from Charlestown, Ind., boarded at the Blackburn Seminary and became a close and life-long friend of Mrs. Lavinia and Mary, the wife and daughter of Francis Snowden.

It was at the commencement exercises of the Blackburn Seminary that Thomas J. Woolfolk first saw Adaline Caldwell. He was himself a young pioneer school teacher and her graduating exercises pleased him so greatly that a romance and marriage ensued, and Thomas J. Woolfolk joined heartily with Francis Snowden in perpetuating the educational and religious work of the Blackburns. Out of such academies and seminaries grew the colleges and universities of the Middle West. Dr. Blackburn himself shortly after this period became the President of Centre College and later the founder of Blackburn University in Illinois. There was yet living out there a centenarian student of this early pioneer school at the Joseph Snowden home, and some years ago he made a pilgrimage to the beloved spot of his boyhood, found Joseph Snowden, who remembered all the blessed tradition, and the old man not only offered up a beautiful prayer of thanksgiving to God for the past but still turned thereto as a spring of perpetual youth.

THE OLD BLACKBURN ACADEMY NEAR GOSHEN, KY.
Early Pioneer Fortress and Andrew Marr's Homestead.
Now the Giltner Snowden Residence.

We have always been proud of the fact that Francis Snowden and Thomas J. Woolfolk were the first advocates of the Washingtonian Temperance Society in the old days. The same great battle must be fought and won today. Just as the devastating flood in the Ohio Valley in 1912 made our Scouts and Crusaders realize the meaning of the Red Cross of Service, so the waste and destruction of manhood and womanhood in every community through the deadly forces of evil brings home the meaning and mission of the New Crusade. A poor boy lay dying in the neighborhood, a victim of these deadly agencies. His case stirred the deepest sympathies of the people and there was a spontaneous move

to save him. But it was too late. Tuberculosis carried him off. The brave old Presbyterian pastor of Goshen Church, Rev. H. R. Laird, crossed the high waters in a skiff to preach the funeral and the lesson of the occasion sank into the hearts of all. Thus slowly through suffering and struggle does the vision of saving service come.

The old Southern families are very individualistic, like their English ancestors before them. They have a superior pride and dignity due to civilization and culture, and a love of freedom that is proverbial. It required kingly men, royal characters, like Francis Makemie and Gideon Blackburn, to enlist such people on the side of religion. They were never won by motives of fear, selfishness or servility. The Presbyterian faith was conceived and born as one of the greatest revolutionary forces of modern history on two continents; and today its supreme appeal is once more to the innermost heroism of the individual for the good of all. With saving conviction and vision must come the call of the New Crusade. It is not now on the battlefield but right here at home, near at hand, day by day, year in and year out, "The victory of endurance born!"

# A Father of the Faith

REV. JOHN RULE IN HIS PRIME

CHAPTER VI

# A Father of the Faith

MY FATHER was a Presbyterian minister of the type that left its impress on the world in Puritan days. He was orderly and industrious, and always able to maintain himself and his loved ones in comparative comfort. He was always a toiler and glorified labor by his tireless industry. He was a faithful father, i. e., full of faith, and he proved his faith by his works. How well do I remember when the foundation was just beginning to be laid for the first home he made for his family. I was scarcely six years old, but the scene made a deep and permanent impression upon me.

There stood the husband and father with three small boys about him, and his devoted wife with an infant in her arms, all gathered to take a religious part in the solemn ceremony of home building. The soil had just been broken by the workmen. The wheel-barrow and shovels were standing by. The good man and minister, clad in working garb of plain shirt and trousers, a kerchief about his neck, bared his head, lifted up his hands toward heaven, a look of reverent invocation glorifying his kindly face, his great blue eyes closed, his heart at once in heaven above with God the Father and on earth with his loved ones about him—praying the benediction of the Deity upon the human habitation called Home. Immediately following the prayer each one of us, including the infant brother, successively went through the form of shovelling at the foundation.

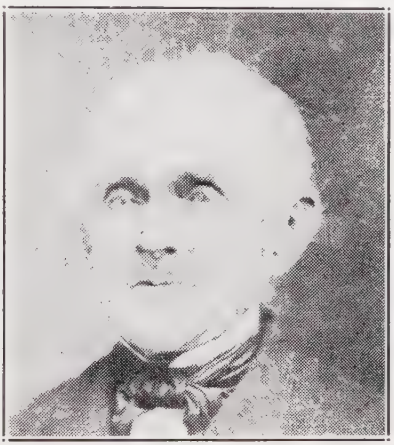
I dare say that my father has long since forgotten this little incident. It was so natural with him, and so many similar ones might be cited in his case, that he probably did not think of it again. But the landing of the Pilgrims on our shores with hymns and prayers was not more characteristic of the good old-fashioned faith that peopled this Western World. The Bible belief in Providence and Social Justice was innate with my father. He never forgot to ask God for daily bread, and, although himself an example of providence in caring for his family, he never omitted the grateful acknowledgement of grace at meal time, or failed to gather his family about him to petition Divine protection when we all lay down to slumber.

My father was not a lover of luxury. Plainness and simplicity characterized his dress and deportment as did candor and directness his thoughts and utterance. Naturally democratic, he hated sham and style. Instinctively just, he detested false-dealing and cruelty. He could be stern and unyielding himself in the cause of truth and righteousness. He was methodical in his life and belief. Energy and enthusiasm were his natural moods, though when thwarted by the carelessness or cunning of others, he sometimes gave up to despairing moods of gloom. His imagination was like that of Israel, "clear and sober." God and Duty were his watchwords and the keynote to his character. The story of his life of sacrifice and service is none the less glorious that it is one among many in the retired walks of men.

## An Abrahamic Home

These fine qualities that my father possessed are possible of explanation. He was a genuine Saxon who, as Edmund Demolins says, "is a born farmer. . . . . He settles firmly on the soil, which he proceeds to clear and till, and fixes his dwelling in the midst thereof. His idea is the foundation of a rural estate on which the individual is perfectly independent of his neighbors and of the political chiefs."

It was from this hardy, industrious, independent race that my father was descended. His attachment to the soil was remarkable. His farm was the smallest in the community around, and yet not one was better kept or so abounded in the proverbial milk and honey. Surely none more truly illustrated the patriarchal home of old. He was sovereign of this little realm, which, as Renan says of the Abrahamic household, "was a virtuous selection amidst a world of violence."



PETER CORTELYOU (1796-1879)
Old Sunday School Teacher of the Rule Brothers at Ten Mile Run School House, New Brunswick Presbytery, New Jersey.

It was good to dwell in the midst of that peaceful habitation. The father toiled six days in the week and rested the seventh. Not a beast was overburdened, not a man or maid mistreated, and all these had their freedom on Sundays and holidays, and at other times if they so desired, or if it was necessary. Everything was done systematically and on time. Everything had its proper place and purpose. Law and order, promptitude and perseverance were watchwords amongst us. No partiality or preference was permitted. Man and beast, family and hireling were treated with humanity and kindness. No beggar was ever turned away empty handed; no homeless wanderer ever went elsewhere to ask a shelter for the night. Seated at the right hand of the good man of the house, he forgot his rags, and, looking into the face of the sweet mother in Israel, he remembered his own lost home life, and the dignity and independence of manhood of which misfortune had robbed him.

Pity for the poor was a passion with my father; and while self-reliant and independent, all the financial reverses we ever met with came because of noble benevolence that was taken advantage of by the cold and calculating world without. I may say, too, that to this material, economic cause I can trace the serpent of disappointment that blasted for me the Eden dreams of blossoming manhood, that cast a long and cheerless gloom over our home life and exacted of us a thankless tribute of toil and tears. It was but the inevitable clash of the good old-fashioned order with the new gain-seeking civilization of our own generation, and the certain swallowing up of the former by the last-named.

## An Old Testament Type

My father was an Old Testament type of believer. He regarded God as the Sovereign of the universe, whose hand dealth bountifully or sparingly with the children of men. The elements of Nature were to him manifestations of Divine pleasure or disapproval, and it was his custom to acknowledge the Deity in all his undertakings. He was a utilitarian in his attitude toward Nature, believing implicitly in the old doctrine of creation by special act for a specific purpose. Such a philosophy was not then irrational and it certainly was not irreverent. It was the secret incentive of Hebraic and Saxon industry and duty; and in this sense my father was a predestinarian. He was too generous-hearted a man ever to conceitedly imagine himself one of the elect while everybody else was left out; nor did he ever preach such a doctrine.

He believed that God rewarded industry and fidelity, and that he punished indolence and moral remissness. It was his own experience that men prospered who had opportunity offered them and took advantage of it. He was reared in the earlier time when competition was not so sharp as now, and when men in the main made their money honestly; he was himself a workingman from his youth up and even down to his old age. His modest competence thus accumulated by handicraft toil paid for his education and ministerial training and later for the little farm upon which he lived and labored in the bosom of his family, while preaching the gospel to the regions round about.

My father's indignation knew no bounds whenever he was victimized by the base deviltry of the new school of trick in trade. A false balance was to him an abomination. He would rather give good measure, pressed down and running over, that his neighbor might be satisfied, than to take advantage of him in a single farthing. But when he suspicioned that a man was trying to trick him, he resisted to the last ditch. His anger was glorious in such moral rebellion and reminded me of prophetic passion. He did not care the toss of a copper for the penny in dispute. It was the principle of the thing; and hence he became clearly and nobly imbued with the social vision of justice and righteousness in the economic problems and relations of our own time.

Now it would be not only foreign to our purpose, but false, to affirm that this high character and principle manifest in my father was the result of his deep religious convictions only, unconnected with surrounding conditions and hereditary tendencies. We must remember that the Hebrew and Saxon owe their material and moral superiority in human history as well to the sane economic and moral life led by those races for centuries. Emerson says these

people "value ideas only for an economic result;" and that all the political and religious struggles of English history meant primarily the assertion of a yeoman's right to his dinner. Self-interest is the measure of a man's conscience under the modern economic system; and the Hebrew and Saxon have brought freedom to the world largely because they demanded and got it for themselves. But the two races which so enlarged the material and moral horizon of man through self-interest were likewise the first to discover the falsity of self-interest carried too far, and the truth of social unity. My father was a man who husbanded his present resources in order to live independently in future. There was not an atom of the speculator in his makeup. He was prudent and careful on a small capital; and the mighty superstructure of Modern Mammon appalled him.

WILLIAM CHRISTIE (1799-1887)

Elder in Second Presbyterian Church, Lexington, Kentucky, who organized the Young Men's Prayer Meeting where John and Abram Rule and William Brown decided to enter the Presbyterian Ministry.

Nervous energy was characteristic of my father and this energy was just as much at the disposal of a benevolent object as it was ready to do service for himself and his family. It enabled him to accomplish things that others deemed impossible, and the man who was such a model home-maker and farmer was equally admirable as a minister of the gospel and teacher of the community. He had settled down in the happy pastorate of an old-time Western community after the Civil War while yet many of the old patriarchal families were still living. He dreamed of spending his days in that peaceful rural community. He taught the local school. He was chaplain of the local Grangers, and his personality and sympathies were bound up with the tillers of the soil. He was a wonderful gardener. He introduced progress and blooded farm stock into the neighborhood; and he took a lively interest in fine fruits, besides planting one of the best vineyards of his vicinity. Never for a moment did he neglect

his study and work as preacher and pastor; on the contrary he was the ideal country minister.

But when the older generation had passed away; when the local Grangers died down and the village Masonic lodge was dissolved; when the community academy had dwindled to minor numbers, my father's heart-breaking experience came in severing his relation as pastor of the dear old country church. We verily believe that a divorce from the wife of his youth would scarcely have been a greater tragedy to him. As long as he lived he always referred to it with a sigh. The fact was that the congregation had so dwindled in numbers that there was no longer adequate support for himself and his family; and the fields of gospel labor open to him were distant and uninviting. My father was anything but a nomad. The little farm held him with an irresistible ancestral love of the soil. So he opened a school in his own home for the education of his children and mounted his horse on Sunday to cover the entire county as a Presbyterian home mission circuit rider. This work he continued for ten years and manifested the traditional virtues of a Hero of the Cross.

When the material cares of life pressed most heavily upon him he became most generous in his love for God and mankind. He sought out the propertyless tenantry, the hired labor class of the community, preached the gospel to them, built a school among them, and redeemed a whole strata of society from degradation and ruin. He did this without asking a penny, and his services in many other directions, toward equally benevolent ends, were given freely in the same manner. I mention all this to show that I was never taught to look at religion, whether regarded as the worship of God or the service of my fellow men, from the material, selfish point of view. Religion was always a social thing with my father; and hence he found in his vision of social justice what a certain writer has called "the best and most pronounced element of religion, namely, loyalty to the higher and highest ideals."

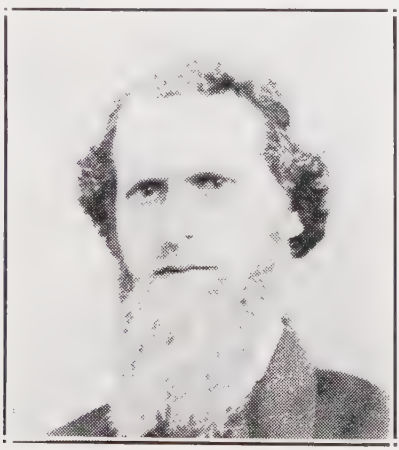
## Elemental Manhood

I dwell on these phases of my father's character, too, that I may show whence spring the moral qualities that make the world endure. His "aversion to sensual and reckless living." His love of home life and native soil. His concrete view of holiness, justice, goodness and truth, and his exemplary manifestation of these in his daily converse and avocations, all this sprang not alone from his religion but also from good old Anglo-Saxon and Saxon ancestry. Taine says the Modern Englishman existed entire in the Saxon. The high qualities I have been enumerating existed also in the primitive Germans to a remarkable degree.

"In every country," says Taine, "the body of man is rooted deep into the soil of nature; and in this instance (the Saxon) still deeper, because being uncultivated, he is less removed from nature." We have not the time or space to enter into this interesting analysis; hence we will only remark that this nearness to nature, this closeness to native soil, produced in our ancestors a freedom and dignity of manhood, a rough grandeur of character, a noble, elemental moral force that has remained to this day. St. Paul says the law

of God is written on the heart tablets of the uncorrupted children of nature. It was the old tribal constitutions of long ago, with their singularly just provisions for the material and moral welfare of the community, that made these primitive people so superior to the cunning, avaricious, gain-greedy classes of today.

My father was a type of the elemental man; and if you can imagine a whole community governed according to these very rules of justice and righteousness which were innate with him, then you can form some conception of the old tribal society of North Central Europe that overwhelmed the dissolute Roman civilization with but little effort.



REV. ROBERT G. BRANK, D. D. (1824-1895)
Pastor of the Rule Brothers in Lexington, Kentucky, at the Second Presbyterian Church, who deeply influenced them in preparing for the Presbyterian Ministry.

## Elemental Religion

Now my father was personally, i. e., physically and mentally efficient or equal to every good word and work; nor did he fear the face of man. He was a lover of freedom and possessed such democratic instincts that I never in all my life saw him make a social distinction such as the so-called "superior classes" deem proper. Moreover, he possessed that Puritan instinct, yes, as a certain notable writer puts it, "that democratic instinct which regarded all public affairs as its own affairs." The Puritan minded his own individual business and suffered no interference therewith; but when the commonweal was at issue, he not only resisted the self-constituted authority of kings and bishops but did so in the name of God and Duty.

Of this same Saxon, Taine says: "His religion is already within him, as it will be in the sixteenth century, when he will cast off the sensuous worship of Rome and confirm the faith of the heart. His gods are not enclosed in walls; he has no idols." Taine says further; "A race so con-

stituted was predisposed to Christianity, by its gloom, its aversion to sensual and reckless living, its inclination for the serious and sublime.... They possessed the idea of God. This grand God of the Bible, omnipotent and unique, who disappears almost entirely in the middle ages ..... endures among them in spite of absurd and grotesque legends..... Their grandeur and their severity raise them to his high level..... More than any race in Europe, they approach by the simplicity and energy of their conceptions, the old Hebraic spirit. Enthusiasm is their natural condition; and their new Deity fills them with admiration, as their ancient deities inspired them with fury..... These men pray with all the emotion of a new soul; they kneel;, they adore..... Conscience, like all things, has its poem; by a natural invasion the all-powerful idea of justice overflows from the soul, covers heaven and enthrones there a new Deity..... who is scarcely like the calm intelligence which serves philosophers to explain the order of things; nor to that tolerant deity, a kind of constitutional king, whom Voltaire discovered at the end of a chain of argument..... It is the just Judge, sinless and stern, who exacts of man a strict account of his visible actions and of all his invisible feelings. . . Now when we speak of justice it is no longer a lifeless phrase which we repeat, but a living idea which we produce; man sees the object which it represents, and feels the emotion which it summons up..... 'These words justus and justitia Dei,' says Luther, 'were thunder to my conscience. I shuddered to hear them. I told myself if God is just, he will punish me.' "

In these latter days when the old standards of morality and religion have been undermined by the new economic order, which seems so regardless of God and man, it is hard for men of the world to realize the tremendous moral impetus once supplied by the grand though gloomy theology of our fathers. To a sensitive, timid soul like my own that theology came with a solemn and momentous meaning, exciting my fears as the thought of law and authority often does the most innocent. At this distance from the age of Luther and Calvin such a religion may seem to some almost superstitious. But I am glad and grateful that I saw this faith in its rare beauty and sincerity. Its results were found in the flower and fruit of holy living. My father, a just and righteous man, believed in the old theology with all the enthusiasm of an ardent soul, and his vision of social justice, so clear and unanswerable, had the sanction of the God he adored.

CHAPTER VII

# The Solitary Torch

THE story of this grand old country minister, the Solitary Torch, disclosed heroic traditions of Presbyterian history and Masonic memories that stir the heart to recall. He was a Covenanter of the highest type descended also from an old Scotch family of Roman origin as far back as the Ninth century when St. Regulus is said to have taken refuge at St. Andrews, the ancient city of Scotland.

Tradition says the good Roman brought some of the bones of St. Andrew with him to Scotland. However, an ocean cave still bears his name as a place of refuge; and in the later centuries, when the old church of St. Regulus was shaken by the revolutionary upheaval of John Knox, the slumbering fire of freedom blazed out once more in the hearts of the people. Pastor Rule lighted his Solitary Torch from the same ancestral fire. It was indeed a holy altar.

Among the treasured traditions of Princeton University is the story of a strong-minded Scotch Presbyterian minister by the name of John Witherspoon, who came over to teach and train the youth of America when the gathering storm of our first revolution was about to burst. The story is that one Saturday night in February, 1762, a company of high-spirited young men in the Scottish town where the young pastor lived got on a lark together at their club or rooms and were reported to have held a mock communion service in their drunken revelry.

This report, though quite probable, was not fully confirmed. Yet it gave such a shock to the moral sense of the community that zealous young Pastor Witherspoon followed it with a powerful sermon, which he shortly published together with the names of the alleged offenders. This injudicious action aroused the accused parties to such a pitch of excitement that they immediately brought suit against the young pastor for slander; and he, being unable to confirm the report with facts, was compelled to make remuneration in heavy damages.

Influential friends came to his relief, of course; but he left Scotland for America, under the burden of debt and in bitterness of spirit. He reflected that the blasphemous conduct of the idle well-to-do had a deeper social cause, and when he became president of Princeton College he soon took sides with the American people in their revolt against the privileged upper classes of Old England. Furthermore, President Witherspoon's tolerance and patience and sympathy with young men became a cherished tradition at the college. He drew thither some of the finest young men from Virginia and the South, and Princeton was a great stronghold of freedom in the darkest days of the Revolution. Though his former country-men branded him a traitor and a rebel, the name of John Witherspoon heads the list of New Covenanters who led our first great national struggle for freedom. Many of the Old Covenanters were

devoted Freemasons and President Witherspoon himself a devoted member of the Masonic order in America. He stood firmly with Franklin, Washington, Jefferson and other Masonic advocates of human liberty, and he held aloft the Torch of Truth with heroic courage so long as he lived.

Thousands of disinherited toilers followed the great preacher-patriot to the New Land of Promise beyond the sundown seas. Among them were the Rules. Family tradition says two English miners of the name, brothers, came to America in time to be on the right side in our first revolution. Though digging coal in the bowels of the earth for a starvation wage, the proud Scotch spirit was not subdued. But it was sometimes drowned by intoxicating drink, and it was this deeper social aspect of the problem of intemperance that opened the eyes of President Witherspoon and made him a more intelligent, tolerant fighter for social justice.

REV. SAMUEL DAVIES
Great Preacher and Princeton College President in Colonial times, whose story and sermons molded the character and ideals of John Rule as a student of Princeton Seminary.

The old farmhouse where the two Rule brothers lived stood near Princeton, N. J., on a hill with tall lombardy poplars about it. Charles Rule, a son of one of these two brother emigrants, married and had issue, says the family chronicle. Peter, Andrew, John and Sarah were the names of his children. There was a little village between, where there was a tavern, and the farmers' sons were drawn thither after toil to indulge in the social glass. The sore effect of this indulgence was felt in nearly every family.

Now, there lived in the same community an orphan girl by the name of Helena Voorhees. She was beautiful, with that serious cast of countenance seen in old Dutch portraits. She had a brother Henry and three sisters with old-fashioned names, Letitia, Sarah Ann and Harriet. Helena, another Greek feminine name for Light, grew up at her grandfather's, more lovely each year. They were honest, hardworking Dutch folks, who still spake the mother tongue and lived rather to themselves. Henry joined the young men at the

tavern. Letitia married a sober, successful man. Sarah Ann and Harriet never knew the solace of love and home, but made their living as sewing women.

Now, John Rule, a handsome and intelligent young wagonmaker, fell in love with the beautiful Helena and was married to her when she was yet a young girl of eighteen. John's one weakness was for the good fellowship of the tavern, and as his growing family increased, this indulgence became a serious matter with the young wife and mother. He was a good-hearted man and therein lay his chief temptation. There was never an unkind word from his lips. He was patient, uncomplaining, fun-loving, and far too easy with those who owed him for work at the shop. As a consequence the family suffered.

REV. JOHN WITHERSPOON

Great Scotch Preacher and President of Princeton College in the American Revolution. His story and tradition also deeply influenced the life and ministry of John Rule as a Seminary Student.

In this emergency the stern, ancestral Dutch determination of the Voorhees asserted itself in the young wife and mother. She became a devout Presbyterian and reared her children with heroic regard for their future. She had a beautiful voice and taught every one of them to sing. She made them each the subject of special prayer, with a view to their conversion, and lived to see every one of them a child of God. Within the sacred shadow of Old Princeton College she made her vow and covenant with the most high, like Hannah of old; and her latest born sons were twin children, given to God from the cradle. Pastor Rule was one of these.

"My mother was a woman of the strongest character imaginable," he would say. "She taught us to be truthful by opening the Bible on her knee and making us read that terrible passage in Revelations: 'All liars shall have their part in a lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.' She taught us to be just and righteous through faith in the Son of God, and told us that if we did not do right we could never follow her to heaven above when death came."

The just and holy God of Sinai was enthroned in her heart and home, and the young mother was high priestess to the same. The husband and father was negative and silent on the subject of religion. He but rarely attended the services of the sanctuary. Family tradition veils in silence that hidden domestic tragedy. Never a word of reproach or disrespect to her companion pilgrim escaped the lips of Helena Rule; and never a syllable of criticism or unkindness was ever uttered by the husband and father. But both their hearts bled in secret, each yearning for a better understanding, a deeper love, but unable to bridge the yawning gulf between. Somehow, it was not in the old, austere religion to yield or reconcile without absolute surrender and self-abasement; and, somehow, it was not in the young wagonmaker to acknowledge his sin and throw himself upon the mercy of the Most High, as his wife so earnestly desired.

Hence, it was that the Solitary Torch of Pastor Rule, lighted at the solemn ancestral altar, burned in the surrounding darkness like a Druid torch of old. In his religious faith fire was a primeval, purifying element, burning out the dross of sin and consuming the soul of the utterly worthless and unworthy. Likewise, there was something of terror at sight of his torch, uplifted, fearless, forward-moving in the face of any foe. Pastor Rule was the son of his mother in resolute integrity and determination. When he recognized a truth he acknowledged and published it abroad, freely, generously, gladly. He never bought or bartered it. That would have been a sacrilege deserving the punishment meted out to liars in the terrible lake. On the contrary, when truth was an outcast stranger amongst the sons of men, born in the lowly hovel of toil and sorrow and shame, Pastor Rule gathered it up in his strong arms and gave it nurture and name and acknowledgment, shielding and defending it until lo, the shining angel of God stood by him with benediction and abiding glory. With long life she satisfied him, and he never saw his seed forsaken or his children begging bread.

CHAPTER VIII

# Westward in the Fifties

MY father's elder brother, Uncle Peter Rule, used to tell the story of how the family came West to Kentucky in the fifties.

"It was not alone in the days of Daniel Boone," said he "that Kentucky was looked to in the Eastern States as a desirable section in which to locate for the purpose of repairing one's broken fortunes. For, although the great tide of emigration after pioneer times turned toward the Northwest, Kentucky continued to receive hundreds of families from New England and the Middle States almost up to the beginning of the Civil War, and the result of their experiment in a change of homes was more prosperous than that of thousands who went to the free prairie country.

"Among the Eastern emigrants to Kentucky in those early days was a man by the name of John Armstrong. He lived near Princeton, New Jersey, and had married one of the Rule sisters. Desiring to see the new Land of Promise in the West, he had his brother-in-law, John Rule, make him a wagon, put his young wife and child into it, with some household necessities, and drove the entire distance, settling in Lincoln county, Kentucky.

"When the child, whose name was William, grew to manhood, he began a correspondence with his New Jersey relatives, whom he had never seen. His letters were answered by a sprightly young girl, Elizabeth Rule, who was his first cousin. In due season imagination and sentiment began to creep into the young man's heart and he procured a miniature of the fair correspondent.

"Thus it was that he traveled back to his native State about the fall of 1848; and one afternoon when the little twin boys of the Rule family got home from school they were told that their cousin, William Armstrong, from Kentucky, had come to visit his people. Cousin William was a tall, fine-looking young man and the boys overheard several earnest conversations between him and their mother about first cousins marrying. She took the ground that it was contrary to the scripture and the laws of good health, and the young man was on his mettle to meet such intelligent reasons from his aunt, she being well read in the Bible, Josephus, and similar books.

"William and Elizabeth seemed quite anxious for a week or more as they grew fonder of each other, but the young man prevailed in his suit, so that good old Pastor Comfort came to tie the knot in approved Presbyterian style, and another happy pair wended their way to the far-off West.

"In the course of a year Elizabeth returned to visit her family, and while in New Jersey told them how much easier it was to live in Kentucky. The price of eggs, flour, butter, meat and other necessities proved very tempting to the large and struggling household, and so they decided to go in the spring of 1850.

"Mother Rule's health had been badly broken, so that the boys rarely

saw her when she was not suffering. Many times she would be propped up in bed with a chair and pillows and cough nearly all night. One physician after another treated her, but with small benefit. So that the change to Kentucky was contemplated in part for her good, and she seemed braced up to undertake the journey when the time came. They had been moving from one little farm to another with no increase of finance, and she faced the West with new hope for her husband and children. It was determined that she should go with the first group and the husband would follow within a year when he had sufficient time to see how the new climate agreed with her and also to dispose of their small property to advantage.

"The Eastern States seventy years ago were much like the countries of the Old World. Employment could be had, but there were so many applicants for every position that remuneration was greatly reduced; and it was only by apprenticing a lad and making him serve several years at nearly nothing, that he could be set up in any business whatsoever.

House and Carriage Shop, Lexington, Ky., where the Rule Brothers lived and worked.

"I was such an apprentice," continued Uncle Peter, telling the story as he smoked and chuckled with good humor over his reminiscences of the trip West. "I was working in a factory in New Brunswick, and although I stuck to my job faithfully there was but little promise of promotion or financial success. Jersey State had some mighty fine folks, but a boy away from home don't fare so well as when mother is around. People will be penurious and selfish when they can take it out on a small boy.

"One day when I was a very small shaver, I was over at our neighbor's, who was a baker. He wished to borrow some heavy articles that he needed about his shop, and he called out:

" 'Here, Peter, do this for me and you shall have a cooky!'

"I ran all the way and in about an hour returned puffing and perspiring with my heavy burden. He took it without a word of thanks, and although I stood around the bake shop all afternoon, my mouth watering and my stomach gnawing with hunger for that promised cooky, he said to me about sunset:

"'Well, Peter, you'd better run along home now, feed the pigs and milk the cow!'

"It is a bad beginning to break faith with a child. The injustice of that act stuck to me when I went out into the cold world to work, and when I later began to see the competition of trade making the prospect of remuneration in the factory scarcely less gloomy than it had been with the miserly, stingy baker, I anxiously inquired about the West from every passing traveler.

"They all said Kentucky was the state for them. Wages were fine and the people were noted for their kindness and hospitality to the stranger and emigrant, like all new communities. When our sister, Elizabeth, confirmed this report, we were all ready to move."

Uncle Peter refilled his pipe, settled himself more comfortably in his big rocking chair and resumed:

"It takes twenty-four hours to come from New York to Louisville by rail now. Then it required more than a week to make the trip. The way was to go through Philadelphia to Johnstown by rail, thence by canal and stage to Pittsburgh, and then down the Ohio river by steamboat to Louisville.

"No route of travel in this country has been so amusingly celebrated in the writings of American and European tourists as this famous one to the West in the early days. Some of the most noted foreign literary men used to make the circuit of the Union that way just to gather material for a humorous narrative. The laughable part of it was the primitive traveling facilities. We took the train at Philadelphia, and after passing Harrisburg, came to the foot of the mountain range of the Alleghanies. The train was pulled up car by car minus the engine, by an engine on the mountain top with a cable. Then by train to Johnstown.

"The ludicrous side of the journey began when we took the canal boat at Johnstown for Pittsburgh. Each of these boats had a capacity for carrying comfortably about twenty-five people; but in those days never less than thirty-five or forty were on them at once, and sometimes even forty-five or fifty. They looked like the family boats on the Ohio river today, only much larger, and were pulled by three horses on the tow-path along the shore. They were kept in midstream by a fellow on the stern with a big paddle.

"There were two lines of these boats, 'The Express' and 'The Pioneer,' the first being a little more respectable and higher priced than the latter. By this route all Yankees went to the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys. It was also the thoroughfare for thousands of emigrants who did not go West by the way of New Orleans.

"You can be sure that we struck a crowd coming out. The first thing when we got aboard at Johnstown was to find every seat taken and hardly space to sit down on the floor. The cabin was packed with people, the roof filled

with luggage, and the deck swarming with boys and men who could get nowhere else.

"It was nightfall when we started and we did not expect to reach Pittsburgh for two days. We were crowded out everywhere. Peeping into the cabin, one could see eight or ten tables along the walls, which were set together in the middle of the room about six o'clock and prepared for supper. The passengers acted like hungry hogs expecting their food as the dishes were put on the table. Some stationed themselves behind the stools and chairs on each side of the room, while others, less fortunate, crowded about the door at each end of the boat to await the signal to sit down. At the first sound of the gong a wild scramble began for places. It reminded me of an old chair game we boys and girls used to play called 'Going to Jerusalem,' in which there is one chair less than there are persons in the game and where several grab the same seat.

"The supper consisted of bread and butter, several kinds of fish, sausage, steak, potatoes, pudding and syrup, served each in one large dish, instead of in modern restaurant style of little dishes. And when the fellows who failed to get seats at the first table hung around the doors with a gloomy expression, as they watched the ravenous eaters devouring everything before them, one of the boat's officials would yell out:

"'Hold on, now, all of ye! They's a plenty, ef ye'll only wait!'

"Finally we satisfied the inner man and went out on deck again to inspect with absorbing interest the different types of people, and listen to the story-tellers on every hand. I vow and declare to you I never sat down on a stool or chair during the entire trip except at meal time

"Between nine and ten o'clock in the evening there was another great commotion inside the cabin and it was announced that the passengers were to draw lots for berths. The berths were what a noted English traveler called 'book-shelves along the walls,' suspended by ropes from the ceiling. The ladies' apartment was in one end of the boat and the gentlemen's in the other, and the excitement over the drawing of tickets for places was so intense that it almost exceeded the hog scramble for supper. As usual, a great many were left in the lurch, some of us among the number. These unfortunates took possession of the chairs and tables, and when they had all been brought into use there were yet others seeking places, so we went out on the deck and slept on the floors.

"About five-thirty o'clock next morning the officials of the boat aroused everyone, and there was another scramble as to which would get to use the wash basin first. They used canal water, and an ordinary bucket served as a pitcher. They had a revolving towel upon which to dry themselves, finishing their toilet with one comb and brush, chained for public use under a small mirror. Some of the passengers were so angry at getting left in the scrimmage over the wash basin that they dispensed with their ablutions altogether."

Uncle Peter was so full of laugh for a few moments that he could scarcely resume his jolly reminiscence of the trip; but directly he continued:

"The same bill of fare was repeated at breakfast, accompanied by the same mad, hoggish crowding together about the tables and doorways, the official yelling out at the top of his lungs.

" 'Stan' back, gen'lemen! They's a plenty for everyone of ye!'

"There were some amusing specimens on the boat, from the unsophisticated New England rustic to the consequential fellow who found fault with everything and proclaimed around that he was so and so. But really this growler was a public benefactor, oftentimes; because the canal officials, wishing to make as much profit as possible, would continually crowd a boat like that one on which we took passage; and, unless there was someone determined enough to make a protest, the traveling public fared miserably for accommodations.

"We reached Pittsburgh about six o'clock on the morning of the second day after we left Johnstown.

"Pittsburgh was then the city of smoke in the strictest sense; and this added to our eager desire to by all means enjoy berths and seats on the steamboat to Louisville. I hustled about to find the first one leaving, and by ten o'clock that morning we had passage engaged and our luggage on deck.

"In early days there were two classes of boats on the Ohio, as well as on the canal, the fine mail and passenger line, and the emigrant and freight steamers. The latter class was cheaper in its rates, went all the way to Louisville, instead of making the passengers change boats at Cincinnati, and carried the greater part of the shipping between the East and West. It was on one of these boats that we embarked for Kentucky, and although it was not everything to be desired, we found ourselves infinitely more comfortable than we had been on the canal.

"The emigrants on the steamer were an interesting people. Some of them could afford to take a berth, and pay for meals in the cabin; but others who could not, stayed night and day with their household effects down on the lower deck. There were sharpers and swindlers perpetually present to trick them out of their money, and it was irritating to see how easily they fell into these traps for the inexperienced and trustful rustic folks.

"Our boat reached Louisville four days after leaving Pittsburgh and we hired a carriage and driver to take us through to Springfield, Kentucky, paying five dollars apiece. The entire trip had cost us about thirty dollars each.

"You may be sure we were pleased with the country and also the people The difference between Old Jersey and Kentucky at that time was marked. The peculiar soft accent of the Southern folk struck me as singular, but the proverbial hospitality of the people carried our hearts captive at once, and made us feel more like we were returning to the home of our childhood than leaving it to find refuge and work in another part of the nation. In a year or two you could not have told us from the native-born Southerners."

The Rule brothers made the Masonic motto of Old Kentucky their own: "United We Stand—Divided We Fall." They stood together as apprentices learning the carriage-making trade, and their shop was unionized on the principle of Brotherly Love. Song and laughter resounded with the stroke of the hammer and the rasp of the saw. The elder brothers became Freemasons and were an honor to the craft by their industry and character. People pointed them out as conspicuous examples of success; and even in the midst of an aristocratic, slave-holding community they made manual labor respectable and remunerative.

CHAPTER IX

# The Call of '61

I OFTEN asked my father to relate the story of his own conversion and call to the Gospel ministry, and one day while we were in Danville together the good minister went out for a stroll with me, talking quietly as we went along from street to street, pointing out now and then a house or location connected with the narrative.

"When our family came to Kentucky ten years before the Civil War, we settled at the little town of Perryville," said he. "A small flour and wool-carding mill was purchased for our parents and three brothers to conduct at Pleasant Run, near Springfield, in Washington County. I was then a lad of fourteen or fifteen years and I found similar employment with Uncle William in the woolen mill at Perryville, where the great battle was afterwards fought.

"The gradual emancipation law with reference to negro slavery was still operative in New Jersey during my boyhood there, so that I was not a stranger to human bondage when I came to the South. I saw a slave gang driven through from Danville to Perryville, but the prevalence of the institution did not arouse my sense of injustice as a youth. Slavery existed in its mildest form at that time in Kentucky. Besides, my twin brother, Abram, and I were hard working lads who had but little leisure for reflection on anything but our own personal tasks. It was many years later, under entirely different conditions, that my social awakening came.

"I used to get up at 5 o'clock every morning and work until half-past 7 at night, with but fifteen minutes for meals. In the summer time we would often walk two miles into the country hunting apples. Thus there was very little time for play and pleasure in my life, and it made me a serious, earnest-minded man. Order and duty were my watchwards. I never idled away a moment, although possibly my nature might have been enriched by some recreation mingled with industry.

"As it was my thoughts turned early to religion. There was a revival meeting in progress at the Presbyterian church that season and I became very much interested in the young people who responded to the invitation from night to night. One evening I alone of the household attended and returned after the family had retired. The next morning at breakfast I was telling who went forward.

"'And did you go, John?' asked Uncle William, kindly.

"I was silenced at once. I began thinking and saw that I had a personal interest in the matter. I went forward that evening or the next, and when my brothers, Abram, Schenck, and my sister Mary, came to Uncle William's they said they were not going to let the youngest stand alone for God. So they came into the Kingdom with me.

"Some time after this (in the fall of 1853) we brothers moved to Lexington and opened a carriage shop, each one having a special part of the work to do. I was cook and housekeeper for them all. I arose at 4 o'clock in the morning, went to the market, and had the breakfast dishes washed and put away by the time to open shop. These young mechanics were very much interested in self-improvement. A literary and debating society was organized amongst us, and we twin brothers, Abram and I, attended the old Second Presbyterian church regularly.

"But few church officers led in public prayer at that time, and some of the members proposed a young men's prayer meeting to train the growing youth in spiritual expression. When they had sufficient experience the pastor would enter the Wednesday evening meeting and tap this one or that on the shoulder, saying:

OLD CENTRE COLLEGE, DANVILLE, KY.

" 'John, I will call upon you tonight.'

"It was a trying ordeal at first, but an elder of prominence, Mr. Christie, took a great personal liking to us twin brothers and encouraged us to study for the Presbyterian ministry. The pastor supplemented this appeal and we two young men entered college together at Danville.

"The years spent in the shop at Lexington were very happy times for us brothers, and we separated with great regret. My brother Abram and I were about eighteen years of age when we decided to study for the ministry. Abram was full of life and fun and had an idea that he was making a mistake to enter a calling which seemed to him altogether sacred and dignified, little dreaming that he was of all young men most fitted by reason of his genial,) social disposition. The last time he came home he made some remark about his unfitness, such was the prevalent conception of the solemnity becoming a preacher of the Gospel.

"But the ties of brotherhood and friendship held him to his vow. It chanced that another young man, William Brown, in the prayer meeting had been moved by the Spirit of God to follow our example, and, having become intimate associates in pursuit of our studies together, he went with us to the old college at Danville."

We had come to the end of a street east of town where, looking down a sloping hillside, my father pointed out a house with a history. His voice dropped into a quiet, reverent tone as he continued:

"Early in May, 1860, Abram went over to Lexington on a little visit home. He was not feeling well and returned to Danville considerably indisposed. Several days later he came from college and shortly after dinner was taken with a violent chill. He thought it was a cold, put his feet in hot water and went to bed, covered up warmly. We were boarding at a physician's house out there and Abram took some medicine that seemed what he needed, hoping to be out again in a few days without doubt.

Left to Right—John Rule, William Brown and Abram V. Rule, twin brother of John Rule, Old Centre students in the class of '61, who figured in the tragic story of the present chapter

"Noticing a rash breaking out on his body, Abram thought he had measles, and, consulting the physician about it, was treated for that disease. The rash soon disappeared and the doctor told him he would be all right in a few days. But on the morning of May 15 a severe hemorrhage puzzled and alarmed Abram and me. We were in complete ignorance as to what this dangerous symptom meant.

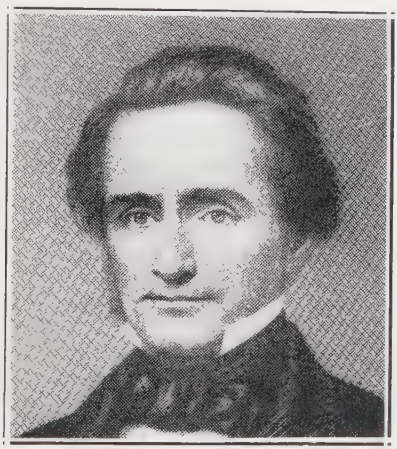
"The doctor had gone to the country expecting to return at noon. He reached home at that hour and I went out to meet him as he was dismounting from his horse. He was much worried at the tidings of his patient and came into the house hurriedly. As dinner was ready he proposed that I should eat

while he went up to see Abram. You can well imagine that it was a brief and unrelished meal upon my part. Directly, as I was hastening back to my brother's room, I met the doctor on the stairway with a pained and anxious expression. Said he:

" 'John, if you have any word to send to your friends, send it at once. Your brother cannot live but a few hours.'

"For the first time I understood that my brother Abram was dying of typhoid fever. We sent hurried communications to the family and friends by special couriers. Our bosom friend was soon at hand, William Brown, you know. Abram read on the anxious faces about him that his last hour was at hand though he, too, was completely unprepared for so fatal a turn to his illness.

"Is my condition so serious as that?" he asked.



L. W. GREEN (1806-1863)

President of Old Centre College, who directed the education of John and Abram Rule at Danville. Dr. Green died a martyr of the Civil War ministering to the sick and wounded at Danville after the Battle of Perryville.

" 'Yes, Abram,' answered William, with tear-filled eyes and voice choking with grief. 'The doctor says you can live but a short while and I am telling you in time to make any preparations you may desire.'

" 'Ah,' said Abram with a sigh, 'the sun of my life is going down.'

"Outside the great sun was sinking slowly toward the western hills, while the birds caroled sweetly their evening song. Abram motioned William and me to his bedside. Said he, feebly:

" 'Oh, sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die.'

"Stepping back a pace, William and I managed to murmur the first stanza of this old favorite from the Wesley hymnal. Then he signaled us to stop. We approached the bedside once more and he said:

" 'Ah, I did not think I was so near my Father's house.'"

"Thus he fell asleep forever on earth. He died at sunset and shortly afterward the relatives and friends began to come. My eldest sister arrived first. The people of the town, the college faculty and the student body were astounded at the sad tidings, never dreaming that their favorite and popular companion was so ill. During the night the family from Lexington reached the house. Next day the college president, assisted by the students, conducted a brief and touching service before the departure for Lexington, where Abram's pastor, Rev. Mr. Brank, laid him away in his final resting place.

"I graduated from Old Centre in the class of '61, when the storm of civil war was sweeping down over the land. Some of my classmates left at once for distant battlefields, never to return. I was a man of peace and did not believe in bloodshed. So I continued to pursue my studies for the ministry under Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge at Danville until the blood-tide swept nearer and nearer to the little town. The old college was loyal to the Union, although, with a large part of the students, my sympathies were with the South.

"The Battle of Perryville was fought in October, '62, and the homes, churches and college buildings at Danville were soon crowded with the wounded, sick and dying soldiers, three thousand in number. Day and night President Lewis Green of Old Centre ministered to the limit of his strength among the suffering. The atmosphere round about his residence was pestilential and in the spring, on a May morning, he, too, was smitten with the same dread malady that had cut down his beloved young pupil three years before. It was a crushing blow. I naturally sought refuge from these scenes of desolation and death in the quiet walls of Old Princeton Seminary, New Jersey, not far from my old home and birthplace."

Both father and son brushed the tears away from their eyes, then slowly turned again into town. What was it in the soft atmosphere and the tranquil peace of the scene that entered into the soul of the young man, calling him to take the place of the long-dead Abram? It was the still small voice that speaks in all ages to the heart of youth, saying, "Arise, there is need of thee." The father said not a word, but waited. And God always has His own purpose of fulfillment.

CHAPTER X

# The Mantle of Elijah

AS a schoolboy in the Old South years after the Civil War I was very fond of biography and history. Born and brought up under the shadow and tradition of Negro slavery and the great struggle over its abolition, my social conscience was stirred thereby from my twelfth year. My sympathies from the first were with the Emancipators but not the Abolitionists. In that I was truly Southern.

During my freshman year at Old Centre College I was forced, all unwillingly, to take the side of the slave in a debate on the question, "Resolved, that the Negro has suffered more at the hands of the White Man than has the Indian." The negative side, under the leadership of a shrewd young senior, so manipulated the question that my colleagues and I had the unpopular side, clear through. Both audience and judges were against us and the decision as well.

But the social research that I made on the subject of Negro slavery gave me a new vision and understanding of history and from that hour I became a lover of Lincoln and an unprejudiced defender of the Negro in his new-found freedom and struggle for existence. I never had any prejudice against the Indian. I was always on the side of the downmost man.

My father was a skilled mechanic in the golden age of capital before the Civil War and a small farmer minister of the Presbyterian faith in the years succeeding the great strife: so that when the panic of '93 hurled the American middle and working classes into the maelstrom of economic tragedy, we learned the hard lesson of social science in a way calculated to make an impression.

But the Old South in those years was still dominated by the feudalistic and religious interpretation of historic change and the passage to a clear comprehension of economic problems was at best slow, painful and intensely personal. Hence I always felt a deep sympathy for those who must travel the same hard road from the House of Bondage; and my later researches into social history discovered and revealed to me a number of noble Forerunners in the great anti-slavery struggle.

To the man who must take his stand on the outposts of Human Freedom it is a great encouragement and comfort to know something about the heroic sentinel and torch-bearer who watched there in the generation preceding. And the tragedy of religious history always is that the church does not recognize or acknowledge her prophets till they have been stoned, entombed and forgotten or glorified by the world at large.

Now the Calvinistic revolutionists were the clearest-headed thinkers of their age and the most fearless defenders of Freedom in the world. Nowhere was this truer than in America. They suffered all the perils and hardships endured by the social pioneers of our own day and are now justly regarded with a gratitude the world will hereafter extend to the living advocates of Human Liberty and Social Progress.

There were two Presbyterian churches in the little college town. The pastor of the "Northern" church, as it was called, was a son of one of the Great Abolition Presbyterian Circuit Riders in Southern Indiana and in the custody of this same church were the minutes of the Old Salem Presbytery in Southern Indiana, within the bounds of which the great battle for human freedom was fought in the days of Lyman and Henry Ward Beecher. The whole territory of Southern Indiana was at one time a part of the Synod of Kentucky. I attended this church for the most part out of a sense of loyalty to my country and the heroic Presbyterian traditions.

But Dr. E. M. Green, the pastor of the Southern church, was an equally notable man. He was a tall, erect, dignified, courteous and exceedingly cultured and gentle soul. His magnificent hair and beard had the appearance and sweep of Michael Angelo's Moses. He was a Carolinian and had been through the stress and sorrow of the long civil struggle. He was Southern in every fiber of his being, but he saw and acknowledged the hand of Providence in history and pointed out the path of true progress to the young men coming after. He was in a peculiarly happy situation to heal and unite the hearts that were still sore over the great struggle.

He was very fond of me because my father was a minister in the same Southern Church in Kentucky. He saw the promise of my youth and one day, following the debate at college, we met on the hill where the Old Church stands, massive, vine-clad and cathedral-like in its solemnity. It was a beautiful day, blue and cloudless above, green and glorious all around. Dr. Green had voted against the young debater at his side, but he had a lesson of history to communicate that would never be forgotten. This young man was standing hesitant between the gospel ministry and political life, wondering which were better? Possibly a word in season might prove a lamp to his feet and a light upon the pathway of his future.

"When I was a little boy," said Dr. Green, "I lived with my parents in a beautiful old Carolina home. It was a very romantic house and grounds and the days of childhood were happy beyond words to tell. I had a little brother as a playmate and I loved him as Jonathan did David. Life seemed to hold even greater happiness before us with such companionship possible.

"But one day he sickened, lingered long weeks in agony and unconsciousness and then died. The sunlight passed out of heaven for me. The world was black and hopeless with Death. I brooded and mourned as one who would not be comforted. But when the little body was prepared and put into the casket and placed in the dimly-lighted old parlor, I waited with my grief-stricken parents in the room adjoining. Directly the front gate opened and a tall man in dark clothing came up the walk to the house. He was ushered into our presence. His words were few and kindly. Then he led me by the hand, my parents followed, into the parlor where the little casket stood. Kneeling down beside it and still holding my hand in his own, he made the most touching and beautiful prayer to God for us that I ever heard. It soothed our aching hearts like the balm of Gilead. Then he went away as quietly as he had come. But I said in my heart, then and there, that if such was the man of God, I would become a minister of the gospel when I grew up. That good man was the unconscious cause of my choosing the life work that I love so well. His

mantle descended upon my shoulders when God called him home, and like Elisha, I have endeavored to minister as he did to the broken-hearted and sorrowing at a time that tried the souls of men."

We walked onward a few steps over the soft blue grass of the historic old cemetery surrounding the church. "There," said Dr. Green, "is the grave of the great and good man who founded the Presbyterian Church in the wilderness of Kentucky one hundred years ago. When he first came to Danville, Boyle county was dark, wooded and shady all the way to Harrodsburg. Scarcely a gleam of sunlight could penetrate the heavy foliage. So Father Rice took as a text of his first sermon this verse: 'The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up.' So Father Rice was the light-bearer to the Kentucky wilderness.

"The verse, you know, is from Matthew and refers to the beginning of the Master's ministry among the lowly and neglected whom the temple and synagogue failed to reach. He gave his life for them. So it seemed that Father David Rice, whose ashes lie beneath us here, dedicated himself to the Kingdom of God in the Kentucky wilderness when savage beasts and more savage men made life extremely perilous everywhere. The community was at a very low ebb morally. A little log church was built on the hill here at first. Later a little brick chapel was erected, siding on the street. This was also a public meeting place. The first meeting to adopt the first constitution of Kentucky was held in that little brick church. It was there that the great struggle over Negro slavery, to keep it out of the constitution, began. Father Rice was a member of that convention, with several ministers of other denominations, one hundred years ago. They were a unit in favor of emancipation. Father Rice led the debate for the Emancipationists with cogent logic and powerful reasoning, and the cause was all but won, when the smooth-tongued politicians with their social prominence and sophistry, outwitted the humble, honest men of God and wrote slavery into the constitution of the first-born commonwealth of the Federal Union.

"It was a tragedy of history. It was heart-breaking to Father Rice, who foresaw the Civil War as the final outcome just as clearly as those who lived a generation after. He spoke out strong against slavery. He hated it and penned and spoke the greatest utterance against slavery in all political literature twenty years before Abraham Lincoln was born. He denounced it as inconsistent with justice and social welfare when men were fighting for their lives in the Western wilderness. It made him unpopular, but he never flinched from his whole duty. He was equally opposed to French skepticism and the mad spirit of speculation and money-making which possessed the people like an evil spirit. They did not want their personal freedom interfered with and they were bitter against him for a while. They felt that in a new country he had no right to interfere.

"His biographer tells us that he came to Kentucky with no intention of staying, but merely to make some provision for his increasing family. He was so disgusted with the spirit of speculation, which was shameless and brutal, that he went back to Virginia without purchasing an acre. The broad, rich and beautiful lands failed to tempt his investment until he was forced to purchase in support of his family. He did not have the money to pay cash down, but

trusted to the promise of certain members of his congregation. But these promises were forgotten and neglected and the payment of some of the claims afterward fell due when the old minister had nothing with which to satisfy the law.

"It was still customary to imprison for debt and the sheriff held up the terror of imprisonment before the devoted old minister. He brooded over it until he was in a morbid mood of mind. He felt that the men who had *promised* to stand by him in the purchase of a home and land *should* stand by him, or their children. But it was too late; and he undertook to exclude them from the communion table. A sensation naturally ensued and Father Rice left Danville broken in spirit and poor as poverty. Tom Johnson, the tipsy poet of the town, wrote a mock valedictory, which became the delight of the tavern crowd at their carousals. Naturally the bums and loafers hated the old emancipationist and preacher of righteousness, who had locked horns unsuccessfully with the politicians. And for the time his enemies triumphed completely.

"Nearly seventy years afterward, when our two Synods of Kentucky were in session, the Northern here at Danville and the Southern at Harrodsburg, a committee was appointed to do justice to the name and memory of Father Rice and to locate his forgotten grave in Green county. I was to have charge of the work. Having in my possession a chart left by Father Rice's family by which to find the grave, I took a wagon and workingmen with implements to discharge a solemn duty. It was the instruction of the two Synods that his precious ashes be recovered and brought back to Danville, the scene of his heroic ministry for Humanity and Freedom.

"We spent the night with a man by the name of Worthington. Then we went way out in the hills. The soil was red and poor. Green county was an open country when Father Rice came to the State. You could see deer a mile off. Boyle county was all close woods, but the soil was later seen to be more fertile. Father Rice continued his work as an educator and minister among the pioneers of Green county till his death. He passed away June 16, 1816, in the eighty-third year of his age, his last words being, 'Oh, when shall I be free from sin and sorrow?'

You may well imagine my feelings as I approached his last resting place. Following the chart, we first found a heap of dirt where the cabin chimney stood. We then walked slowly down to a spring and from that to a dogwood tree. There were two graves under this tree. Another big tree had grown down through the graves. Father Rice and his wife were both buried there.

"We dug down and first came to a human bone. Then we found some teeth. We were exceedingly and reverently careful. It was precious dust we were disturbing. My heart failed me. We closed up the grave and returned home. I made my report to the Synod. But the Synod insisted that the beloved ashes must be removed and placed where succeeding generations would honor the memory of Father Rice. So we went back, dug down and secured every possible vestige of the remains and brought them here to Danville and deposited them beneath that marble monument erected to the Great Emancipator.

"There was an old lady still living at Worthington's who remembered Father Rice as a child of ten. She said he was very saintly in appearance and everybody respected him. But there was evidence of deep poverty in the humble

cabin where he breathed his last. He spent the last twenty years of his life in ministering to the poor and neglected; journeying far and near throughout Kentucky and into Ohio, as a missionary of the Cross. At the end he waited the summons of God in the lowly cabin and when he died the good neighbors and friends came to manifest their sympathy and love. The body was laid out in the little room and there was scarcely space for anyone to stand about it. But the people thronged the dooryard and stood with uncovered heads as the great preacher was carried to his rest in the shady nook below. He had often prayed that his children and their descendants should be kept poor and humble, even as he himself died. The little Negro church across the way yonder is made of the same brick that composed the small Presbyterian chapel where the first meeting of the constitutional convention was held. As the years go on these lowly things will grow memorable and immortal and maybe the Mantle of Elijah will fall upon the shoulders of someone today who will bear witness for God and Humanity and against Mammon as Father Rice did long ago."

In silence they stood, then slowly walked away. The soft wind sighed and the bluegrass waved about them. The centennial year of Old Kentucky was at hand. Here was heroic history. And this youth, who was a child of promise, thereupon became heir to a heritage and commission of Freedom that the future was sure to fulfill. Little did he understand as yet how God was guiding him, but the vision was forming and the altar was kindling that were destined to lead him into a great life work.

# Old Time Kentuckians

MRS. MARY WOOLFOLK RULE

CHAPTER XI

# Old Time Kentuckians

THE story goes that there were two Woolfolk brothers who settled on Harrods Creek across from the old Kuykendall fortress, Oldham County, Kentucky. One was Robert and the other Edmund. They were partners. Edmund superintended the building of the two-story log houses in the good old communistic, help-one-another style. His home was on one hill, Robert's on another. But the tradition is that Robert took advantage of his brother Edmund when the sales and records of the land deal were made at the county seat. Robert took the lion's share, removed to the city and became a successful man of business and affairs for those days. On his death bed his nephew, Jefferson Woolfolk, Edmund's son, came to see him. The old man was 96 years old; but with a miserly gleam in his dim but still cunning and covetous eye, he said, "Jefferson, are you making money?"

Edmund lived along in the good old ways of the fathers. He did not fall out with his brother Robert for the advantage he took of him. Robert was a Revoluntionary soldier and possibly got the gain spirit from the land speculators who were so thick in the woods when the country was settled. Anyhow, Edmund was humorous and kindly, generous and neighborly. He loved to tease the lads and lassies and was the life of the primitive social gatherings. The corn huskings, apple parings, wood choppings, house raisings and so on, were never so happy as with him around. When he became too old to walk, as was his custom, he had his horse or ox-cart brought to the door and so went whither he wished. Other times he would sit in the warm chimney corner smoking his pipe and interspersing the puffs with a pun or joke. In the delirium of his last illness he ordered a beef killed and distributed with his good wishes amongst the neighbors, distributed in the ox-cart, after the manner of the time.

His wife, Agnes, was sweet, gentle and beloved. Though their wedded life lasted but a short while in the new Kentucky home, after the birth of her children, it was serene and dear to both. She anticipated and peacefully awaited the translation when death drew near. She folded her hands calmly, smiled on her husband and children and said: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

The old tombstones that mark their graves in the little cemetery overlooking the Harrod's Creek hills have well-nigh crumbled away and their names will soon be lost in oblivion. But from my earliest boyhood the ideals of life and truth and love they believed in with earnest and consecrated souls have moulded whatever moral character and courage I have had for the great social struggle and religious ministry that I must maintain in these latter days of world change and chaos. The old ideals will never die. In new and nobler form they will yet arise and redeem mankind from the lust of gain and the greed for gold. Beyond the present world-war period can be seen a new order arising that shall fulfill our dreams and justify all our hopes in spite of bloodshed and death and sufferings untold. This is the faith that will overcome the world indeed; and

the ensuing chapters of this present history will be the record of lives that lived the old ideals in the midst of conditions that tested them to the uttermost.

Robert had a conundrum which he propounded to visitors with a merry twinkle in his eye: "There was a man who had nine sons and every one of them had a sister. How many children in all?" Of course, the discerning answered ten. At all events, the nine boys went to a log school house not far away with young cousin, Jefferson. It was their delight to tease him unmercifully coming home through the woods. He was a plucky youngster but no match for so many. His nurse was a great Guinea Negress by the name of Kate. She was thick-lipped and showed the whites of her eyes and would fight like a man in defense of her own. She was not long discovering little "marse's" predicament and took steps accordingly. Waiting till the hour school was dismissed, she concealed a big butcher knife under her apron and proceeded to the woods where she hid herself till the urchins appeared. Her charge was aware of her presence, possibly; but when the nine cowardly bullies came up in mad pursuit of their young cousin, Kate rushed out at them with a brandish of her butcher knife Indian fashion. They were so frightened that they did not stop till they reached home; and one or two experiences of that sort made little "marse" immune from molestation afterward.

Tradition describes the teacher of the time as a large, fleshy, red-faced, red-headed bachelor by the name of Baker. He was clever, reserved and sedate, but awfully fond of good eating. He rivaled the circuit riders in his love of chicken and pie. The old community was proverbially hospitable and the old man came back every summer for a long time to enjoy once more the bounty of the land. Another teacher of the day was a deaf old fellow by the name of Merriweather. He used an ear trumpet and the urchins spelled and shouted their lessons in the mouth of the big horn, exchanging sly winks the while.

Jefferson Woolfolk was tall and slender, with dark eyes and hair, modest and gentle mannered, a thinker and scholar, a lover and idealist. He perfected himself in Latin and mathematics and taught school while yet in his youth. He was strong in primitive athletic sports and could lead the slaves cradling grain. He never touched liquor and he held woman in reverence. He was reserved but very fond of the ladies. His first disappointment was when he addressed a Miss Bullard, a stylish young girl of the neighborhood who was an orphan but with property in her own right. She appreciated him but could not reciprocate his affections. She afterwards married a plain but worthy man in the Blue Grass country. Having no children of their own, they adopted several orphans who were a great credit to them in succeeding years. Miss Bullard was a fanciful, dressy old lady and her adopted daughters were bright and attractive. Two old bachelor friends of Jefferson's visited them at their Blue Grass home. One of these, an eccentric but philosophic character, Uncle Frank Magruder, used to say that some men married and regretted it, whereas he had remained single all his life and regretted it. "If I had it to do over again I believe I'd marry and regret it!"

That was Jefferson Woolfolk's philosophy. In time he paid attention to another young lady across the Ohio river. The Hoosier girls were attractive enough and the one upon whom he now set his heart seemed the ideal of his

dreams. But, alas! she was otherwise engaged and Jefferson bit the dust of defeat the second time. She, too, had the greatest respect for him, and it was no pleasant duty to say him nay.

In the old fortress of the community was the school taught by Rev. John N. Blackburn, the Presbyterian clergyman. Among his pupils was a beautiful young girl from Charlestown, across the river. She was full of life and animation. He heard her make a speech or read an essay at commencement and fell in love with her at first sight, telling a friend, even before the introduction, she was the girl he wanted for a wife. The Woolfolks were passionate admirers of feminine beauty, and that pair of dark eyes solaced the old wounds in Jefferson Woolfolk's heart and made them bleed afresh for the fair young graduate. She was considerably embarrassed when the tall, handsome Kentuckian sought an introduction and asked to call at her home. It was somewhat humiliating also to begin another courtship in the same town where he had so lately been turned down. But Adaline Caldwell had confidence in herself, and her ardent, kindly suitor was successful. He was thirty and she was just sweet sixteen, but a blooming school maid, when they were wed. But he was as happy as a king.

After a horseback wedding journey to Lexington, where they possibly looked out for Henry Clay, the idol of every Whig, the happy pair returned and began housekeeping in the two-story log building of settler times. The old place was vacant, and it might be said of him as it was of Isaac, that he brought his bride into his mother's home; and he took her, and she became his wife; and he loved her; and he was comforted after his mother's death.

A few years later Jefferson Woolfolk removed with his family and slaves to a brick house farm of three hundred acres of virgin soil and timber land. He was a typical Kentucky master, respecting the rights of his bondmen and bondwomen, so far as chattels were allowed rights and privileges. He was a gradual emancipationist. He was conscious of the slave system, even as he felt its demoralizing effect upon possessor and possessed. The transmuted muscular power of his black men and women did not become a god of gold to the Kentuckian as to the cotton plantation owner. Masters become profit mongers in proportion to their nearness to the market, the value of the commodity produced by chattel or wage toilers, and the competition among the landlords and capitalists themselves.

Jefferson Woolfolk treated his slaves with marked kindness in his lifetime, and his closing days were touching. A thoughtful, modest man, he did not consider a formal connection with the church desirable or necessary in his case. He was reserved and conservative rather than positive and outspoken on spiritual subjects, though he lent every encouragement to the religious training of his children. He was a great lover of nature, and in the solitude of the field or forest often lifted his heart in communion with the Source of All.

Amid the democracy of death, the solemn equality of the last hour among men, he raised his hand in patriarchal benediction above his weeping slaves, witnessed a touching testimony, and bade them all meet him in the Better Land.

This was not cowardly sentimentality, a word of weakness, a pious promise on the threshold of eternity in lieu of failure to perform duty and do justice in life and time. Jefferson Woolfolk was not a coward or a weakling. The mem-

ory of his miserly and miserable Old Uncle Robert's death seemed to come over him with leaden sadness as he called his son, Newton, to his bedside, kneeling as did Jacob before Isaac.

"Newton, my son, I'd rather see you a minister of the gospel than to spend your life in the accumulation of money!"

This incident deeply impressed me in boyhood. Our Uncle Newton was admirably fitted for the ministry; but a peculiar lack of confidence in himself prevented his entering a calling where a man must be a positive force or figurehead. So he centered all his hopes upon my taking up the great work, and my fondness for this kind, old-fashioned uncle was natural. Thus came my maternal call to the gospel ministry.

CHAPTER XII

# The Cross and the Rose

WHEN Jefferson Woolfolk brought his beautiful sixteen-year-old bride to the two-story log cabin home on Harrods Creek she was much embarrassed. Her husband's mother had been dead some time, and this sweet young girl had a two-fold place to fill. There was a gathering of the wives and mothers round about to make her welcome, and the slave women did their best to serve the dinner nicely. But the young bride was very nervous over it all, and when the company left she sat down and had a good cry.

"Why, Adaline, dear, what in the world is the matter?" exclaimed the tall, tender-hearted husband when he came in.

"Oh, Mr. Woolfolk, I made such a mess of it!" she wept aloud.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed he; "if all young housekeepers did as well as my sweet bride they might be proud indeed."

"Do you really think so?" she asked anxiously, and he reassured her with every proof of love and kindness.

"Indeed, I do! I wouldn't have brought you over here in the backwoods if I hadn't had confidence that you would be queen of my home and fill my dear mother's place. Do you remember what a time I had winning you, Adaline? I came to Charlestown to see you one day when your father seemed awfully out of humor. I supposed at once that he was mad because I was there to see you; but it didn't make a bit of difference. I was more determined than ever to win you!"

"Why, Mr. Woolfolk," laughed the young bride between her tears, "father wasn't mad at all. He merely had a sick headache and that always made him seem out of humor."

"Well, it's the same way with the dinner party, my dear," he laughed again. "You've got the wrong idea in your little head, sweetheart!"

Thus did the gentle-souled young school teacher, who never whipped a child or a slave in the old days of the rod and the lash, begin his happy married life, and his early death was a great shock to the young wife and mother. She was born May 16, 1813, married when she was sixteen and was left a widow with eight children when she was thirty-nine. She once said that people who joked about widows did not know the sorrowful meaning of the word. She leaned on her daughter Mary more and more and Mary did not fully realize how much comfort she was to her mother. They were more like sisters and confided in each other. The mother was very jovial and social by nature and drew young people to her home by her pleasing, free personality. Young men who came to see Mary laughingly said that the mother treated them better than the daughter.

Mary was the very incarnation of her father in modest, refined and gentle girlhood. She was like him also in her love of nature and the free life of the open. She did not care much for dolls. She loved out-of-door games. There were Sunday School picnics, and occasionally children's parties as a special treat,

but no regular weekly entertainment for the boys and girls of long ago. Once when Mary was sick her father promised her a party if she would take her medicine like a good little girl. The Snowdens had given a party and Mary's turn came when she was well. The boys were outside with sticks as little poles, jumping over them. Mary was outside also and equaled the most active in swiftness and skill. She was not yet old enough to feel the responsibility of hostess, and her brothers James and Newton came in to their mother and said:

"Please call Sis in the house. She's out there with the boys and she ought to be inside with the girls."

THE OLD WOOLFOLK HOME.
Goshen, Kentucky, when Mary Woolfolk was a child.

"No doubt it was jealousy more than a sense of propriety on the part of the brothers, for Mary could indeed hold her own with the best of them. She always could climb and jump and run. The old-fashioned wood-pile had branches of limbs very tempting to ride upon. The long coupling pole of the wood or hay wagon was equally alluring. One day Aunt Nancy Woolfolk saw her at the fun and came to tell Mother Adaline that it was dangerous for a child of Mary's age. So Mother Adaline called little Mary inside and said:

"You must be a good girl today. Aunt Nancy is from the city and is not accustomed to such wild habits in a girl. She will go back and tell people what a tomboy you are."

Mary came in the house and got her needle and thread and soon had made two plain dresses for the slave children; and then Aunt Nancy bragged on her and said to Mother Adaline:

"That is nice. Mary will sew fast as a child and when she is older pride will teach her how to be particular and take pains."

Thus did she recover in the good graces of Aunt Nancy. This good maiden lady would come with her snuff and knitting and the latest news and was a veritable family oracle. She was the Zachary Taylor type, plain and plain spoken, and was often preferred by some people to her sister, Aunt Martha Eubank, the Masonic Mother, whose suave, gracious manners seemed to them affectation.

Many children have a dread of the family doctor and are in great anxiety when he comes. But little Mary felt differently. Dr. Nat Barbour was the family physician even when Mary was born, and she grew up with an affection and reverence for his familiar figure. She always felt relieved when he reached the home in sickness. He was a great favorite with children and young people. He was so anxious to have little Mary to live and grow up to young womanhood. The devoted father and mother had already lost three children by death under very distressing circumstances. Their first child was a little girl, Jane, who lived to be four and was the idol of her father's heart. One little boy was gone, and then another died in infancy, and while the young mother was ill and grieving over her latest loss little Jane was taken sick with scarlet fever and died also. Her father nursed her in a room alone. The poor child cried for her mother, but could only be carried to the door where her mother was; and when the dear little girl was dead the hearts of her parents nearly broke with anguish. Jefferson Woolfolk became a man of deep and fervent prayer from that time forward.

When little Mary was a babe her mother's mother, Mrs. Caldwell, nursed them both and was taken ill with a fatal attack which soon ended her life. This was a greater grief to the young mother than she had even dreamed of enduring and Mr. Woolfolk was so distressed that he sent for Pastor Crouch and had him conduct an especially comforting and helpful funeral service. The dead mother was a devout Methodist.

Thus little Mary was accustomed to the shadow of the cross from her earliest childhood, and the beautiful rose of her unfolding young girlhood gave promise of rare fulfillment. Her heart went out in sympathy and love to all around her. She was always at hand to help a schoolmate when the lessons were hard; and when she was a girl of fourteen and made her first trip to Louisville she saw the slave pens and chain gangs where the poor negroes were shipped away South like cattle. Her father never had sold a slave even if the slave wanted to go to another farm or was utterly unbearable longer with the rest, and the sight of the manacled captives touched her with horror and pity.

One of Mr. Woolfolk's sisters married a Phillips and lived at Westport. She died young and left a daughter, Agnes, who by inheritance was to possess a number of slaves belonging to her mother. The father married again and when Agnes was grown he did not wish to part with her property. This led to bitter feeling with his brother-in-law, and only when Jefferson Woolfolk lay on his death-bed was there a reconciliation. Phillips acknowledged the wrong he had done, and his lovely young daughter, Fanny, came to live in the Woolfolk home and attend the Goshen Academy. She and Mary became bosom friends with all

the ardor of young idealism, and when Fanny went away to the West with her parents she and Mary had their daguerreotypes taken and exchanged pictures with each other as a pledge of lasting friendship. Fifty years afterward these pictures were re-exchanged between the families, and the memory of the friendship is fresh and sweet today.

Jefferson Woolfolk was the main leader in the success of the Goshen Academy. He was a man who made a living on his farm but cared far more for character and culture than he did for money. The Goshen Academy was away from the evil influences of the city and parents came out with their sons and daughters to see them educated in such an ideal environment. The whole section of the county from Westport to Louisville sent their sons and daughters to this academy, and even the poorer people had the same privileges. The examinations were public and there were exercises held two evenings at the old Goshen Church. The blackboards were in sight of all and the honor system prevailed among the pupils.

In this charming little world of culture and youth and happiness Mary Woolfolk was such a favorite that she was crowned Queen of the May at the annual festival of the seasons. She had a voice of rare sweetness and was the pride of her father's heart when she sang on these occasions. After his death her mother sent her to the Presbyterian Academy in Louisville, where she met Jennie Cassedy and other girls who became widely known in after years. She was the same gentle and loveable girl here as in the country and brought home a book of friendship that bears testimony to the rare and genuine affection of young girl hearts.

Prof. Barton, one of the teachers at the city Academy, was a cripple, and one of the girls wrote a thoughtless burlesque about him which was dropped on the floor, picked up by the janitor and handed to Rev. Mr. Williams, the principal. He quietly asked Prof. Barton to step out of the room, and then he read the burlesque and made some careful but impressive comments about having fun at the expense of a helpless cripple. The author of the composition was a sister of Jennie Cassedy and meant no real harm by the burlesque. But it was a singular happening that her own sister some time after was thrown from a carriage and became a cripple for life. In the midst of her suffering she conceived the idea of the Louisville Flower Mission. The Jennie Cassedy Rest Cottage was founded and finally the Jennie Cassedy Infirmary for suffering womanhood. Thus amid the crushed roses of young life, wounded by accident and disease, the Cross of Christ arises serene and beautiful to behold. Of Mary Woolfolk's work we shall tell in the next chapter. In Christian and Masonic tradition the Rose is the emblem flower of lovely Mary, and the Cross represents her devotion, and service to God and Humanity.

CHAPTER XIII

# A Daughter of Music

LITTLE MARY WOOLFOLK learned to sing at a Union Sunday School when she was scarcely ten years old and the Superintendent, a Mr. Glover, at Goshen, asked her to start the songs, having patience if she pitched the tune wrong. When her father heard her sing he encouraged her training and made every possible provision for it. One of his last gifts to her was a piano which he purchased for her in Louisville and brought home late at night in a farm wagon—so late, in fact, that the family were alarmed about his long absence. But when Mary saw the beautiful instrument next morning and touched the keys tenderly, her father said:

"Now, Mary, I give this piano on one condition: that you always play and sing for others when they ask you."

She promised, and she kept her word throughout a long life devoted to music and song. Her father employed an editor's cultured wife in Charlestown, Ind., a Mrs. Ferrier, to cross the Ohio every week, come up the river hill on horseback with a faithful slave, and give Mary lessons in music. She taught other pupils in the public school. Thus began the devoted life work of a timid but determined little girl in the old slave days. She sang with natural simplicity and genuine expression. There was soul in the song and the words were enunciated with wonderful distinctness and sweetness. The teacher was very proud of her, and visiting singers at the old village church remarked upon her gift.

"You have a voice worth cultivating," said Dr. Mason, one of the leading Episcopal singers from Louisville in those days. Mary was then only fifteen years old, but she pursued her studies under Mrs. Ferrier, the editor's wife, Miss Simmons, and a Mrs. Lynch, who were all excellent teachers. Then she had one year in the city under a German teacher, who aided her in attaining the fuller and finer perfection of her art. Then on her return home she gradually became the leader in the musical life of the old community.

When Dr. A. S. Newton became Superintendent of the Goshen Academy he employed Miss Woolfolk as his music teacher and she was so faithful that it affected her health. This was the summer of 1862. Her friend, Miss Birdie Locke, persuaded her to take a trip to Boston, Mass., with her. It was during the first fearful years of the great struggle, but she went and spent some time in Plymouth with friends. Pastor Dinsmore and the Woolfolks at home were Union sympathizers, and Mary Woolfolk naturally knew the popular songs of the war time, but "The Pilgrim Fathers," by Mrs. Hemans, was her favorite. She sang it there in the historic little town with such power and sweetness that crowds gathered on the street in front of the house to hear her. Miss Locke was also a fine singer and shared the applause of the patriotic people.

Many Westport people will recall the late Dr. Johnson of that little town and what an excellent singer he was. Before the Civil War he located in Goshen to take up Dr. Newton's practice, as that physician expected to go to Mississippi. Dr. Johnson boarded at the Woolfolk home with his wife and taught a class of picked singers for the church choir. He had a fine bass voice and was a finished Latin and Greek scholar. Visiting ministers who came to Westport in after years expressed surprise at finding a man of his education in an obscure river

MARY WOOLFOLK

A Singer and Teacher of Music in the old Goshen Church and Academy in Civil War days. She shortly afterward became the bride of Rev. John Rule (June 7, 1866).

town; but in those days Oldham County had many accomplished people in quiet, home-loving communities who cultivated music and other arts for the sake of it; and the moral and social standard of the community life was correspondingly high. There was an atmosphere in the old Goshen homes that counted mightily in the generation that followed. Mary Woolfolk had all the classic poets and novelists in her little library, and she taught the children of the school and community with a singular charm and kindliness that they never forgot. The days

were full of joy and romance and happiness incident to youth, and when the great Civil War came on she found herself at the bedside of the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals of Louisville, singing to them the songs and hymns and poems of religion, patriotism and humanity.

She was already accustomed to the stirring scenes of the nation at that time and had no fear in going among the soldiers. Just before the war broke out she made a trip to Iowa to visit her aunt, Mary Rogers, and was back and forth in Chicago and Galena, Ill., where General Grant was then living in obscurity as a merchant and trader. Elihu B. Washburn was also in Galena, and as one of the public men of the day escorted Miss Woolfolk out to supper at a reception given by her cousins, the Campbells, who were among the earliest volunteers. There was considerable feeling in the town when Grant received a commission and was mentioned as the man most capable of leading the people. Washburn was indignant that an obscure fellow like Grant should presume a superiority of any sort over great men like him; and yet Grant was the dark horse which led the nation out in its crisis. In those thrilling times when the public excitement was at fever heat Mary Woolfolk sang the songs of North and South with a wonderful influence for good. She touched hundreds to tears, and the homesick soldiers loved her presence like a benediction. Surely that was a work worth while. Mrs. Martha Eubank, the Masonic Mother, accompanied her on those visits, and one day a Federal soldier asked to join her in singing. He was much better and sang with such feeling and expression that the whole room of men were deeply moved. Mrs. Eubank had others of her girls to bring flowers, fruit, jellies and many such delicacies for the sick and wounded, who were both Federal and Confederate, and the animosities of the great conflict were forgotten in the ministry of mercy.

CHAPTER XIV

# A Deaf-Mute Educator

FUNK SEMINARY at LaGrange and McCown Academy at Goshen two generations ago were powerful factors in the educational life of Oldham County. The presence of Rob Morris at LaGrange and Mrs. Martha Eubank at Goshen imparted the Masonic spirit in a wonderful way to the work of these institutions. Mrs. Eubank's home and the Woolfolk home at Goshen received and trained fatherless or motherless children with the same care exercised now by the Masonic Home in Louisville. The home of Stapleton Crutchfield and that of Francis Snowden did a similar work for a large circle. Indeed, in those days, the Christian and Masonic spirit did not allow boyhood and girlhood to go to waste, either in Kentucky or Indiana. Room was found for the growing youth some way in those big old homesteads, and the family was one big social group.

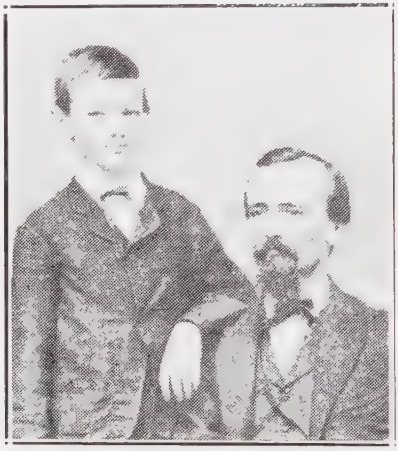
Mrs. Eubank's name and fame drew to Goshen some of the rarest young people in the history of the county. Mary Woolfolk was her assistant and teacher in training these young folks outside the regular school work. The most distinguished pupil in after life, who was educated at Goshen Academy was Webster George, a deaf-mute. This boy's father was one of the leading men of his generation in training these afflicted children of nature; and as both father and son were so prominently identified and associated with the work at Goshen we shall give a sketch of each. "The Kentucky Deaf-Mute" forty years ago at Danville published the following story of the father's notable life:

James Goodloe George was born September 8, 1826, in Garrard County, Kentucky. He was the third child of James George and Amelia H. Gill, and through one or the other parents was related to nearly all the most prominent and best known families of Central Kentucky; among them the Owsleys, Boyles, Goodloes, Robertsons, McKees, Rhodes, Weissingers and Andersons. His father died in the year 1828, and his mother of cholera in 1833. He suffered a partial loss of hearing from an attack of scarlet fever in 1832, and became totally deaf the year after at the age of seven, but retained some knowledge of speech, which subsequent cultivation rendered of great service to him through life.

Thus we find him in his early boyhood an orphan deprived of one of his most important senses, and dependent upon the sympathies and charities of the world until he should reach an age when he must look to his own talents and energies to win support and success in life. Few men have ever started in the race of life at greater disadvantage, and we may safely say that few have ever run a straighter course, or developed more thorough usefulness, or attained to more genuine success. He gained neither wealth nor fame nor public distinction, yet many are the hearts that will mourn his death in the deepest sincerity, and many the souls delivered out of darkness that will rise up in the great day and bless him as the instrument of their deliverance.

What truer success could any wise man hope for than this, to live a life of incalculable usefulness here on earth, to leave a name beloved and unsullied behind him and to die in the assured hope of meeting the rewards which await the faithful hereafter? Such, we rejoice to believe, was the happy lot of our departed friend.

Mr. George entered the Kentucky Institute for the education of the Deaf and Dumb in 1839, at the age of thirteen, where he soon developed talents of a high order as a pupil, and where he enjoyed the personal instruction of the late John A. Jacob, Sr., then principal of the Institution, who was swift to discern the superior qualities of his pupil and who brought to bear all his intense zeal and masterly skill in moulding them into forms calculated for sure and lasting usefulness.



JAMES G. GEORGE AND HIS SON WEBSTER
Both deaf mutes of character and distinction as teachers of their fellow-unfortunates.

He was also careful to teach him to look heavenward for guidance and support, to trust in the God of Israel alone as a safe refuge, and in His Word as the only true light vouchsafed to the benighted soul of man. That these instructions, bestowed long since, were like bread cast upon the waters, not lost, the life and death of their recipient has amply proven to us; and now that teacher and pupil are once more united on the shores of eternity, how grand must their significance appear in the light of that land where they both now rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

Mr. George left the Deaf and Dumb Institute in 1843 and went to Frankfort, Ky., where he learned the printer's trade with Col. A. G. Hodges, for many years editor of the Frankfort Commonwealth, a man well known all over Kentucky. As a printer Mr. George made himself proficient in every portion of the art. He was considered one of the best proof-readers in the State, and for this work, so essential in a good printer, his deafness was rather an advantage to him

than otherwise. In 1851 he was married to Miss Louisa Webster, of Richmond, Ky. She was also a deaf-mute, educated at this institution, and one of the most intelligent and lovely girls, according to the testimony of her teachers, that ever left the institution. The pair were admirably suited to each other, and their married life, brief though it was, was doubtless as happy as ever falls to the lot of the sons and daughters of earth.

From his position in the Frankfort printing office Mr. George was called in 1854 to a higher field in the Missouri Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, then recently established at Fulton, Calloway County. As to the character of his labors there, there is but one testimony, that of unqualified approval. The trustees, superintendent, teachers and pupils all unite in pronouncing him a most successful instructor of deaf-mutes, and yet his feeble health compelled him to resign his position in 1860.

His wife having died in 1856, he was left a widower with an infant son to care for, and came to Richmond, Ky., where he became proprietor of and edited the Richmond Messenger. The great Civil War between the Government and the Southern States beginning in 1861, Mr. George, who possessed no elements whatever of neutrality in his nature, boldly espoused the cause of the Union; and while his former friends and neighbors on the one side trembled for his life and cautioned him of his danger, and on the other openly denounced and threatened him, he stood unmoved at his post, upholding the cause he had chosen with his pen, and defiantly unfurling its banner over his office until the tide of war swept over him and left his entire establishment in ruins.

This occurred in 1862. He then retired to Louisville and was appointed chief clerk in the provost marshal's office in the city. At the close of the war he obtained a position as bookkeeper in the establishment of Hegan Bros., of Louisville. In 1868 he purchased some land near St. Joseph, Mo., and tried farming for a time, but returned to Kentucky in 1870 and was appointed teacher in this Institution in 1871. Here he continued to labor with that success which attended him in every work he undertook, until his disease had gained such hold upon his system as to compel him to give up work entirely, and finally to bring him down to the grave.

The story of Mr. George and his son, Webster, which we shall give in the next chapter, is a touching and beautiful record in deaf-mute annals.

CHAPTER XV

# Webster George

IN 1864, while the great Civil War was still raging over the land, a cultured and earnest-minded gentleman from Louisville came out to Goshen with his nine-year-old son seeking Mrs. Martha Eubank. The father and mother of the boy were both deaf-mutes, and he had been in the company of deaf-mutes since he was two years old. Mr. James George, the father, was very anxious to put his son, Webster, in school where he would be taught to speak and articulate like other children, and, above all, receive the kindly care of some motherly woman. Mrs. Eubank and Goshen Academy had been so recommended.

But Mrs. Eubank was not equipped to take very young children. She accommodated a number of motherless boys for a short time, nevertheless. Webster George among them. "Her house was full," says this now distinguished deaf-mute educator in his recollections, "and on her recommendation I was sent to Mrs. Woolfolk's. I think that was fortunate for me. There was no one at the Eubank's house whom I could look upon as my mother. There was no individuality. Each one had a number."

With tender humor he tells how his untutored heart turned to the solace of early romance: "I remember Mrs. Eubank had two girls whom I claimed for my sweethearts, without reflecting that it took two to make it a go. I called one of them Rachel and the other Leah, as a result of reading those magnificent story books of Bible history in the Woolfolk library. By the way, let me tell you that these books impressed me more profoundly than any books I ever read. I wonder if you have them yet? I do not think I have ever seen their equal in the adaptation of the subject to the young.

"There was another teacher I had, and I am mad at myself because I can not recall her name. She was young and pretty and awful sweet. A few weeks before the close of school she promised the boys, big and little, if they behaved well in school she would give each of them a good-bye kiss. Every one of us got the coveted kiss. There was a full attendance of the boys on the closing day of school. I wish I could meet that lady again and ask for one more kiss for my effort to be good all these forty-five years."

Young Webster and several other motherless boys were assigned to the care of Miss Mary Woolfolk at her mother's home. Webster was shy at first, with his difficulty of hearing and speech, and Miss Mary quickly learned the deaf-mute alphabet so she could talk to him on her fingers when necessary. He had been two years previously under the care of a dear, intelligent, motherly lady near Lexington, and he never forgot her faithfulness to him. Even when she was past eighty years of age he met her and expressed his abiding gratitude.

Still, when he became a pupil of Miss Woolfolk and experienced her wonderful tenderness, he lived to say, "Of all those to whose care I was intrusted after I was deprived of a mother's tender love you made me feel that you came

the nearest to filling her place. It seems to me that I am sailing towards the sunset of life; and oh, how I long to catch one more glance of your eye, and receive one more word of comfort and cheer.

"I was looking over my letters to my father from Goshen. He preserved every one of my letters to him from the first when I was eight at Lexington until I was twenty-one in Washington, just before I was called to his last sick bed. I was vastly amused at my infantile, toddling efforts in the acquisition of language. Most of my letters were written with lead pencil. In one of them I found the sentence: 'I wanted to write this letter with pen and ink, but Miss Mary says I have not yet learned the legitimate use of ink.' The big word was evidently too much for my infantile capacity, and I wrote it at your dictation, letter by letter. All through my letters the loving, guiding hand of this 'Miss Mary' is plainly visible."

Webster George says he was in the common school only six years and during that time he was never able to hear more than the teacher's voice shouted at him. He felt completely isolated. He was far from being satisfied with his acquisition; so from that hour "Excelsior" was my motto, which I took from my Webster's spelling book. Like Oliver Twist, I asked my father for 'more.' The result was my father sent me to college in Washington direct from Goshen, February 1, 1871."

It was the fond hope of his father's heart that he would not grow up a deaf-mute, but when Mr. George came out to see Mrs. Woolfolk about it she was compelled to write on his pad, "It is very sad, but Webster is slowly losing his hearing and speech, and I would advise you to put him at the best school or college in the land."

The tears coursed down the cheeks of the devoted father, but as in so many emergencies of life, he replied that he would do the best he could. He gave up business and retired with Webster to a farm out in Missouri and spent six months or a year giving the lad the finest personal attention, Mr. George being one of the leading deaf-mute instructors in the country. But he was doomed to disappointment. He returned to Goshen with his son, and Webster remained at Mrs. Woolfolk's until college began in Washington City. He made splendid progress and graduated with high honors, but, alas, just that spring his dear father died, and the grief-stricken son faced life alone at the time of all others when he needed and craved parental love and counsel. He was at his father's bedside; then he came to Mrs. Woolfolk's to see them all.

It would take a whole chapter to give a mere outline of Webster George's distinguished career as a deaf-mute educator and benefactor in Illinois and throughout the country. Just a glimpse of his first upward steps. He was clerk in a fire insurance office in 1878 and gave perfect satisfaction to his employer. He was clerk in an immense freight depot from '78 to '82. This was in Chicago, where he had an uncle living who took a deep interest in his success.

But the uncle forgot that his young nephew had a heart, and when Webster met and fell in love with a lovely young deaf-mute girl by the name of Carrie Hathaway, the uncle forgot his own youth and said, "Boy, you are crazy to think of getting married." Webster, however, said that he knew better what he wanted than his uncle. He wanted someone to love and to comfort him, and he certainly found the wife of his youth in Carrie Hathaway. By his father's death

he came into possession of life insurance, which he saved and used judiciously. Then, like his father, he turned his attention to the great work to which he was called and for which he was so finely equipped, the education of his fellow unfortunates who had lost hearing and speech.

He taught in the Chicago day school for the deaf from 1879 to 1882, working in the freight depot after school hours to relieve the afternoon rush of business, and during vacation. He then became editor of the Chicago Letter, a paper devoted to the interests of the deaf. He was next appointed teacher in the State school for the deaf, at Jacksonville, Ill., in 1882, which position he still holds at the age of sixty-five or seventy, besides having shared some of the highest honors in the whole world of deaf-mutes.

"I have not a deaf enemy in the world," he said, writing to Miss Mary, his old teacher and friend. "Those who thought at first that they had reason to be unfriendly to me, one by one had to confess that I was the best friend they ever had. I simply put into practice those principles of justice, consideration of other's feelings, and honesty which I learned from you from 1864 to 1868. And this is why my thoughts so fondly turn to my old Goshen home. * * * * * Could you say I ever had any dreams of this (success in life) when I was hunting for paw-paws in the woods around Goshen in company with my dog, Nep, in 1864 and 1868? Yet I can truthfully say that I was happier then and there than I am now.

"God pity them both, and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall."

Yet who does not feel the same way when thinking of "The Old Kentucky Home?" Webster played happily with the little darkies in the woods and fields, and in a letter received some years ago from him he humorously recalls the hired man, Jim, and his wife. "They had a boy as black as the ace of spades. One day I tried to play school-master and teach him that he should say molasses instead of 'lasses.' With fine sarcasm and inimitable drawl, which I can remember after nearly fifty years of total deafness, he replied: "You fine white folks can say M-O-lasses all you want to but Lasses is plenty good enough for us niggers up in de cabin."

CHAPTER XVI

# The Sunday School and the Day School

THE first school teacher in Kentucky was a woman, Mrs. William Coomes. She taught the children of the pioneers in the fort at Harrodsburg, as far back as 1776. Her only text books were a few Bibles and hymn books, in possession of the people. This school was a combined day school and Sunday School, taught privately, and nearly every fort, station and settlement had such a school. The Sunday School was the mother of the common school everywhere.

Sometime during the year 1783, a young woolen mill worker came to the city of Gloucester, England, to call upon Robert Raikes. It was Sunday, afternoon. They took a walk into one of the slum sections called "The Island," Ragamuffin children were at play everywhere around them.

"What a pity that the Sabbath should be so desecrated," remarked King to his companion Raikes.

"But how could you prevent it?" asked Raikes earnestly.

"Why, I would open a Sunday School for them."

This idea sank deep into the mind of Robert Raikes. He made a visit some days later to the Gloucester prison. He there talked to a young man sentenced to die for burglary. This poor young fellow had never received any instruction whatever in morals, nor any education to teach him the meaning of life. No mother's prayer had ever softened and consoled his sinful heart. He knew the name of God only to swear by. He had no conception whatever of the soul of man and its immortality.

Robert Raikes was deeply impressed. He talked and prayed with the poor fellow, who was so soon to die for his crime. Only a favored few of the young were educated in all England at that time. The children of the poor were put to work as soon as they could do anything that was profitable. Sunday was their only day of recreation and pleasure, and there were none to guide them aright.

Raikes soon established a model Sunday School. He loved childhood and the little ragged urchins responded wonderfully to his tenderness. He taught them to read and write. The church catechism was the religious text book, and they learned order, decency and good discipline.

Within a few years after the demonstration of this remarkable experiment, the idea had spread through the English colonies. It crossed the Atlantic and passed over the American continent with astonishing rapidity. Almost coincident with the founding of the first "Grammar School" in Kentucky by Father David Rice, Mrs. John Brown, of Kentucky, a devout Presbyterian mother, wife of State Senator and Congressman Brown, gathered into her cabin home the neglected children of the forest and organized the first regular Sunday School west of the Alleghany mountains. Today her monument stands near that of Daniel Boone in the old cemetery at Frankfort.

In that early day Kentucky was governed by the old Virginia Colonial laws, which made so many crimes against property capital offenses. These cruel laws were dropped from the code of Jefferson, Wythe, and Madison, when they revised the Statutes of Virginia, because they were familiar with the terrible punishment meted out to juvenile offenders in Old England. And Jefferson's biographer tells us that his one great enthusiasm was the mental and social uplift of the disinherited, disfranchised common people everywhere.

He proposed to place a common school within reach of every child; to make a high school accessible to every superior youth; to open the way to a college and university training for every promising lad; and to establish a State library which would be the mother of culture to all.

This noble plan was received with great popular favor after the Revolutionary War, but the heavy indebtedness upon the State disheartened the friends of the movement, and it failed of success. Jefferson had inserted a clause in the common school law allowing each county to tax itself for free schools,

JOHN F. GLOVER

but the presence of slavery and the prejudice of the planters against the poor whites, and tobacco rollers nipped the idea in the bud. It remained for a Presbyterian minister, Rev. David Rice, who had himself been a poor boy in Old Virginia and had paid for his own education by toiling in the tobacco fields, to carry through in the free commonwealth of Kentucky, the noble dream of Thomas Jefferson.

About the time the Masonic Home and School was founded in LaGrange, Kentucky, between 1845 and 1850, a Union Sunday School was started at Goshen, by a remarkable man who had moved into the community and was keeping store and post office on the Ohio River at Harmony Landing. This school gathered together the children of all the churches and gave them advantages in music and Bible instruction that they never had before. The school was held in the Presbyterian church, was non-sectarian and was conducted by this

gifted man, John F. Glover. The school flourished mostly during the Mexican War, and had a tremendous influence in winning the community, and preparing it for the public school and academy established soon after by Masonic influence, of which Stapleton Crutchfield was the leader—Jefferson Woolfolk and Lilberne Magruder being associated with him.

The story of John F. Glover's life escaped us until the fall of 1918, when we were in Evansville, Ind., and met his only living son. Our mother was a pupil under Mr. Glover and gives a glowing account of the singing and teaching. It seems that Mr. Glover emigrated from Pennsylvania to Louisville with Matthew Ferguson, a pioneer builder and architect of the Falls City. The family of Jefferson Woolfolk were very intimate with the Glovers because a brother-in-law of Mr. Woolfolk had come from Pennsylvania with Matthew Ferguson and John Glover; and there was kinship by marriage in the family connections.

Mr. Glover became distinguished for the Sunday Schools he conducted at Goshen, in Louisville and Evansville, and the impression he left on the early religious life of this county can never be over-estimated. It falls in so perfectly with the purpose of the Masonic School at La Grange, in saving and educating poor boys and girls instead of letting them drift into crime, that we feel impelled to close this chapter with the facts of Mr. Glover's life for future generations to read. His son, a physician at Evansville, gave us pictures of his father and mother.

John F. Glover was born near Harrisburg, Pa., the 29th of March 1814. His grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier, and his father served in the war of 1812. John was at home, and at school, and in his father's mill until 1827, when he began work on the Pennsylvania Canal at fifty cents a day. He drove a cart and worked in the office two years. Then he removed to Louisville, and entered his uncle's lumber yard till 1838, when he began again in a grocery. He married Lucinda Simons, daughter of A. L. Simons, of Louisville, and went back to the lumber trade with his brother-in-law, W. G. Davis. They had a good trade, but Mr. Glover decided to move to Evansville and set up a yard. In December, 1852, he reached Evansville and opened up on Main and Seventh street. His career was marked by great and unwavering integrity and enterprise. He was most successful as an organizer of Sunday Schools. He had joined the M. E. Church at Harrisburg, and before his arrival in Evansville, had acted as Superintendent of Brook St., M. E. S. S. in Louisville, for over 10 years. From his fifth year when he joined the Lutheran S. S. in Harrisburg, he has been laboring as scholar, teacher, or officer in this cause.

Mr. Glover was Superintendent of the Ingle Street Mission School. This school had been in operation for several years and was prospering finely when some of its officers joined the Federal army; and the large number of scholars began to dwindle till at last the small number of 100 met at the court house. At this juncture, Mr. Glover was asked to take charge of the work and after considerable urging, both from teachers and scholars, he consented. Rooms were obtained in the Crescent City Hall, later known as the Commercial School, and in a short time, owing to the co-operation of the several Evangelical churches, the school increased from month to month, till at length about 1,000 scholars were enrolled. The last year of Mr. Glover's administration, 600

names were on the register with an average of 504 pupils. Miss E. E. Johnson, a well known Christian lady, was associated with him several months.

A leading element of the success of the S. S. was music, which department was under the leadership of Professor C. C. Genung, organist, and W. W. Tileston, Esq., chorister, the former having given several years of labor in this line and later was connected with the school from its organization till its disbandment in 1868. The school performed a good and lasting work, and Mr. Glover will ever be remembered in connection with his many pecuniary sacrifices to promote the good cause and his earnestness and foresight in providing the children with the means and opportunities of becoming good men and women. The school was brought to a high state of perfection after years of struggling and experimenting, and only stopped on account of the leasing of their hall to other parties. Mr. Glover often remarked that this "Mission" was the pleasantest work of his life, and he expected to return to it again. Our subject was also Superintendent of Trinity M. E. S. S. for three years and was long a teacher of the Bible classes. A prudent merchant, devoted to Christian work: enterprising in all his philanthropic plans, he was called "The Guardian of the Poor People's Children."

Mr. Glover's work at Goshen, before he went back to Louisville and to Evansville in his larger religious activities, possessed all these great elements of success and was backed up by the American Sunday School Union, then in its incipiency. Mr. Glover lived at Harmony Landing while here, and was very active in the old Cross Roads Methodist Church above Goshen. He died in Evansville, September 15th, 1884. His wife died just ten years later.

# Story and Restoration of An Old Country Church

REV. THOMAS CLELAND, D. D.

CHAPTER XVII

# Story and Restoration of an Old Country Church and Neighborhood

THE Old Goshen Church will celebrate its centennial in 1925; and the Old Vernon Church, where the writer is pastor, will celebrate its hundredth year also in 1925. The Old Vernon Church centers in great memories of a historic little town; Goshen Church is an old country church full of noble names and traditions; and we shall here review the story and the restoration.

There are two things that promote and preserve local tradition and historic sentiment, namely, the published reminiscences of old settlers still surviving and the organization of an active historical society to gather and guard these treasures for future generations. Usually a historical society centers in a good public library and its monthly meetings create an appreciation for the material memories that constitute the body of local history. For example, Jennings County, Indiana, has an admirable public library at North Vernon, and there is a historical society now collecting and preparing the data for the county history.

## Graves of Forgotten Heros

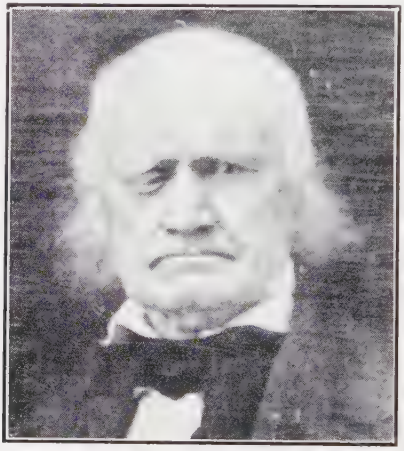
During the fall of the year 1923 a great gathering was held at the grave of an old revolutionary soldier, a veteran of Valley Forge, by the entire county. The Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution sent down a representative from Indianapolis; the exercises were of a religious and patriotic nature, held on Sunday afternoon, and Judge Ralph Carney, of Vernon, told us that it was a meeting long to be remembered. Now let us remind our own readers that the grandfather of Rev. Jacob Ditzler was a veteran of Valley Forge under Washington, and that he lies buried on the site of the Old Union Meeting House on the Wood Mount farm below Goshen. Would it not be fine to witness a similar meeting in our own community to honor a man who battled for our liberties and then braved the perils of Indian days to help plant civilization here in our backwoods?

## Andrew Steele, the Old Elder and Pioneer

From a North Vernon photographer we obtained a good copy of the old Andrew Steele daguerreotype in the possession of his great grandson, Samuel Steele, of Prospect. With reference to Andrew Steele, Mr. Jeff Steele, his grandson writes us under date of November 19, 1923; "No Shirley ever married a Marrs, but Reuben Ross married Andrew Steele's niece, Miss Marrs, and Reuben Ross' son, John, married a Mrs. Shirley. There is no Shirley related to the Steeles or the Marrs. Andrew Steele, when he came to Kentucky bought a farm on the River Road between Harrods Creek and Louisville. He

did not like the place, and he sold it, and moved to where Charles Collier now lives. Andrew Steele built that house in 1792 or 1793. After said Andrew Steele became too old and had to be taken care of, he said he was going to stay with Ann, Mrs. S. B. Steele. My father bought the present Jeff Steele farm from Frank Brown, Mrs. Steele's brother. He then bought land from William Mayo, when he left Kentucky for Missouri, the land that was bought by William Pollock from Allen Wilhoyte. This Pollock was the grandfather of Mrs. Mayo. The land adjoining Bledsoe Mount and E. C. Hoagland, S. B. Steele bought when the Talbots left the neighborhood.

"Now there is a place below Louisville called Pond Creek, which does not mean Prospect Pond. Richard Steele was never heard of in our section of the country. So you see Andrew Steele and Sam Steele were the only ones who lived around here, except a half-brother of Andrew Steele; but my father always said his name was Samson Steele. He lived where William Liter now lives; his house burned down and all of his records were lost."



ANDREW STEELE

Old Elder and Pioneer. He had a rifle with which it was claimed Col. Ralph Tarleton, of Goshen, killed Tecumseh in the Battle of the Thames. They would not give the glory to Col. B. M. Johnston.

## Early Singing School Teachers

At the present Bledsoe Mount home in those days lived "Aunt Judy" Wilhoyte, who was a great singer. She could sing tenor like a man, and in the Old Union Meeting House, where the Christian church began its early ministry, "Aunt Judy's" voice could be distinguished above all others. A daughter of Mrs. Wilhoyte married a man by the name of Leonard who was one of the earliest music and singing school teachers of the neighborhood. He used the music numerals and made up a book of selections which he used constantly in his classes and public singing. Mrs. Delia Ann Clore Trigg was a pupil of his and became one of the best song leaders at Antioch and Prospect

churches. The Clores and Wilhoytes had a lot of natural musical talent, and this teacher Leonard trained it. As a consequence this musical gift descended to the younger generation. In Westport and Goshen neighborhoods Dr. David Johnston was a splendid song and musical instructor; and his work was continued at Goshen by Prof. Edmunds, of the Academy. Our mother says the Methodist people were generally very musical and that most of their preachers were good singers.

## When Presbytery Met at Goshen

It is not generally known that there was once a meeting of Louisville Presbytery at Goshen church. The records of the church show that in June, 1868, the writer's father, Rev. John Rule, then licensed, but not ordained, began his second period of service to the church as stated supply. By sacramental services the membership of both Goshen and Harrods' Creek churches was substantially increased. Rev. Thomas Cleland, Jr., son of the old pioneer pastor of that name, conducted one at Harrods Creek church in October, 1868. A number of children were baptized at the same time.

In November, 1868, Rev. R. G. Brank, D. D., of Lexington, conducted a sacramental service at Goshen church. On this occasion one of the noblest women in the history of the community was received into the fellowship of the church. The record says: "Mrs. Sallie D. Magruder, having for some time been a member of the Westport Presbyterian church, presented herself before the session, and having stated that the church to which she had belonged was now in such a disorganized state that it was impossible to get any letter of dismission, there being no active elder living there, expressed a desire to be received into the membership with the Goshen church on examination. But it being known that Mrs. Magruder had for several years been a consistent member of the church, the usual questions were dispensed with, and she was admitted into full communion with the Goshen church."

On this same occasion the young pastor had made a strong appeal to parents to have their children dedicated to God by the ordinance of baptism; and the following little folks were presented at the altar and baptized by Dr. Brank: George Wythe Crutchfield, Mary Knight, Clarence Woolfolk Rule, and Lilberne Duerson Magruder. The next year the congregations of Goshen and Harrods Creek united in a call for the permanent pastoral services of the writer's father; and the church record contains the following:

"Mr. Huffman having presented the call to Presbytery, and the necessary business preparatory to ordaining and installing Mr. Rule having been attended to at Presbytery, an adjourned meeting of that body was appointed to take place at the Goshen church, on Saturday, September 4th, 1869, at 11 o'clock, for the purpose of ordaining and installing Mr. Rule pastor of the Goshen church. Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson, Rev. L. P. Yandell, Rev. P. H. Thompson, and Rev. P. P. Flournoy, being the committee appointed to take part in the services. At the specified time Presbytery met, and ordained and installed Mr. Rule pastor over the Goshen church, Rev. L. P. Yandell performing in addition to the part service assigned to him, also that assigned to Dr. Robinson, in consequence of the latter's being prevented from being present by illness.

## The Old Sacramental Meetings

The record of these sacramental services continue throughout our father's pastorate at Goshen and Harrods Creek and always with mention of substantial increase in the church membership. There can be no possible doubt that the increased busy age in which we live and the decreased attendance on regular and stated preparatory service at communion time have had a marked influence on the passing of spiritual devotion. But it was our purpose merely to make mention of the leading Presbyterian ministers of Louisville who assisted in these meetings, and their continuance for quite a number of years after our father had given up the church. Rev. W. T. McElroy, his successor, was a firm believer in the old sacramental meeting and received some of his finest young people during such a series of services. This sort of meeting was analogous to the Methodist quarterly meeting in some respects, but was in no sense borrowed from or based on the quarterly meeting, for the sacramental service dated far back before Wesley's time in Presbyterian history.

AN OLD COUNTRY CHURCH

## Elder Wilson Duerson

The father of Elder Thomas Wilson Duerson, of the Westport Presbyterian church, was known as Old Captain Duerson, and was one of the earliest pioneers in county history. His son, Elder Wilson Duerson, clearly recalled the first steamboats on the Ohio in those early times and how the glare of the big fires under the boilers terrified the people on shore. Old Captain Duerson was the father of Elder Wilson Duerson, and of Deacon Alex Duerson of Harrods Creek Presbyterian church. The Old Captain survived until the family moved to the "Archer Place" adjoining the present Belknap farm. Mrs. Sallie Duerson Magruder was the daughter of Elder Wilson Duerson and his wife, Nancy Trigg Duerson. When she was a child her father and mother lived for a while at the Busey Snowden farm, then owned by Mr. John Henshaw,

for whom they kept house. Little Sallie Duerson attended school right across the Harmony Landing road in the log school house still standing on the farm of John C. Pierce. Samuel E. DeHaven was Sallie Duerson's teacher, and she ever afterward had a high respect for him. While her parents were living on the Henshaw place, which adjoined the Woolfolk farm, she and Mary Woolfolk became friends, and the passing years only deepened the attachment up to the time of her death in 1910.

While he was an elder in the Westport church Mr. Wilson Duerson frequently attended the sessions of Presbytery. His daughter Sallie usually accompanied him and greatly enjoyed the meetings. Their home was always open to preachers; and when the writer's father first came to Goshen in 1865 the Duersons made him welcome into their family on the old Archer place. He had a cozy room upstairs with an old fashioned wood fire; and the household did everything in their power to make him comfortable. He afterward became a guest and boarder in the home of Mrs. Adaline Woolfolk, where Pastor Dinsmore had sojourned for a number of years. In the Duerson family were Mary Lucy, Sallie and Tom. Mary Lucy was a very gentle, sweet and lovable young girl, about two years the senior of her sister Sallie.

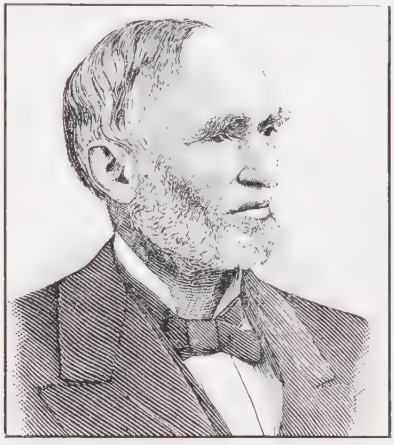
## Romance of Dr. Hill and Martha Smith

Old Captain Duerson had an adopted niece, Miss Jane Bullard, who in former years had had the devoted admiration of no less a lover than Jefferson Woolfolk, of Goshen; but she married a Mr. Willis Grimes, of Danville. She was a very benevolent lady and adopted a gifted young girl by the name of Martha Smith, who had most decided poetical and musical talent. The well known Presbyterian editor and pastor, Rev. Dr. W. W. Hill, of Louisville, met Martha Smith shortly after the death of his first wife, and he fell in love with her. It proved a most reciprocal attachment and flowered into the greatest happiness. The children of this union became noted in musical and social work in Louisville and New York in after years; Archibald Hill, the social settlement leader; Mildred Hill, a high authority on melody and folk lore music; and other members of a family touched with genius. Dr. Hill loved to come to Goshen. Our mother was present as a guest at his wedding to Martha Smith in Danville.

## Tragic Death of Mary Lucy Duerson

Lovely Mary Lucy Duerson and her pretty sister Sallie were frequent visitors to Danville in the old college days before the Civil War at the home of their relative, Mrs. Grimes. Professor Cooper, of Center College, a handsome, gifted man, who had lost his first wife some time previous, lost his heart to Mary Lucy Duerson and paid her the most devoted and sincere attention. It seemed that another happy romance was imminent like that of Martha Smith and Dr. Hill, for indeed Mary Lucy was deeply moved by the ardent attention of her cultured and gracious lover. It seems that they had pledged their troth. Her sister, Sallie, too, had found an attractive admirer, a young student for the ministry by the name of McKee. So both the girls returned to Goshen. But, alas, for the dream and romance when sweet Mary Lucy was taken down with malarial or typhoid fever! Our mother,

then a young girl, went over to help nurse her. The disease had such a speedy and fatal termination that Professor Cooper was not able to reach her bedside before she breathed her last. It was one of the saddest and most distressing deaths in the entire history of the community. When Professor Cooper reached Goshen she was dead and buried. Whether she had communicated her love story to her parents as yet or not, we do not know. But Professor Cooper told them of his great love for her and asked to be left alone for a while in the room where she died. His grief was deep and touching.



REV. E. P. HUMPHREY, D. D.

Professor of Church History in old Danville, Kentucky, Seminary, the first year of the Civil War, when John Rule was a student for the ministry. Dr. Humphrey's influence was gentle and noble as a teacher and preacher. He was a strong Union man.

## In Memory of "Lady Bountiful"

It appears that after the death of her sister, Mary Lucy, the parents of Sallie Duerson could not give their consent to her marriage to the young ministerial student, who doubtless would have taken her far away from home. So in a few years she yielded her heart and hand to one of the finest young men in the home community, Warren Magruder whose father owned the present Belknap farm. She was married in the fall of 1866 at the "Archer Place" and went to "Locust Grove," the Magruder home where she established a generous and old fashioned hospitality that won her scores of devoted friends far and wide. The Magruder farm was one of the best conducted in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Magruder had the means to gratify her generous and gracious instincts. No other name but that of "Lady Bountiful" befits her enduring memory.

Mrs. Magruder always took a leading part in the Christmas occasions for the children. She was especially watchful for those who might be overlooked; and in her big basket of neat and attractive packages were surplus gifts for the stranger within the gates or the unexpected guest, to say nothing of the lone

and forlorn little ones that even some thought God and Santa Claus had forgotten! Not only those tokens of kindness were freely bestowed; but from her meat house and cellar and store room Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets went forth to the widow and orphan, and also to her near and dear friends. We never knew anyone who gave more gladly, joyfully and freely, only delighting in the love extended and returned. Indeed, it was impossible ever to repay her kindness except with the proof of gratitude and unending friendship. She was an unfailing supporter of the Presbyterian Orphanage at Anchorage, helping a number of bright young folks in their education and to places of success in life. She had scores of friends among the shop girls of Louisville, and they had a regular day in summer when they came out in a body to enjoy her hospitality.

You were always welcomed at "Locust Grove" in winter time by a great warm coal fire on the hearth and Mrs. Magruder knitting or making some future Christmas article. She had a store of stories, incidents of life and character, which made her a very entertaining person to listen to for a couple of hours. She was very loyal to her pastor, and no friend was ever truer than she. Indeed, Mrs. Sallie Magruder belonged to a generation in Old Goshen church that has never been equalled nor surpassed. Her sympathies for the poor but worthy, for the unfortunate but struggling, people, in the range of her benevolence fulfilled the letter and spirit of Old Testament times when the womanhood of the last chapter of Proverbs was an ideal.

## The Liberty Girls of Olden Times

Neither Mary Lucy nor Sallie Duerson were students at the Goshen Academy. They were educated in the Westport schools. But from the Liberty neighborhood to Goshen in those days came Addie and Irene Thomas, Mattie Toliver, daughter of Old Captain Toliver, Sarah Bondurant, daughter of Jeff Bondurant, and other bright young people. The sister Addie Thomas was a most beautiful girl and became the happy bride of the poet-physician, Dr. Bryant of Brownsboro. The Thomases were neighbors of Captain Toliver. Sue Hardin from Brownsboro was another pupil at Goshen.

## "Faithful Women Not a Few"

Mary Toliver Woolfolk did not attend the Goshen Academy, but she was converted in the old log school house at the cross roads above Goshen and was an outstanding figure in the religious circles of Methodism for a long life time. She had a very definite and satisfying experience of saving grace, and to the very last year of her good old age she delighted to attend Kavanaugh Camp Meeting and take part in the testimony services. She and her sister Mattie Toliver Magruder, together with other devoted souls, were trained to self-expression in spiritual experience; and we have heard our mother relate how those "love-feasts" at quarterly meeting in Shiloh would move one after another to stand up and "speak, sing or pray." This was not Presbyterian policy or practice; and the generation of godly women at Goshen church began to feel the inadequacy and injustice of an old custom that worthy women of today "keep silent in the churches." So there was a move in Goshen community to go a step beyond the organization of a "Ladies' Aid Society," first set on foot by the helpers of Rev. Edward Gregory.

Our mother asked the pastor who succeeded Mr. Gregory, Rev. E. H. Amis, whether or not he approved of a woman's prayer meeting. He answered that he certainly had no objection; so at the next morning service he called the good women together after the meeting was over and proposed the organization of such a society at once. Mrs. Sallie Magruder was selected to lead the first meeting; and she prepared herself fully. The ladies passed around simple written petitions at first; and then personal petitions were offered by each one; so that today there are those who can offer prayer even in the meeting of Presbyterian women. Francis Snowden and Andrew Steele, brave old pioneers, were the first elders in Goshen church; but no mention was made of "the faithful women not a few" on the church records until the years following the Civil War. Dr. Nat Barbour was the only ruling elder who could lead in public prayer. Francis Snowden used a big book of prayers in his home. There was no young men's prayer meeting until our mother gathered together a few boys of her Sunday School class in the church and coached them herself to utter simple petitions to God. A faithful group continued this assembling together on Sunday nights for a year or two and early in the nineties a Christian Endeavor Society was formed at Goshen church. It became the most popular gathering of young people in the entire county on Sunday evenings for several years. Boys and girls for the first time in the history of the church were trained to take part in public religious meetings. The result has been incalculable in the lives of that generation. Some of these same young people, now in middle life, are gifted singers and talented public speakers for no other reason than the start they received at Old Goshen church.

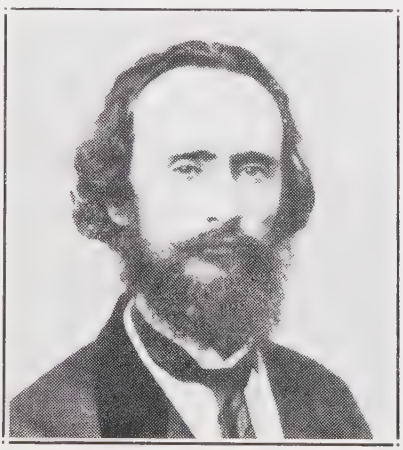
## Old Record of Elders and Deacons

The elders of the Old Goshen church were, according to name and ordination from 1839 down to our own day: Dr. R. N. Barbour, June 23, 1839; Elias Huffman, April 21, 1865; Allen Adams, June 4, 1870; Frank S. Barbour, January 26, 1873; R. J. Woolfolk, July 1, 1877; C. M. Collier, June 17, 1883; Dr. A. M. Morrison, May 6, 1894; L. D. Magruder, May 6, 1894; C. W. Rule, May 6, 1894; J. H. Huffman, August 1, 1886; John C. Pierce, February 1, 1914; M. A. Collier, July 22, 1923.

The deacons of the church of whom we have records were: Benjamin W. Duerson; Robert J. Woolfolk, June 23, 1861; Milo A. Shrader, June 23, 1861; Frank Barbour, June 4, 1870; W. T. Duerson, June 4, 1870; Alex B. Duerson, September 8, 1872; Thos. Chrisler, June 24, 1877; Chas. Collier, September 4, 1881; Jas. H. Huffman, June 17, 1883; L. D. Magruder, J. C. Pierce, May 6, 1894; R. B. Woolfolk, May 6, 1894; Wesley King, June 7, 1903; Virgil B. Snowden, June 7, 1903; J. P. Woolfolk, July 13, 1920; John Botorff, July 22, 1923.

Deacon Ben Duerson was known to everybody as "Uncle Ben." He was a very active and useful deacon. He and a brother lived at the Pounds farm, which they owned and worked together. The tract of land was large. In due season the brother died and left "Uncle Ben," who was a bachelor, to manage the farm alone and look after the interest and inheritance of his niece "Puss" Duerson. "Uncle Ben" was as careful of her welfare and as particular about her making what he considered a good match and marriage as if she had

been his own child. She had a girlish romance with a rather prominent young man in Danville, but the engagement was broken. Then she met a Presbyterian minister some years her senior by the name of M. G. Knight. He was a colporteur of the American Bible Society and had an office in Louisville where he was actively engaged in the book trade of the churches. In his visits to Goshen neighborhood he met and paid his addresses to "Puss" Duerson and a love match was the result. They were married at the beginning of the Civil War and for some years Rev. Mr. Knight was a resident minister in the community. Mr. Dinsmore was at that time pastor of the church; but he and Mr. Knight were congenial, intimate friends. Mr. Dinsmore finally gave



PROF. JACOB COOPER
Of Centre College

up the pastorate because the feelings of the Barbours, Snowdens, and other Southern families were sensitive to Mr. Dinsmore's intense Union sentiments. Dr. Nat Barbour, the leading elder, forbade the singing of the old hymn, "Show pity, Lord; oh Lord, forgive; let a repenting rebel live." Mr. Knight introduced Rev. Mr. Trimble, the successor of Mr. Dinsmore, and moderated the meeting which called Rev. John Rule to the field after Mr. Trimble had gone.

Mr. Knight frequently supplied the pulpit at Goshen and Harrods Creek between pastors. Mr. Trimble was a Union man who had left Eastern Tennessee because of political persecution; and when he arrived at Goshen he stayed in the home of Dr. Nat Barbour and maintained an absolute silence on war issues. They were greatly taken by surprise when it afterward developed that he was also a Union man. Rev. Mr. Rule came for a hearing in November, 1864, on the invitation of Dr. Nat Barbour. It seems that the Cleland ministers knew him and may have suggested his name to the church. Anyhow, when he came upon the ground to begin work the last of January, 1865, "Uncle Ben" and the other deacons had done their work; and Mrs. Duerson mother of Mrs. Knight, drove the new pastor around to call upon the Magruders

and other families. The consequence was that Rev. Mr. Knight became an intimate friend of the new pastor, as his wife already was of Mary Woolfolk, the young organist and choir leader, with whom the new pastor developed a romance when he came to board in the home of Mrs. Adaline Woolfolk. So in June, 1866, there was another wedding at which Rev. M. G. Knight officiated. A life-long friendship between the families of the two ministers was the result. Mr. Knight made fortunate investments in Chicago real estate about the time of the great fire in 1871 and became quite wealthy. His family were bright and interesting young people who often returned to the old home neighborhood. Mr. Knight lived to an advanced age but was for many years a paralytic. This mention of his sojourn and connection with the Old Goshen church is due to history and his own worthy memory.

## The Restoration Movement

The Goshen church went with the Southern Assembly while the writer's father was pastor, when the division in the Louisville Presbytery and the Kentucky Synod occurred in 1867-8. The death of James Stapleton Crutchfield a few years after the close of the Civil War left the main body of the Goshen membership Southern in sympathy, and it was the natural and inevitable thing for the congregation to go that way. These transition times and seasons are always trying; and right now the future of the entire neighborhood hinges on the vision and revival of the old church and community. The few, discerning, active leaders of the younger generation are well aware of this fact and have already discussed it in a congregational conference. The suggestion of Mr. W. B. Belknap that the people of the church give special kindly heed to the welfare and welcome of the working people of the community around comes with peculiar force and influence. Mr. and Mrs. Belknap occupy an old homestead whose traditions were deeply sympathetic toward the education and social training of working people, whether as slaves or as white laborers. For a hundred years the working families living on the old Magruder farm were intelligent, thrifty and self-respecting folks. This was the attitude of the Crutchfields, Woolfolks, and other liberal-minded households; and Mr. Belknap brings to the living problems of the church and community a trained and generous intelligence that his fellow-communicants and fellow-citizens will respond to. At this particular congregational meeting we understand that a program of future church and neighborhood restoration was agreed upon; and hard and discouraging as the outlook has appeared in times past, the future now seems inevitable.

Mr. W. N. Taylor and wife, whose summer home is at Goshen, have been eminently liberal and loyal to the restoration movement mentioned above. Mr. Taylor was present at the recent meeting of the church people and expressed himself pointedly and practically as to what should be done. He has always been a wide-a-wake churchman. He has mentioned in conversation an instance of where his business necessitated his location in a certain community where there was no church nearby. So he at once interested his friends and neighbors in such a spiritual enterprise and a new church soon filled the needs of that vicinity. He believes in a thoroughly down-to-date attitude toward the responsibilities of a church in the community; and the Old Goshen church will become the New

Goshen church as it addresses itself courageously and unselfishly to these spiritual and social tasks. There is plenty of new and capable leadership in the church now; and both pastor and people at Goshen and West Goshen are in constant, vital touch with the Home Mission Committee of the Louisville Presbytery, which is supplying the men and supplementing the means that will put this century-old congregation on new and enduring foundations of usefulness and service to the Master.

CHAPTER XVIII

# The Story of Dominie Sears

IN the old New Jersey neighborhood near Princeton, where the writer's father, Rev. John Rule, was born, lived the Reverend Jacob Sears. "Dominie" Sears, as the people called him. His congregation embraced a territory of about six miles, and the community day schools were the meeting places of his several Sunday Schools. Leaders were to be found for these sacred schools in each congregation, which assembled at two o'clock each Sunday afternoon and had a good attendance.

The pastor held catechetical services once each week in different parts of his parish at different school hours, when he questioned the children. Father never forgot the books nor the lessons given by the good man of God. He always remembered the scripture verse: "The natural man receiveth not the things of God; neither can he know them for they are spiritually discerned." In those far-off days Nature and her works were regarded as under a terrible curse and as hostile to religion. To our pilgrim fathers that melancholy philosophy accounted for mortal misery and folly; and there was no doubt in the world that the curse of sin had permeated and polluted our human fabric throughout. But the vision of salvation and deliverance embraced the removal of this primal curse, and enabled the redeemed soul to sing with Isaac Watts:

"No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

Dominie Sears was a man about five feet eight inches in height and weighed about 250 pounds. He did not wear a beard. He had a good voice and used notes in preaching, but no written sermons. He wore gold rimmed glasses. What impressed him most upon father's memory was the character of the funeral discourses and the circumstances under which they were delivered. He recalled four or five down to old age. There was a Mr. Sydam who fell dead at his woodpile one day. He was a laborer, a plain, ungodly man, profane and dissipated. The funeral was held at the house, and the text was, "Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." The people sang that sorrowful old hymn:

"Death, 'tis a melancholy day
To those who have no God;
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek its last abode!

When a certain old man died in the community, Dominie Sears took as his text: "The days of the years of our life are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years; yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away."

## Old Time Funerals

Dominie Sears was regarded as remarkable for the aptness of his texts and remarks befitting each funeral occasion. In the neighborhood lived a young man of great promise, the son of a Dr. Schenck, the physician. He was the apple of the eye to his parents and upon him they depended for the future. But he was taken ill and died. The poor parents were utterly broken hearted. Dominie Sears took as his text: "Thou destroyest the hope of man." It was a solemn and mournful discourse, with the pitiless fate of impending death and doom pictured in words of memorable admonition to the living.

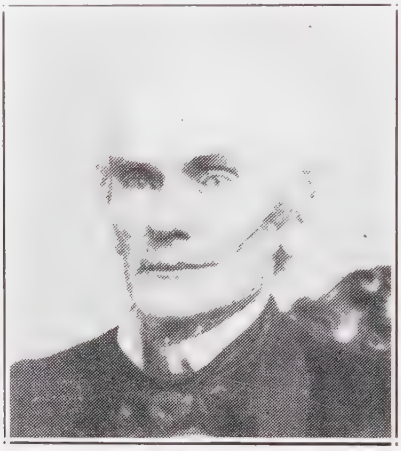
CHARLES HODGE, D. D.
Professor of Theology at Princeton Seminary when John Rule was a student there in Civil War days.

A fourth funeral remembered by father was that of an old lady who had died. The good pastor stood at the head of the casket and repeated his text: "When a few days are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return." You could see Dominie Sears going to or returning from a funeral, upon his horse, wearing a long sash, with white ribbon for the young and black ribbon for the old who had passed away. He was a man of family and lived upon a farm. He drove to church in a carriage, with a servant, and his family sat in the old-fashioned box pews. When father was in Princeton Seminary and preached at the old Six Mile Run church, Dominie Sears was there with his family and sat in the pulpit and made the closing prayer. It was he who formed father's earliest and most lasting ideal of the gospel ministry.

## The Fellowship of Suffering

Supersensitive in spirit, this mournful and melancholy attitude toward Nature and Death occasioned the most profound and painful suffering of our own entire spiritual experience when we returned home from college and

began our re-adjustment to life and its problems. We did not as yet realize that we were in the midst of a dying social order; that the Civil War period was passing away; and that a new century was at hand with an altogether new attitude toward Nature and Society. Some roots of scientific teaching had been implanted in the class room at Old Centre; but we had to battle this all out alone.



ALEXANDER T. McGILL, D. D.
Professor of Ecclesiastic, Homiletic and Pastoral Theology, Princeton Seminary.

Yet somehow the autumn was always a memorable season to us. It was indeed the end of the old; but the seeds of the new were implanted deeply with the hope and promise of spring. So even out of the old faith and philosophy came a call to the gospel ministry that gradually drew us onward to our destined life work. Bernard Shaw says in the preface to one of his recent plays that he lived nearly forty years with his own mother and yet they never understood each other. He said that young folks falling in love, or friends meeting for the first time, know each other on the instant by the instincts of the heart in a way he and his mother never did. That was a tragical saying. But God moves in a mysterious way to bring these souls of ours around. Father was a typical Puritan, with a serious and earnest view of life. His health was perfect from his childhood up and he could sustain the test of sorrow and loss, of grief and misfortune with the courage of a hero. He resembled Dominie Sears remarkably; and perhaps it was the awe and terror with which we regarded the old religious attitude that made it so difficult in those earlier years of struggle and sickness and despair to find the comfort and cheer in the philosophy of human mortality and death. It paralyzed our spiritual initiative and seemed to set an insuperable barrier in our approach to the holy pulpit. But by close study and analysis, by patient thought and reflection the middle wall of partition between the old viewpoint and the new was broken down; and our father not only assisted

in our ordination to the ministry, but went with us time after time on funeral occasions and trained us into meeting and discharging this most delicate and difficult of all pastoral duties. He was a man who had no fear of death. He had been with his parents and twin brother when they passed away; and he had always cultivated a calm and common-sense viewpoint of death and dissolution. As a consequence, when he came to the community as a pastor he soon took rank as an unusual minister on funeral occasions.

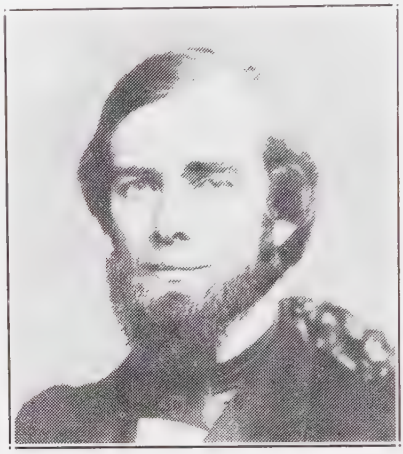
JAMES C. MOFFAT, D. D.
Professor of Church History, Princeton Seminary.

## A Patriarchal Pastor

On the second Sabbath of September, 1869, he was called upon to conduct the funeral of Warner DeHaven, brother of Judge Sam DeHaven, who had died near Harrods Creek. This young man was in middle life. He had been engaged to a Miss Pendleton of Goshen, and the time of the wedding was set. She had another lover who made the declaration to his friends that if he could but see the bride before she went to the altar, she would most certainly marry him instead of Warner DeHaven. He did manage to see her, and the inevitable happened. Disconsolate for a time, the rejected lover bore his loss with dignity; and in later days paid his addresses to a Miss Taylor, whom he married and who made him a happy companion. This home was now broken up by the sad visitation of death; and father took as his text: "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood. He also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage."

Judge DeHaven said it was the finest funeral sermon he had ever listened to; and from that time on our mother accompanied father in these ministries of consolation, singing with great sweetness and acceptance. He himself had a clear and musical voice and joined with her in rendering these sad occasions

less terrible to torn and bleeding hearts. The thought that Jesus had partaken of human life and death in His own person in order to save and deliver us from sin and death was a profound philosophy of comfort. The first funeral we attended with father after our own entrance into the ministry was at Cave Hill Chapel upon the death of a wife in the community. He soon afterward went with us to Crothersville, Ind., where a young woman had died; and on another occasion in the same town when a sweet young high school girl



WILLIAM H. GREEN, D. D.
Professor of Oriental and Old Testament Literature, Princeton Seminary.

had passed away. Then again he was with us at the funeral of a grand old man at Henryville, who died at the age of ninety-three. On each and all of these occasions father was at his best; and this companionship in the most difficult and trying duty that a pastor has to perform sustained and upheld our own efforts with wonderful effectiveness. He was long one of the patriarchal pastors of our home county, nowhere so welcome and experienced as at weddings and funerals. Our mother says that his ideal of Dominie Sears was carried out in his own pastoral visitations, when he, too, catechized the children of the household.

## A Prophet of Colonial Times

When father was a young divinity student in Lexington, some good man recommended his purchasing the sermons of Samuel Davies, the great Virginia preacher who predicted in the French and Indian War that Washington would prove the man God raised to save the colonies. Davies was the idol of Patrick Henry's eloquence, and he was the beloved President of Old Princeton. Davies was called "a master of solemnity," and yet he was such a graceful speaker and finished logician that he successfully defended the right of free religious assembly in the Old Dominion, and preached in the

presence of the King of England without fear or favor. This great preacher moulded father's style of sermon making, and his sincere earnestness in the pulpit. Thus it was an easy matter for him to become an ideal of our own in those fundamentals of human freedom and constitutional government which the Presbyterian Church did so much to defend and establish in colonial times. It was also the tradition of Samuel Davies that revealed to us the power and possibility of a man of God consecrated in the cause of truth and liberty. In a word, he was a preacher of righteousness that never feared the face of man—a forerunner and founder of education, freedom and progress.

CHAPTER XIX

# The Pilkingtons of "Old Brunswick"

MY father was born within the bounds of New Brunswick presbytery, New Jersey. This old Presbytery was named for the town of New Brunswick, which was originally a mere ferry across Raritan river. The town did not derive its present name until 1714, when from a group of primitive settlers the place arose to the dignity of being called after the House of Brunswick. The first inhabitants were of Dutch descent. They had a church of 78 members in 1717; but the Presbyterians did not get together in an organized form until a few years later. In the year 1726 they called the Rev. Gilbert Tennent, eldest son of Rev. William Tennent, founder of the "Log College," to be their pastor. He was the eldest of four brothers who entered the sacred ministry, William, John and Charles being the others.

## Great Preachers of "Old Brunswick"

Gilbert Tennent was a native of Ireland and came over to America with his father at the age of thirteen years. He was educated at the Log College by his father. He was converted at fourteen, was licensed to preach at twenty-two and was ordained as pastor at New Brunswick at twenty-three. He was a young man of force and enthusiasm and got great encouragement from an old Dutch Calvinist pastor who preceded him and wrote him a very kind letter of advice and sympathy. After that it was the young man's chief aim to bring people under conviction of sin and to see them soundly converted. He instituted the old time sacramental meetings and brought a goodly number into the light of salvation. In the year 1739 Evangelist George Whitefield visited New Brunswick and found joy and fellowship with Pastor Tennent. He held several services in the New Brunswick church and stirred the town so that on his return in the following April his audiences ranged from 2,000 to 8,000 people, and he had to speak in the open, standing on a wagon. The church was crowded with women. The men stood outside upon a sloping meadow. Tradition says that Whitefield began in a colloquial style, with a rather tame exordium, somewhat as Patrick Henry is described as doing; then his voice arose with an astonishing compass and power and penetrated to the very soul. His bursts of heavenly fire simply electrified the auditor and brought him under conviction ere he was aware.

Both in New Brunswick and at the Log College Whitefield set standards of spiritual eloquence that descended to after generations among the ministers of God. He was very devoted to William Tennent and took him on an evangelistic tour of New England. Tennent at the time was a man of bold and impetuous manner and appearance in the pulpit. He was tall and commanding in stature. He wore a loose great coat with a leathern girdle round

his waist after the example of John the Baptist. He was unsparing when he denounced sin, and his epithets were scathing and merciless. "Hypocrites must either soon be converted or enraged at his preaching," said Whitefield. He is a son of Thunder, and I find doth not fear the faces of men."

Yet it was a tradition among the elders of the church at New Brunswick, Dr. Cannon, Dr. Scott, and others "that Gilbert Tennent was regarded as a proud austere man, and that he had not the affections of the people in the degree that his brother William had. William was a man of superior talents, and ready at all kinds of meetings." This younger brother, William, was born overseas, came to America with his father at the age of thirteen, was educated at the Log College, studied for the ministry under his father, and then went to New Brunswick to finish his preparation with Gilbert. He was a very gentle and lovable youth and greatly endeared himself to the congregation as his brother's assistant.

## Father Comfort

The pastor of my father's mother was known as Father Comfort. He was a member of the New Brunswick Presbytery and lived near the little village town of Kingston, where his charge was, his home being on a farm. This ideal of the rural pastor made a great impression upon my father in boyhood and he followed it to the letter in his own after ministry. Pastor Comfort was a tall, spare man, very much in keeping with his name, for he was a true son of consolation to all his distressed or sorrowing parishioners. He was kind and affectionate, like William Tennent, and often came to talk to my father's mother when she was too ill to go to church. He loaned her his copy of Josephus and never overlooked the children. Father was left-handed and one day when he offered that hand to Pastor Comfort the good man drew back his right hand behind with a comical gesture. This dear old man of God remained at Kingston nearly fifty years and wanted to round out his pastorate of half a century; but the congregation, for some reason did not see fit to gratify this desire and it nearly broke his heart. My father never forgot this little tragedy. Pastor Comfort was often called upon to participate in the exercises at the New Brunswick church; and when father visited "Brunswick" as a boy he naturally fell under the spell and influence of this famous old Presbyterian town.

## Uncle John and Aunt Jane

John Pilkington married my father's sister Jane and lived at New Brunswick. He and a man by the name of Camp formed a partnership in a big blacksmith shop. They did all sorts of repair work, and employed a number of skilled mechanics. They prospered and John Pilkington bought a comfortable home. Here his eldest son and daughter, Albin and Addie, were born. The mother, "Aunt Jane," as she was fondly known all her life, was a large, handsome fleshy woman, with beaming blue eyes and a smile that embraced everybody. She had the family high temper; but she always said she had learned to be angry and sin not by never letting the sun go down on her wrath. "Aunt Jane" deserved to figure in the pages of a Dickens or Thackeray. She had a wonderful stock of humor and common

sense and an abounding store of anecdote. She grew up under the religious tradition of the Methodists in New Brunswick and was a joyful convert and member of that church. Her brother, Peter, likewise found God at the old Methodist "mourner's bench." It was the grief of Aunt Jane's life that her husband did not seek and find salvation. But in his old age, two years before his death, he was joyfully converted and came into the Methodist church with her; so that the cup of her happiness was full at last. He was an extremely jovial man, a boon companion, a kind and obliging fellow with everybody; and sometimes a man of that type is hardest to touch with the gospel.

Aunt Jane and Uncle John came to Kentucky in 1850 with Mother Rule and her son Schenck. They had buried a little child back in New Brunswick, their eldest born; and Mother Rule was now an invalid. They went to the town of Perryville and there Uncle John and Mr. Camp again set up their blacksmith shop. Aunt Jane's eldest sister, Aunt Lizzie, had married William Armstrong and was living in Perryville, where her husband and his brother Charles had a big meal and flour and carding mill. My father came to Kentucky the next year and worked in this mill as a boy apprentice. Aunt Jane's son and daughter, Albin and Addie, spent their early years in Perryville and saw the great battle there during the Civil War. Here her other children were born; and about the year 1863 she and Uncle John moved to Lexington, whither the other members of her own family had preceded her—the brothers to establish a buggy and carriage shop and the Armstrong brothers-in-law to establish a flouring mill. Aunt Jane set up a boarding house on her arrival in Lexington. She was a very thrifty woman and the big three-story, old-fashioned Kentucky Home on High Street housed a large and happy family of student boarders for many years. Aunt Jane always had room for everybody. She could make a place at table and put up an extra bed or cot in the hall on a moment's notice; and her hospitality was boundless.

Uncle John Pilkington was a great wit and practical joker on all occasions. Mother relates an amusing instance. When she and father were married and had finished their bridal trip to Cincinnati and Lexington, they went to Millersburg, where he was pastor. A letter came that her mother was wanting her at home in Goshen on account of illness. Father put her on the train at Paris for Lexington and she stopped at Aunt Jane's for dinner, before leaving for Louisville. The family were delighted to see her at Aunt Jane's, for she won their hearts from the first. Uncle John was at table when his son John came in and expressed much surprise that his young bride Aunt Mary was there. He asked for the groom at once, his Uncle John. His father, with a very serious countenance told him that the bride and groom had a few words and parted! The youth stared back a moment with a puzzled look, then blurted out: "Well, if they parted, I know it was Uncle John's fault and not Aunt Mary's."

## Hearts That Beat as One

Albin Pilkington went into the wood work room of the carriage shop with my father's brothers in Lexington and learned the business thoroughly.

He took it over after they sold out and opened in the lumber trade. Albin prospered and became a leading young carriage maker, to which business he added a harness shop. He was a devoted son to his mother, Aunt Jane, and was one of the finest men that ever lived in Lexington. About this time he became acquainted with a bright and lovely young college girl by the name of Kate Webb. She was a native of West Virginia, and upon the death of her parents had come to Lexington to live with an uncle whose home was out of town on a farm. He sent her to Sayre Institute, where she was graduated with high honors at the head of her class. It was a love match of olden days and these young people, Albin Pilkington and Kate Webb, were lovers to the end of the chapter. She returned to the old home in West Virginia, where she was married in the bosom of a Southern community famed for its neighborly hospitality and kindness. She was the second bride in the family after my mother; and when she and her husband returned again to Lexington there was great rejoicing and a big reception, which father and mother attended. She and cousin Kate became devoted to each other with a fondness "passing the love of women."

Cousin Kate's home rivalled Aunt Jane's for generous hospitality; not the showy, pretentious kind, but the open-house and open-hearted sort that welcomes you any time you come, whether unexpected or not. And the slices of mince pie that Cousin Kate served to her boy visitors remained in memory forever! With a beautiful and beaming face she met you, and the warmth of her embrace was almost suffocating in fondness! She lost one or more of her first born children and suffered the pangs of sorrow incident to such a test of mother love; but God gave her other children to be proud of; and they grew up in an atmosphere of culture and intelligence and refinement that was amazingly simple and happy. The years brought reverses in business to cousin Albin, the husband and father, through no fault of his own; and in the panic years of the nineties this fine old Kentucky family passed through a struggle that tested them to the uttermost. But, though it cost an unjust and painful loss of health of this noble pair, they left after them a record of honor and honesty that would make these sordid, degenerate days scarlet with shame! The second generation of sons and daughters faced the problems of education and self-support with cheer and courage and the home, now a big boarding house like Aunt Jane's, located in Frankfort, was a veritable temple of hospitality and good fellowship to every stranger and sojourner.

## Aunt Maggie Makes a Romance

Cousin Kate had a sister, Maggie Webb, who came to Lexington to live with her in the days of her early married life. This sister was a second mother to the children. In due time she married Orin P. Van Meter, of Pittsburgh, who had known her worth back in their native West Virginia. He and his mother lived in the Smoky City, where Orin was in the real estate business. They owned a cozy little cottage on a beautiful side street between the great mansion-lined avenues. This cottage was a House Beside the Road to every friend and relative and stranger guest. Its hospitality was more than abounding. Aunt Maggie, as we called her, had a heart like her sister Kate, that took in the whole world, or as much of it as was humanly

possible. She and Uncle Orin had no children and they adopted everybody who needed their love.

Aunt Maggie was a great church worker. She was very thrifty; and when it was decided that every member of the missionary society should earn the money given to the cause, Aunt Maggie made and sold a kind of pickle that everybody relished, and turned lots of income into the treasury. She went to places of need and service that even the wealthy could not reach; and the pastor used to say that he was never called to the house of sickness or sorrow that he did not find Aunt Maggie had been there before him. She once told the story of an overcoat that passed from either a sweat shop or a house of poverty to some wealthy home. It was infected with scarlet fever and several members of the family died. Aunt Maggie said it was a terrible reminder of the fact that we are members one of another, and that our very lives are often bound up for good or ill with our less fortunate brother and sister human beings.

About the year 1897 our mother wrote a letter to Aunt Maggie telling her that she had a nephew, Robert Woolfolk, and the son of a dear life-long friend, Stapleton Crutchfield, who had just opened up in the fruit and produce commission business in Pittsburg. They were strangers in the big city; and mother enjoined Aunt Maggie to remember that they were away from the old home church and Sunday School at Goshen, and from the comfort and cheer of the old fireside. Aunt Maggie took the letter at once to her husband's office. It was Saturday; and they together found the young Kentucky strangers and brought them home from church to dinner on Sunday. In due season a romance came about between the senior member of the firm of Crutchfield & Woolfolk and Aunt Maggie's niece, Alice Pilkington. She came with her sister, who was in ill health, for a visit to Aunt Maggie's; and the Kentucky boys were invited out to dinner. Thus two of the oldest Southern families formed an alliance of love that has established another great-hearted home and household in the city of Pittsburgh.

## Closing Scenes

In due time Cousin Kate came to spend days and weeks with her daughter, who, like herself, was an honor graduate and teacher at Sayre Institute in Lexington. Cousin Kate and Aunt Maggie went with the Crutchfields to the Pacific Coast; and in these journeyings Cousin Kate's great love of Nature and native land was inspiring to witness. Cousin Albin passed away, and then she made her home with the children. Up to the last she never lost her smile of love and her embrace of fond affection. The little cottage home of Aunt Maggie became vacant by death; and the great city surged onward, seemingly oblivious of the "House by the Side of the Road." But the light of love beamed ever bright in the big Crutchfield mansion; for the hearts that dwelt there had inherited the devotion and generosity of olden days. At last the call came to Cousin Kate, the sweet, gray-haired mother; and on Wednesday, December 3, 1924, she was brought back to the old home at Lexington, Ky., and laid to rest in the beautiful "City of the Dead." The Mantle of Winter enwrapped her couch of repose in the bosom of Mother Earth. The

chill winds sighed through the evergreens; and the few lingering birds were silent amid the leafless branches. It was the passing of a generous and glorious era of Old Time Kentuckians. We have traced its beginnings far back and have endeavored to enshrine some of its characters in enduring memory and love. The heart is bowed with grief beside the bier; and human faith is tested to the uttermost as we give up our dead. But just across the Border lies the Land of Light, the Home, Sweet Home of the Soul, where all God's children shall gather in the Afterwhile!

CHAPTER XX

# The Harrods Creek Presbyterian Church

TEN or twelve years ago we wrote and published the story of the Old Goshen Presbyterian Church. We included the following paragraph about the Harrods Creek Church and its organization some years before the Civil War: "Rev. Mr. McCown was the organizer and builder of the Harrods Creek Church on the River Road above Louisville, which for many years was a branch of the Old Goshen Church, but is now the very center of the moving tide of population from Louisville to the country around. Not far away a big consolidated community school is now being built, which will mean inestimable privileges to all classes of people. In the same way the church should be socialized and dedicated to community work. A new tide of population is slowly approaching the Old Goshen Church and community, and ere long will occupy the old farms and homesteads. There is no other church in the village; so its revival is only a matter of time; and we have faith and assurance that the new generation will prove worthy of so historic a heritage."

This movement of Rev. Mr. McCown to establish a church at Harrods Creek was very commendable. He was a man who had the confidence, and was educating the children and youth, of the entire country around; and the movement to build this new church was primarily Presbyterian but non-sectarian. Mr. McCown in his school work educated young men like Dr. Jacob Ditzler, who became gifted preachers of other denominations; and in his mind when he built the Harrod's Creek Church there was the purpose of serving the entire community, for no church of any denomination stood in that entire region. So the people of the community supported the enterprise on the ground of its being a truly union meeting house. Our mother says that it was at one time called a union church, with the understanding that other denominations should have the liberty of its pulpit when not occupied by the Presbyterians. Mr. McCown himself was the first pastor and the Goshen Church was the mother organization, and the Harrod's Creek Church has never been a separate church organization as many people presume. But the Harrod's Creek Church dated from about 1855 when the old brick meeting house on the Mount place fell into decay. This brick church had been used up to this time as a church and school; but the Goshen church had been built some thirty years before by Gideon Blackburn. Yet the Harrod's Creek church was built for the convenience of many leading families who had formerly attended the old red brick church on the Mount place when Dr. Blackburn was the pastor.

Mr. McCown served Goshen and Harrod's Creek churches with eminent satisfaction. The village of Harrod's Creek at that time was still a great point on the way from Kentucky to Indiana, as there was a splendid ferry from the mouth of Harrod's Creek to Utica across the river. Then, too, the

Harrod's Creek church and the Utica Presbyterian church were united in sympathy and religious work very much as the Charlestown and Goshen churches were linked together for so many years. After Mr. McCown came the Rev. J. H. Dinsmore, who served Harrod's Creek and Utica with very great fidelity. The ferry made it easy for the Utica people to come over and attend service, and they were devoted to Mr. Dinsmore. Our mother says the people of this generation can hardly realize the closeness and intimacy between these congregations, separated though they were by the river. This continued for years and years, and the Harrods Creek church grew and gathered to itself a very substantial class of people. The building was put up by two carpenters, slaves of Mr. McCown, William and Henry Morris, splendid working-men brought by Mr. McCown from Hopkinsville when he came to Goshen.

REV. B. H. McCOWN, D. D.,
Founder of Harrods Creek Church.

## Pioneer Thomas Cleland

Although the Harrods Creek church does not date back as far as some of the pioneer churches of the county, it has a story that connects it with some of the greatest preachers and periods in Kentucky history. Two of the finest women of the congregation, Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Chrisler, were daughters of a very noted Presbyterian pioneer minister, Rev. Thomas Cleland, who landed with his father's family at the mouth of Goose Creek, just below Harrods Creek, as far back as the year 1789. So that the story of this old church contains the record of people who figured in the same Indian fights and struggles that raged around the old Harrods Creek Baptist church at Brownsboro. Dr. Cleland has left us a vivid story of his own life, from which we take the incidents of his family descending the Ohio and the perils amid which they landed on Kentucky soil: "Thomas Cleland, the writer of this brief sketch, was born in Fairfax county, Va., May 22, 1778. About the third or fourth year of his

age, he removed with the family into Montgomery county, Md., where he remained for eight years. In regard to his ancestry he knows but little. His father was an humble mechanic; his principal calling was that of making spinning wheels, but he could do almost anything in wood or iron, that anyone else could do. He was very poor as to this world's goods, and withal very feeble in his constitution. He had only an ordinary English education, but he possessed a good share of common sense, and his intellect was rather above the common order. Beyond my father I have no knowledge of my paternal ancestry.

"My mother's maiden name was Richards. She was a plain woman, a kind mother, and in domestic life rather excelling than otherwise, in regard to economy and good management. Father and mother were both highly respected by their neighbors and all acquaintances. Neither of them ever publicly professed religion. They were very normal and friendly toward religious people, and raised their family in good repute.

"In the fall of 1789 father made his arrangements to remove to Kentucky, Washington county, where he had procured an entry of 500 acres of forest land. My maternal grandmother resided near Red Stone, as it was then called, on the Monongahela River. He started September 23rd, and arrived October 9th, nearly two months, and there remained until father built a flat-boat, in which to descend the Ohio river. We left the last day of November; I was in my twelfth year, and on account of a recent illness had to be carried to the boat. The descent of the river in these times was perilous; frequent attacks were made by the Indians on boats descending, attended sometimes with severe loss of life and property. We ascertained that they had made frequent attempts of this kind. Boats were fired on both before and behind us. But a kind providence interposed in our behalf—being safely conducted until we reached a small stream called Goose Creek, a short distance above Louisville, Ky. I was sick the whole time, confined to my bed, but soon after recovered.

"We were compelled for want of better accommodation, to remain in our boat two weeks. Afterward, a small cabin about twelve feet square, was obtained, a few miles out from the river, belonging to Col. Richard Taylor, father of the renowned hero of Monteray and Beuna Vista. This residence was in the edge of a dense cane-brake. Here we were saluted every night with the howling of wolves.

"In the meantime father had gone to look for his land, and if possible, to have erected a hasty building for our accommodation. He reached the neighborhood, examined the premises, selected the spot, engaged workmen, and then was taken with a violent attack of pleurisy, a disease to which he was liable, and which ultimately ended his days. He was absent more than six weeks without our knowing the cause. The family was in painful suspense.. The Taylor family, old and young, were very hospitable and kind to us. William, Hancock and Little Zack, as General Taylor was then called, were my playmates. Mrs. Taylor conceived a great fondness for my mother, and treated her as a sister.

"At length father returned, very feeble indeed; we had well-nigh lost him. About the last of April we started for our new home, at which we soon arrived in safety."

An old history of Jefferson county gives a sketch of the Middletown precinct and village, which shows that Middletown dates back to the very beginning of

Kentucky State history. This sketch also shows how old Harrods Creek was as a landing place and shipping point on the river:

"The most remarkable feature in regard to the history of this precinct is that it is the oldest one in the county—at one time the largest—it being originally very large, and also the center of commercial activity for this part of the State, and having the oldest postoffice in the State.

"Indeed, the citizens of this locality will readily remind you that in the days of 1800 and during the war of 1812 the people of Louisville came here to buy goods and do business; that commercial products for trade were shipped to the mouth of Harrods Creek, there reloaded and transported to Middletown, where dealers in wares, goods or produce from Louisville and other little towns could come and buy at retail or wholesale rates as they chose."

The minute book of the session at Goshen church shows that Rev. John Rule began a regular ministry to the Goshen and Harrods Creek churches in June, 1868. In the month of October, 1868, a sacramental meeting was held at the Harrods Creek church and Mr. Jesse Chrisler and his wife, Mrs. Mary L. Chrisler, daughter of pioneer Dr. Thomas Cleland, were received into church membership. The children of this good couple were presented for baptism on the same date. Now a word as to Mr. Chrisler from the old Jefferson county history:

"Jesse Chrisler, one of the well known residents of Jefferson county, was born April 9th, 1799, in Madison county, Virginia, and lived there till he was five or six years of age, when he came to Kentucky with his parents. He lived in Louisville about twenty-five years and was engaged in the grocery and banking business in the meantime; he then went to Harrods Creek, where we now find him most pleasantly situated. He was married December 12th, 1838, to Miss Mary L. Cleland, of Mercer county, Kentucky. They have had seven children, five of whom are living. Mr. and Mrs. Chrisler are members of the Presbyterian church. Mr. Chrisler is a well known and respected citizen."

## Rev. Andrew Sherley

Regarding the use of the Harrods Creek church as a union meeting house, the session book records that on March 28th, 1869, the session of the Harrods Creek church considered and adopted a resolution granting the use of the church to the Baptist brethren of the community for the purpose of organizing a church of their own and holding regular services. It is understood that the Rev. Andrew Sherley was the promoter of this movement; and the resolution was introduced by the Rev. M. G. Knight, a resident Presbyterian minister in Goshen community. Mr. Sherley was at this time pastor of the Eighteenmile Baptist church near LaGrange; but his home was on the river below Prospect. This good man deserves mention in our sketch. He was the son of wealthy parents, an only child, and a native of Louisville. His father died while he was still a babe; and his mother reared him and looked after his growth and education. He and his mother were members of the Christian church in his boyhood. Afterward, while visiting relatives in Trimble county, he became deeply impressed at a Baptist meeting and united with that church on profession of his faith. He was without doubt joyfully converted and at once entered on a ministry that stamped him as an evangelist of great gifts and power. His good

education was a help in his sermons; and he became the most beloved pastor of the Eighteenmile church in 1862. He was ordained to the ministry at the Walnut Street Baptist church in Louisville and acted as city missionary of his denomination far back in the forties. He then entered upon regular revival work in Texas with very great success. Upon his return to Kentucky he settled down on his farm near Prospect with his mother and accepted a call to the Eighteenmile, Harrods Creek and Liberty churches in Oldham county.

We find on the session book of the Goshen church that in May, 1870, Pastor Strother of the Shiloh Methodist church and Pastor Sherley, about whom we have been speaking, joined in with Pastor Rule of the Goshen church in a union revival service, with the understanding that every convert should have the liberty of uniting with whatever church they desired. This spirit of unity was always maintained while these three devout men remained in the ministry of the community. Mr. Sherley served a wide range of country and was a great favorite in the pulpit everywhere. He was a very eloquent pulpit orator and always a warm friend of Pastor Rule. Indeed, this friendship descended between the two families for more than a generation. Mr. Sherley, after a number of years in which he was too ill to continue his pastoral work, lay down his earthly labors and passed home to heaven, where he received the reward that awaits those who turn many to righteousness. He was a man of pure and gentle life and his companion was devoted to him unto the end. We mention these things to show how beautiful and consecrated the old religious life was in our community.

## The Great Barnes Revival

The minutes of the session book from which we have quoted show that a memorable sacramental meeting was held at the Harrods Creek church, beginning Friday night, April 30, 1871. Pastor Rule was assisted in this meeting by the noted evangelist, Rev. George O. Barnes. Mr. Barnes was at this time, and for many years afterward, the most gifted and consecrated evangelist in the State. He left the Presbyterian church some time later and went out in the work on his own accord; but at the time of this meeting he was in the flower of his days and eloquence. The records show that this meeting was the greatest in the history of the Harrods Creek church, not only by the numbers gathered in but by the wide and deep spiritual impression made on the community. Mr. Barnes was the son of a very striking Presbyterian pastor at Perryville, Kentucky, known as Father Barnes. This good man, who brought up his son George to the ministry, was himself taught and prepared for the gospel service by the great pioneer, Dr. Thomas Cleland. In the Life of George O. Barnes we find the following beautiful sketch of his father and Dr. Cleland in the early days:

"During the year 1815 he was an inmate of the house of Rev. Dr. Thomas Cleland. From first to last this Father of the Prophets thus instructed in theology fourteen or fifteen young men. He was poor, as were the preachers of his day, and at the time indicated, was pastor of New Providence church, in Mercer county, with a meager salary of about four hundred dollars. He lived in a log structure of the old style, two rooms below and two above on either side of an open hallway. This house was filled always with visitors and students. When asked how he managed to live with his pittance of salary, he replied in his dry humor: "I couldn't get along without the perquisites."

"What do you mean by perquisites?" was the puzzled rejoinder of the questioner. "My smoke-house and barn," said Dr. Cleland. And so it was that his open-handed hospitality was supplied in those simple times. The bond of affection between master and pupil was never broken. Long years after the early days wherein the Lord provided sustenance, the coming of James Barnes, now a Reverend, to the house of Dr. Cleland, was an occasion of almost childish joy to them both. The gray-haired patriarch impatiently awaiting, would see his kinsman in the faith from afar off and rush to meet him with his aged steps and they would cast themselves into each others arms in fond embrace. Great were the broken exclamations of delight, and many were the tears of joy suddenly dashed away from the cheek."

Dr. Nat Barbour was the elder who advocated the coming of Evangelist Barnes very strongly and the result was the greatest ingathering in the history of the Harrods Creek church. This church soon drew to itself the support of all substantial people from Prospect to Louisville on the River Road. The new pastor, Rev. John Rule, took hold of the work with his customary thoroughness and fidelity; and with a good horse and buggy he covered the country in a circuit of thirty miles or more. He made his home with Mrs. Woolfolk at Goshen, having married her daughter Mary. He relates with much humor an incident of those early days. It was the custom of Princeton Seminary students to wear high silk hats, which gave them a very ministerial air. So, when the new pastor came to Goshen, he started out one day with his top hat and a little negro boy behind him, horse-back. The folks forgot to tell him that the horse shied, and down the lane they rode at a good pace, when suddenly the horse squatted to one side. The new pastor and the little darkey went up into the air and landed in the ditch. Woe to the top hat! It was not ruined, but it was discarded for country use and a soft black felt hat brought the minister much nearer to his people. The mud and snow were very bad at that time, and several liberal members fixed him up warmly in bearskin overshoes and other like comforts. Indeed, this pastoral service of twelve years or more was the longest and the happiest in that community. The people of Utica came over continually and the new pastor went to them whenever possible.

## The Colored Baptist Churches

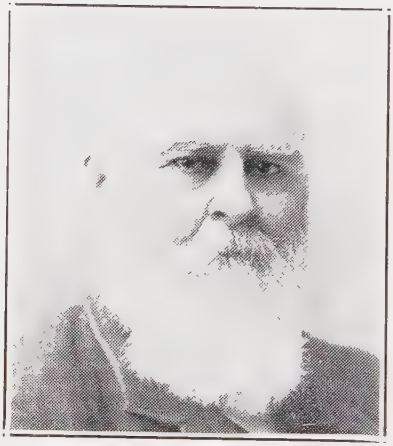
The Baptist church at Harrods Creek for the white people who proposed meeting in the Presbyterian church was never built. But Pastor Sherley and Dr. Ditzler promoted and encouraged an organization of the colored people into a Baptist church at Prospect. Back in the old slave days fifteen or twenty hands on the Ben Duerson farms came down by night to the cabins on the farm of Dr. Nat Barbour for religious services. Some of the farmers complained of these colored men passing through their places, and appealed to Dr. Barbour to stop it. But Dr. Barbour said to them that the colored people had souls as well as the white ones; and that he would allow and protect the meetings of the colored people as long as they continued. In those days Mr. Alfred Sherley supervised a big warehouse on the river at the Barbour landing. Here he bought and shipped the corn of the country round for the starch mills at Madison. When this industry waned the colored people moved their service from the cabins to the warehouse, with the consent of its owners. In due time

they purchased this warehouse, and it was the first colored church in this entire section of the county. There were around Goshen a good many colored people by the name of Barbour; and they were all Baptists.

The pastor of this congregation was John Buckner of Louisville. He worked all week in the brick yards and Sunday morning took an early street-car which stopped at the east end near Frankfort and Melwood avenues. He then walked all the way to the Dr. Barbour place and conducted services in the warehouse. He was a very earnest man and left a good impression on the negro population. A Sunday School grew up at the warehouse and was later enlarged when the Greencastle church was built at Prospect. The ground for this church was given by Miss Thursa Ann, sister of Dr. Ditzler. A day school in time grew out of the Sunday School; and now the Jacob Consolidated Colored School stands between Prospect and Harrods Creek as one of the best schools for colored children anywhere. The name Jacob is well taken, for Rev. Jeff Jacob succeeded Pastor John Buckner as the shepherd of this flock; and for many years was a worthy colored Baptist preacher in Oldham county. The Greencastle church was built in 1874; and twenty-five or thirty years afterwards a Baptist church was built at Harrods Creek for the convenience of the many worthy colored people who had built homes in the village. These people are among the most self-respecting and industrious of Jefferson county. It was in this way that the colored churches of the country district grew and developed out of the white ones, after the downfall of slavery and the coming in of education and a better trained ministry for the negro population.

Uncle Lige Miller, of Prospect, gave us an outline of the facts about these Baptist churches and pastors. Harrison Kennedy of Harrods Creek deserves great credit for bringing about the consolidated school at Jacob Station. Prof. Willis Kemp tells us that this school is deserving of very high praise. The parents of the children take great pride in the work of the school; and it has reached a high standard since it has been in operation. Prof. Kemp says that on the occasions that the County School Commissioners have visited the school the meals served were to a queen's taste. The teachers have a building that would now cost five thousand dollars, and the domestic science and manual training cottages are well equipped. All this shows what can be done, and will be done, in rural districts everywhere in years to come. Prof. Kemp pays a just tribute to the interest and pride of the colored people in the school work of their children.

Social Life in the Old South



GOVERNOR RICHARD T. JACOB

CHAPTER XXI

# Social Life in the Old South

ABOUT the year 1855 there came to the home of Mrs. Adaline Woolfolk at Goshen to board a Mrs. Hoffman, the wife of a Tennessee dentist. She was a very cultured woman and a writer of unusual gifts. She brought her son of sixteen to become a student at the McCown Academy. This Mrs. Hoffman at the time was writing a novel of Southern Life with the title of this chapter. She was gathering material in the Goshen community just as Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe did for Uncle Tom's Cabin, only Mrs. Hoffman was not an Abolitionist. Instead, she was a candid and sincere critic of social life in the South, and she not only pictured people she had known; but she took the old Woolfolk homestead and family as types of the very best people in Southern Life. She made Miss Mary Woolfolk a heroine and drew her pictures of people so cleverly that the story after a short time found a publisher in New York and had a wide circulation. A leading character in the story fell from virtue, though this was related very finely and delicately. Yet it occasioned considerable criticism at the time from a prominent Presbyterian minister in Louisville, who was an editor. Mrs. Woolfolk, too, read the book when it came out and expressed herself somewhat as did the editor. Mrs. Hoffman replied with some spirit that the minister had sat up all night to read the book, and surely the story was a success, in spite of his censure. Miss Mary Woolfolk read the book with keen interest; and we have since tried to procure a copy, but it is long since out of print.

Matthew Arnold defines poetry as a criticism of life. It seems to us that fiction is the same thing: and any book that dealt with the old life of the South long ago would necessarily be a criticism of existing institutions, especially that of slavery. Yet old time Kentuckians naturally resented criticism of the way they treated their slaves. As a child our mother, who was Mary Woolfolk, held the Abolition Crusade in horror, and never read Uncle Tom's Cabin till long after the Civil War. In the last years of slavery she was teaching music in the McCown Academy at Goshen. In this same school, which had passed under the direction of Dr. A. S. Newton, was a Professor Edmunds, a New Yorker and a teacher on the Academy faculty. He was a peculiar dreamer and poet; also a musician, a linguist, a mathematician, and highly accomplished in every branch of his profession. He was not only intelligent and human but was a great Abolitionist. He boarded at Dr. Newton's but came over in the evening with some music books to give lessons to Miss Mary Woolfolk in song and upon the piano.

One of the young slave women from the Woolfolk farm was hired out to the L---------- family, a couple of miles away. She was not a girl of much moral stamina, and experienced two lapses in her association with the slaves down there. Perhaps we should be very just and merciful in our estimate of any

slave girl under the circumstances. Anyhow, the second deviation from virtue in her case brought fatal consequences, which she herself directly occasioned. It was a very distressing case. She was the eldest daughter of "Aunt Emily." Mrs. Woolfolk sent "Aunt Emily," her own mother, down to nurse her. She was given every attention possible until she died; but she was beyond recovery.

## A Slave Time Tragedy

The village storekeeper was a New Englander, so we understand, who boarded with his wife at the L ... .. farm. They were Abolitionists. This man's wife related the tragedy of the slave girl to Prof. Edmunds. It made a deep and unfavorable impression upon him. So he said to Miss Mary at school a morning or two after:

"Miss Mary, I had heard a great deal about the evil of slavery; and I was prepared to discard some of my prejudices and modify some of my opinions by what I saw of the institution in Kentucky. But I must tell you that I am surprised and pained that a young woman of your kind nature and humanity could be so indifferent as not to visit the dying bed of a poor unfortunate negro girl who belonged to your own mother. I fear that this only shows what slavery will bring the very best of people to."

Miss Woolfolk looked at him in amazement: "Mr. Edmunds, you evidently have been getting your information about this case from Mrs. S .....; and you do not know what you are talking about. I would at least withhold my judgment till I knew the facts. I decline to discuss the subject with you any further."

When Miss Mary told this at home her mother was very much provoked. The next day while Miss Mary was giving a music lesson at school, Prof. Edmunds entered the room with his own music books in hand.

"What does this mean?" he asked anxiously.

"I am sure I don't know." replied Miss Mary.

"I found them at my room door upstairs," he added sadly.

Presently Mrs. Woolfolk herself appeared.

"I brought them," she began with a flash of indignation in her black eyes. "I suppose, sir, that you are collecting material for another libel on Kentucky slave holders. If so, you can not call at my house nor keep company with my daughter, sir. You understand?"

At this time it seems that a story by the famous Parson Brownslow, or some other writer, had incensed the South somewhat like Uncle Tom's Cabin. Mrs. Woolfolk informed Prof. Edmunds that he could go elsewhere for his facts. He was exceedingly crestfallen and wrote a beautiful letter of apology to Miss Mary in French. He never came back to the house afterward; but when commencement was at hand and Miss Mary had the musical part of the program, he stood on the platform and turned the pages for her while she sang. She and Miss Lou Woolfolk, a niece of Mrs. Eubank, sang "Listen to the Woodbird Sing," with the word "listen" as a refrain. Then Pastor Dinsmore, the minister, called for the "Pilgrim Fathers."

Prof. Edmunds afterward became a writer on the staff of the Louisville Journal and wrote a poem to Miss Mary in his longing and regret. She went down to Louisville one day during the Civil War, about a year after the un-

pleasant episode, and was shopping in a store down under the Louisville Journal office. She got one of the clerks to take her card up to Mr. Edmunds. He came down in a few minutes and talked with her for half an hour. That was the last time she ever saw him. He afterward went to New Orleans in some government capacity and died there.

The memory of the old slaves was very tender in the true Kentucky home. There was old "Aunt Kizzy," large of frame and fleshy; too old to work or walk about, living in the hill cabin with her daughter, kept by "Marse Jeff and "Miss Ad'line" as a pensioner of toil. She sat out in the yard smoking her pipe, with a little fire nearby to keep the gnats away. She was very neat and orderly. She had a chest, or "chiss," as she termed it, in which she kept her sugar and green coffee. Mother remembered the grateful aroma of that old "chiss" every time she smelled green coffee. The faithful old slaves were never forgotten by their white people. In every case they could come back after freedom and live until they died on the old farm.

THE OLD TODD WOOLFOLK HOMESTEAD,
Near Goshen, Kestucky.

## Memories of an Old Kentucky Home

Two generations of Woolfolks occupied the old Todd house. It was an old brick mansion half hidden by cedar and locust trees. It was built by an Old Time Kentuckian who now slumbers with his family in an unprotected resting place upon the hilltop. A few primitive headstones remain, marked by the letter T. A solitary mulberry tree stands sentinel above the sunken graves. Cattle and horses pass over it in summer and winter and in time to come it will no more be remembered than the unknown Indian dead whose stray arrow points and tomahawks lie scattered about the field.

We always loved to talk with our mother about the Old Kentucky Home. The latent poetry of the soul is kindled by the beautiful songs of the past, which are interspersed with tender recollections of the old patriarchal days before

the Civil War. In later life our mother understood and admitted the darker, tragic side of this old life in conversation with us. Her mother's burdened existence embodied it all.

"Yes, life was not all a summer holiday to master and mistress in the old slave days. Ten children were born to my father and mother, and these were a constant care. But little leisure was left to the mother of such an old-fashioned family. Four of her little ones died ere they reached the age of five. Then the devoted husband and father followed; and the burden of the whole establishment fell upon the young widow's shoulders.

"Mother was thirty-nine years old when her husband died; and the life struggle grew harder for her as the institution of slavery neared its doom. My brothers, Newton and James, went West to better themselves financially; but the storm of the Civil War swept away their patrimony and broke the spirit of both. James was a buoyant fellow, but his wedded life went down in the financial crash; and in those terrible, desperate days of the warfare in Missouri, he took to the intoxicating cup to quench his sorrows. It was enough to drive many a man insane. He was for the South and his home and property were invaded and violated. He came back with his wife to Kentucky and lived here for a number of years. Newton became the solace and support of our mother in her declining years. Then there was a younger sister, Agnes, lovliest and sweetest of all the village girls, whose health gave way and she died on the verge of womanhood. These trials tore mother's heart and the constant economic demands of the struggle for existence made her load of responsibility very hard to carry. Many a time, in order to secure a living price for the produce of the farm, it was necessary for her to go in person to markets and merchants, so ready to exploit and plunder in the fierce game of competition.

"But mother faced these things with fortitude; and as her children grew to manhood and womanhood, we assumed our part of the burden. The brothers were educated and started in the professions of their choice. She was generous with her children and gave them the best she could afford. The old slave papers prove this when her sons, James and Newton, went to Missouri. The losses out there narrowed and embittered Newton somewhat; and in later years he often spoke with fear and misgiving of the generosity of his mother as though it were a waste. He took care of everything and did not spend unless it was necessary during the hard times and high prices following the Civil War. One day she bought some new harness that was badly needed; and she kept it hidden until it chanced that Newton had a narrow escape with the old harness. Then she produced the new and used it freely. He would, in his way, say that we were on the way to the poor house; but she always answered that she was glad there was a poor house to go to if the worst came!"

The reader will discern in these incidents the passing away of the old social order of the South. In those good old days before the Civil War, when the house and barn were filled to bursting with the plentiful product of field and garden, it was a time of festivity and hospitality and good will. Even the slave was in a way happy among his kith and kin. But the knell of history had sounded for the downfall of slavery; and with it passed away much that makes the heart mourn with tender memory.

CHAPTER XXII

# The War-Tide Turns in Oldham

CAREFUL inquiry has brought out the fact that the presence and influence of the Reverend J. H. Dinsmore, pastor of the Goshen Presbyterian church when the Civil War came on, powerfully supported Col. Richard T. Jacob, Rob Morris and other leading Union men at LaGrange. Mr. Dinsmore was a native of Pennsylvania, a graduate of Washington and Jefferson College and of the Alleghany Presbyterian Seminary. He came to Goshen after holding the pastorate of the old Mulberry church in Shelby county. He was a very cultured man and a most excellent preacher. He was a devoted pastor and endeared himself to every home and fireside that he visited. He got around among the people all over Oldham county. There was not a Presbyterian anywhere that he did not get to his house. He was pastor-at-large of all the Presbyterians in the county at the opening of the Civil War.

For many years in the old days the home of Elder Francis Snowden of the Goshen church was the home of the pastor. He was made welcome, with a comfortable room, plenty of leisure to study, and good meals at the family table. No board was charged and he was only required to cut and bring in his own wood. This, no doubt, to give him some exercise. A good horse was at his disposal for pastoral visiting and reaching distant preaching points. Mr. Dinsmore came to Mr. Snowden's two or three years before the great conflict. By this time Elder Snowden's health was beginning to fail and Mrs. Adaline Woolfolk was requested to make a home for Mr. Dinsmore. She agreed and gave him the little room above the front hall of the old homestead that was for a long time the pastor's study. In this room the good man of God wrote his sermons. He was a bachelor of very fine feelings and sentiments and a scholar of unusual mind. He was not eloquent in the pulpit but possessed an earnestness that was equal to it. Little did the family dream that this quiet, studious pastor would prove so powerful a factor in holding Kentucky loyal to the Union when the storm of battle burst over the land.

Yet when Pastor Dinsmore mounted his horse on Sunday he not only went to Westport as the pastor of Richard T. Jacob, but on other days he went to LaGrange and visited in the homes of men like Rob Morris, who was a Presbyterian, and then out to Ballardsville, where he shared the hospitality and friendship of Dr. John Swain, who was a Freemason and a Union man as well as a devout Presbyterian. Mr. Dinsmore was not a man to emphasize his political opinion but on the question of secession and disunion he stood firm as the everlasting hills. Such men as J. S. Crutchfield, J. R. Morrison, S. E. DeHaven, Rob Morris, and others, were not radical on the subject of slavery; but they were of the same mind as Mr. Dinsmore in loyalty to the Union. In spite of the powerful undercurrent of sympathy for the South in Oldham county, we have before us the fact that these men turned the balance in favor of the Union.

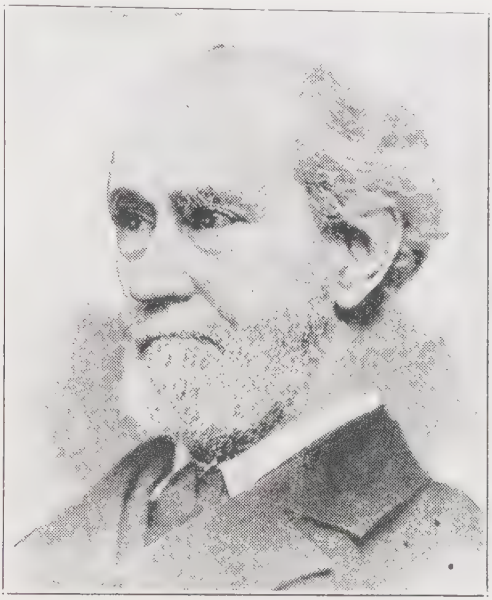
## Pastor Dinsmore Supports Rob Morris

Mr. Dinsmore not only strengthened the faith of the older generation in the Federal cause, but took a very prominent and active part in his end of the county in supporting Rob Morris when it came to defending the county against the invasion of Kirby Smith and the inroads of guerrillas. It was this dramatic and somewhat humorous episode that led up to the "Battle of New Castle," and its humiliating outcome. But the tide of history was turned and the Union forces were victorious in the end. We have done such full justice to Mr. Dinsmore in former publications telling of Col. Richard T. Jacob that it is not necessary to recount the facts here.

REV. J. H. DINSMORE
Strong Union Pastor of old Goshen Church.

As the storm-cloud of the great war between the North and the South swept down over the State, Mr. Dinsmore became more pronounced in his loyalty to the Union. He did not preach political sermons but he expressed himself in no uncertain terms. The congregation at Goshen was devoted to him; but such leading families as the Snowdens and Barbours were with the South, and it was more and more embarrassing to the good men of God to go on. The Woolfolks and Crutchfields were Union and gave him sincere support; but the feeling in the church and community grew so intense that Mr. Dinsmore shortly resigned. The younger generation was mostly with the South. The older generation in the main upheld the Union. Among these younger lovers of the South was Lea C. Woolfolk, who was born in 1843. He was a very bright young fellow and went away to college at Washington and Jefferson, Pennsylvania. It was the influence of Mr. Dinsmore that brought this about. Lea Woolfolk was intended for the ministry or the law. He made a most excellent student and was in college when the Battle of Gettysburg was fought. The students were asked to volunteer to drive back General Lee. The entire class stood up except Lea Woolfolk and another young Kentuckian from Louisville

by the name of John Buck. To his astonished schoolmates and teachers, who wondered if these boys were traitors, Lea Woolfolk said, "We were sent here to study, not to fight." That ended the matter, but the truth was that they both were for General Lee.



DR. ROB MORRIS

Famous Masonic Poet; Elder in LaGrange Presbyterian Church. Strong Union Man in Oldham County.

## Pastor Dinsmore's Successors

After Mr. Dinsmore's resignation a young Mr. Trimble from Tennessee came as pastor to Goshen. He was a gifted and gracious young minister. He especially endeared himself to the Southern families, not by what he said or thought, for he was as silent as the grave on his opinions of the war. But, being from Tennessee, it was presumed that he was for the South. In the family of Dr. Nat Barbour he performed the marriage ceremony for their favorite daughter and discharged the duties of his office with exceeding credit. Yet what was the dismay of the Southern families to find out in the end that Mr. Trimble was a Federal refugee; not indeed to his discredit; but persecution had sealed his lips.

Mr. Dinsmore returned to visit his friends at Goshen more than once after his resignation. In the fall of 1864, during one of these visits, he found a young man who had come to take the place of Mr. Trimble. This young man was a native of Middlesex county, New Jersey, where he was born September 18th, 1837. He made a profession of his faith at the age of sixteen in the Perryville, Ky., Presbyterian church, his family having removed to this State in

his boyhood. He was a student at the old Transylvania College, Lexington, before entering the Sophomore class at Centre College. He took high rank as a student and graduated with the class of '61 at Old Centre. In the fall of that year he entered the Danville Theological Seminary, where he studied for the ministry under such men as Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, who used his mighty influence to hold Kentucky in the Union and who presided over the convention of 1864 that renominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency.

This young student, John Rule by name, received the finest training that any young man needed to fit him for the gospel ministry. His family lived in Lexington during the Civil War and his name was in the draft for Federal service. He awaited the call to arms but was not taken; so he was free to pursue his studies at Princeton Theological Seminary in his native State. His heart was with the South; but, like Dwight L. Moody, he was not a man who courted conflict. He was really very much the same as Rob Morris on the subject of war; but would have preferred the work of a Chaplain had he been summoned to the field. He was ready to go to battle if so ordered, but was always glad that he did not have to take up arms against the South.

It was this young man who came to take Mr. Trimble's place. When he preached his trial sermon before the congregation Mr. Dinsmore was present, having gone to the service with him from the home of Mrs. Woolfolk, where they were staying. There was a strong feeling against Mr. Dinsmore in the congregation on account of his radical Unionism. The new minister did not call upon Mr. Dinsmore to go into the pulpit or to take any part in the service because of the feeling existing. But he said afterward that if he had understood the situation more fully he would not have hesitated a moment in showing Mr. Dinsmore all due courtesy. Mr. Dinsmore was very generous and commended the sermon preached by the young minister. He told the people they had better close with the new man at once, which they did; and thus began in Oldham county one of the longest continued resident pastor's services on record —that of Rev. John Rule, who has lived and ministered in the Goshen neighborhood since 1864.

## Masonic Aid For Prison Sufferers

The only difference that ever arose between the new pastor and Mr. Dinsmore was one day at the home of Mrs. Woolfolk when they were discussing some prison and hospital contributions for Southern soldiers that Miss Mag Huffman was helping to take up. The spirit of Aunt Martha Eubank and Rob Morris had permeated Oldham county to such an extent that both sides in the great conflict were equally ministered unto. This was some of the earliest and noblest Red Cross work done in America. Not only were the people gathered together as one man at the public exercises, where the songs of North and South were sung alike by Miss Mary Woolfolk and others; but the proceeds were divided with strict justice to Federal and Confederate. Is it any wonder that Masonic influence became the mother of the American Red Cross? The conversation between Mr. Rule and Mr. Dinsmore upon this point led to some difference of opinion, as Dr. Dinsmore could not concede the justice of aiding Southern prisoners. Mr. Rule warmly commended it. And today in all the wars of the world the Red Cross endeavors to serve friend and foe alike. Anyone who will

read carefully the story of Andersonville and other prisons will find that even the Federal authorities refrained from giving medical and humane assistance for a long time on the theory that the supplies would be appropriated for Southern sufferers and prolong the war that much more. So even Union soldiers languished and died in the prisons of the South with no kindly hand to minister unto them. It was the work of Aunt Martha Eubank and other Eastern Star souls in Kentucky who rendered merciful assistance long before the Red Cross was organized.

## Rob Morris, the Evangel of Brotherhood

No man was more capable of leaving on record the story of this great relation between Freemasonry and the American Red Cross than the first biographer of Dr. Morris—his bosom friend, Thomas R. Austin, who was a prominent Union surgeon. Dr. Austin covers this memorable period when Free-Masonry and the Eastern Star Order gave birth to the life work of Clara Barton. We will connect the incidents, just narrated, here in our home county with the great movement of mercy in the war outside, and leave the testimony of Dr. Austin as the final verdict of history. He says:

"Dr. Morris was very faithful to the flag and the theory of the American Union. In an address delivered in January, 1861, he told the people that Civil War meant death to fathers and sons; the burning of homes; the wastage of property without recovery; flight, poverty; subjection to the meanest elements of society; a thousand unknown evils and sorrows; the rising of the popular scum to the surface. All this was realized. The terrible devastations of 1861-5 shattered the chain of his friendships; thousands whose names were in the catalogues of his friends in 1860, having disappeared, upon the return of peace in 1865, the victims of a strife the more cruel because the combatants were brothers. But as long as letters could be passed through the lines, he had repeated assurances that differences in political theories did not weaken the bond of old-time friendships. His songs of conciliation and Masonic affection were sung in all camps whatever the symbols of nationality that waved over them. Military prisoners were the recipients of his sympathy and brotherly aid; and to none did returning peace bring early and numerous congratulations as to Rob Morris. Concerning the influence of Masonry on the battlefield, but little can be said. A soldier must shoot where and when his officer commands him; but when the battle is over and the dead are to be buried, the prisoners secured, the wounded cared for, the hungry fed, then the brotherly influence sets in. His wound is first tended, his mouth first filled, his grave first opened, who has shared with us in the Brotherly Covenant. Among his songs and poems several were written to express this sentiment.

"Without exhibiting vanity or vain boasting, we may claim that Masonry did as much to divest the recent war of many of its most terrible features, as any of the numerous appliances recognized among Christian communities. It followed the bloody advance of contending armies, staunching the gushing wounds, lifting the fallen heads,bearing from the fields the lifeless bodies like a ministering angel; it hovered around the soldier's couch in the hospital ward, cooling fevered brows and soothing dying hours. War has now ended, peace has come again. The horrors of the battlefield have passed into record, and the

laws which were silent during the reign of bloodshed will again speak and again be heard. The duties of the State now begin, and charity, both individual and associated, may pause for a while in their exertions and labors.

"An incident connected with the war illustrates the influence of Masonry and the part allotted to our zealous peacemaker. Dr. Morris was at Memphis, Tenn., July, 1863, at that time, of course, in the hands of the Union forces. A colonel of the enemy's troops sorely wounded in the late repulse at Helena, died in the officers' hospital at Memphis and was buried at the charge of the Freemasons. Dr. Morris presided at the affecting rite. The procession, large and orderly, and composed of national soldiers, citizens and persons lately in arms against the Government, marched to solemn music two miles to the cemetery, where they gave their 'dust to dust' with the accustomed forms. Dr. Morris relates that as the grave was about to be filled in, the evergreens having been deposited and the last prayer spoken, a lady, a stranger to him, hastily broke through the fraternal circle, ran to the side of the grave and threw in an embroidered handkerchief, which opening as it fell, displayed the colors under which the unfortunate Mason had died."

CHAPTER XXIII

# Doctor Newton and Aunt Martha Eubank

ON the Masonic lot at Cave Hill cemetery just back of the rows of graves where the little ones from the Masonic Home have been buried for the past fifty years, lie the mortal remains of Dr. A. S. Newton, Superintendent of the Masonic Home half a century ago. He was born August 17th, 1815, and died at the Home February 4th, 1874, of pneumonia and inflammation of the liver, contracted at his duties. On his tombstone are the words, "The Lord redeemeth the souls of His servants, and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate."

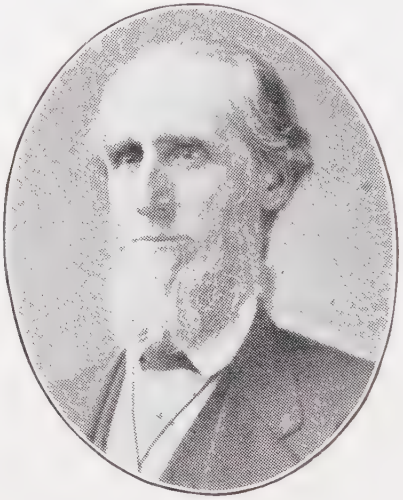
In the same grave with Doctor Newton rest the ashes of his beloved wife, Agnes Alice Newton, who was born September 18, 1828, at Westport, and died in Los Angeles, California, October 6, 1905, at the age of 77 years. The remains of Mrs. Newton were cremated by her son, Thomas P. Newton of Los Angeles, and were tenderly deposited in Cave Hill. This grave is No. 8 from the left back of the lot, which is No. 335, Section P, Acacia Avenue, in the cemetery. Mrs. Newton lived for many years in Wilkes Block, Louisville, after the death of her husband, whom she survived thirty-one years. She spent the remainder of her life with her devoted son and passed away in the land of sunshine and flowers.

Down the hillside from the grave of Doctor Newton are two other graves on lot 420, Section P, Celtis Avenue. This lot is listed in the name of R. H. Woolfolk. The first grave is that of Aunt Martha Eubank, who was born February 10, 1808, at the old home between Skylight and Westport, and died January 28, 1877, in the home of Captain Richard Woolfolk, where the Louisville Public Library now stands. Beside her grave is another, that of Ann G. Woolfolk, her maiden sister, affectionately known to everyone as Aunt Nancy, who was born June 4, 1796, and died January 6, 1870. On each tombstone are the words, "The Orphans' Friend." Aunt Nancy lost her lover in youth and remained single out of respect to his memory. She lived and worked with Aunt Martha in all her great services to the unfortunate. The stones that mark these graves are simple but fitting, and no woman who sleeps in Cave Hill cemetery so lives in the memory of Christian and Masonic immortality as Aunt Martha. Our mother says that it was her good fame and influence that decided the Board of the Masonic Home to choose Dr. Newton as Superintendent while she was Matron. But we are here to say that Dr. Newton was a man that Aunt Martha knew thoroughly well, and our researches have revealed his eminent fitness for the place.

## Dr. Newton as a Teacher

The reputation of Dr. Newton as a teacher was very high. He was a native of Connecticut and came to Kentucky as a teacher in the family of Mr. T. H. Woolfolk, of Woodford county. This man was the youngest of a

large family of Virginia descent. He was a lawyer by profession, as one of his sons says, but never practiced after his marriage. He came into possession of a good fortune by his marriage and by inheritance and this turned him aside from his profession to his plantation and a life of leisure as in the old slave days. His chief interest now lay in the education of his children and Dr. A. S. Newton was selected as special tutor in this cultured household. Mr. Woolfolk was a man of fine presence, great social charm and a delightful conversationalist. He was a gifted writer, and was carried away by the dreamy romance of the old Southern life. His son deplored the fact that he did not have some struggle with adversity in order to bring out the inborn qualities and gifts that he possessed. But it was in the home and library of this charming man that Dr. Newton pursued those historic and Masonic studies which made him grace the circle of Old Pythagoras Lodge at Goshen some years afterward.



DR. A. S. NEWTON, Masonic Physician and Teacher.

This Thomas H. Woolfolk, in whose family Dr. Newton was tutor, was married to Charlotte J. McClung, who was born near Washington, Ky., in 1803 and died in Woodford county in 1840. Her husband was born in 1795 and died in 1850. They were married in 1828. This brilliant woman was one of the noted leaders of Blue Grass society and culture in her time. Dr. Newton found her a most delightful friend and admired her as the mother of sons who were afterward distinguished in law, the ministry and the community life. These sons were his pupils and were devoted to him as long as he lived. Mrs. Woolfolk possessed a nature of great refinement, intelligence and spiritual perception that made her almost psychical. To this was added the grace and elegance of conversation that made this home a name far and wide.

## Dr. Newton's Famous Pupils

The most noted of the young men in the Woolfolk family taught by Dr. Newton was the Reverend Lucian B. Woolfolk, who was born in Woolford county, July 21, 1829. He was married April 17, 1855, to Elizabeth Cunningham, of Tennessee. He was educated at Yale College and Brown University. He entered the Baptist ministry in early life and was editor of the "Baptist Standard" at Nashville for two years until the Civil War came on. He was pastor at Knoxville, Tenn., for two years. After the Civil War he preached for some six years in Kentucky and pursued a brilliant course as a writer for the religious press. He rose rapidly to the highest rank as a pulpit orator and writer. He overtaxed himself and was compelled to go to Montana for several years. Dr. Newton had two sons who were brought up at Goshen and went to Montana where they made a great success in business. They were devoted to the family of the Rev. Lucien Woolfolk out there.

AUNT MARTHA EUBANK.

This good minister was a near cousin of Aunt Martha Eubank and visited his relatives at Goshen in the old days by riding horse-back from the old home in Trimble county, whither his father removed before his death. His father died of cholera in Trimble county, Kentucky, in 1850. Rev. Mr. Woolfolk returned from the West in 1873 and became the leading Baptist pastor at Lexington, Ky. At the General Association of his church in Louisville, celebrating the centennial of this great denomination, he delivered the sermon-address as the choice of the entire body and it is a classic of eloquence and beauty. Dr. Woolfolk was more than once honored by being invited to address the Kentucky Legislature on subjects of public interest. In 1877 he was injured in a railroad accident which made him an invalid for two years. When his health was restored he returned to evangelical work and to his religious studies and publications. He was one of the most famous ministers of his church associated with the history of this county.

Col. Alex Woolfolk, younger brother of the minister, was the next most noted pupil of Dr. Newton. He was born September 1, 1835, in Woodford county, prepared for college under Dr. Newton and graduated from Georgetown College at the head of his class. He studied law, removed to Missouri in 1858, and was elected a member of the State Convention. He took military training as the Civil War approached and was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of Cavalry. He published a pamphlet advocating a Southern Alliance which offended the Federal authorities: but he braved all this for the sake of his convictions. He was nominated for Attorney General of Missouri in 1864. In 1865 he went to Montana and was greatly benefitted in health by the change. He practiced law and edited a paper at Helena. He was put forward for Congress several times but declined. His first wife was a Miss Ware, of Missouri, who lived only one year and died childless. His second wife was a Miss Swallow; and

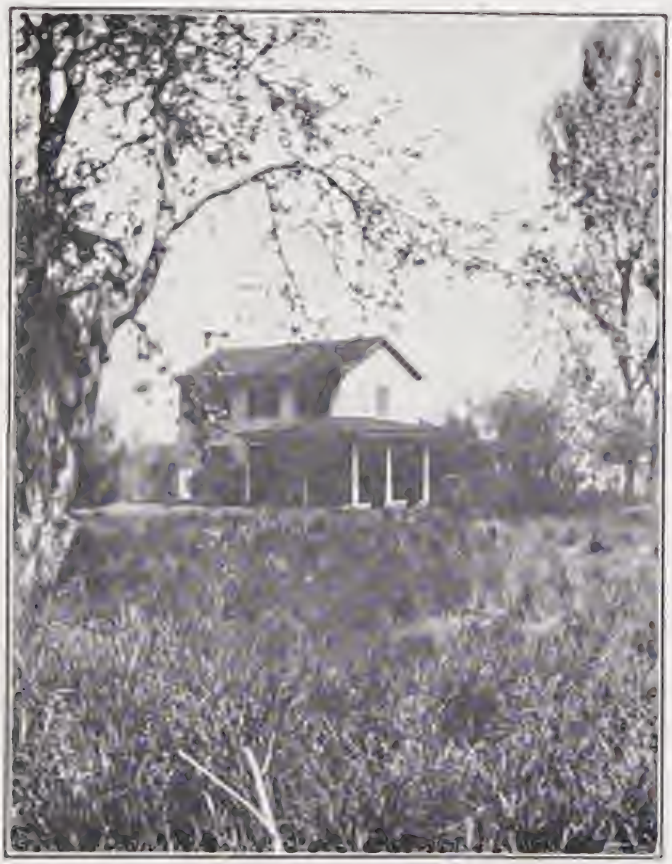
THE OLD GOSHEN ACADEMY

a most charming family of children blessed this union. Col. Woolfolk came to visit his old teacher and friend, Dr. Newton, at Goshen, on his vacations before the Civil War. He was a great favorite among his relatives and friends. In later years he lived in Chicago and died there. His brother, the minister, died also many years ago. Pupils like these men gave Dr. Newton a very high reputation; and when he had charge of the Goshen Academy he was associated with Aunt Martha Eubank in a way that made the choice of these two great souls for the Masonic Home inevitable.

It will be of interest to many Oldham county readers to mention a third brother of this remarkable Woolfolk family, Rev. William Woolfolk, who was born in 1831 and died in 1858. He was not nearly so gifted as his brothers but was trained by Dr. Newton in the classics and higher culture. He entered the Methodist ministry and was devoted to his work. He afterward went into the Baptist ministry. His wife lived and died at Westport.

## Dr. Newton and the Civil War

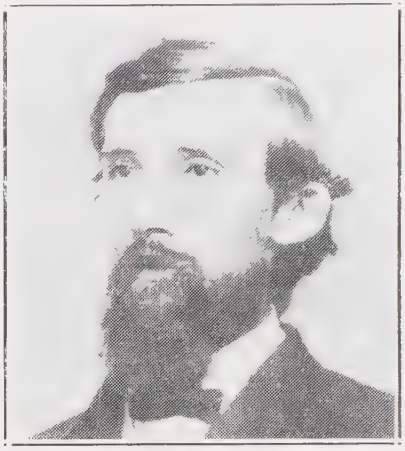
Dr. Newton in Pythagoras Lodge at Goshen was what Dr. Morris was in Fortitude Lodge at LaGrange. Dr. Newton and Aunt Martha Eubank, as we have understood and mentioned before were at heart in sympathy with the South. But they took the same impartial position assumed by Dr. Morris in his work between the lines. Intimately associated with Dr. Newton at Goshen



HOME OF AUNT MARTHA EUBANK AT GOSHEN

was another great soul who was second only to Aunt Martha in reputation for noble charity and benevolence. We refer to Miss Elizabeth Henshaw. The Henshaws were Union people and slave-holders. Their slaves all went off in one night after the Emancipation Proclamation was issued. The farm bell rang next morning for the slaves to go about their work, but there was no response. One old negro who had enjoyed exemption from all manual labor because of rheumatism suddenly found his legs and got away with the rest.

In the Henshaw family was an old Uncle Edmund from the far South who used to visit his people at Goshen and was very fond of them. The war divided their sympathies and he went off by himself near Mobile, Alabama. Miss Henshaw was devoted to her Uncle Edmund and could not bear to think of the alienation. The good old man was ruined financially by the war and lived in his house alone outside of Mobile. Miss Elizabeth took Dr. Newton with her and made the trip through the hostile lines all the way to Mobile to minister to the old man. But he had heard that the Henshaws at Goshen were Union people, and that to him was worse than treason. He sent an old negro out to see them, but absolutely declined to allow his good niece to stay and care for him. He died in tragic isolation from his old relatives. Such was the bitter prejudice of the great conflict.



NEWTON WOOLFOLK
Strong Southern sympathizer, who figured in several thrilling Civil War episodes.

The relief work among the distressed families in the Border States of the Civil War was a great service. Newton Woolfolk was equal to Dr. Newton in this work. Philippa Henshaw married a Mr. Cowherd and moved to Missouri before the war came on. The Bushwhackers and Guerrillas were terrible in Missouri. Mr. Cowherd was with the South and his family suffered. Newton Woolfolk was sent out after the Cowherd family to bring them to Kentucky. He and his brother, James Woolfolk, went to Missouri some years before the war to farm and were ruined financially by the war. They were both with the South; but Newton Woolfolk was one of the most astute and courageous men in Kentucky to go on a dangerous mission. He got his passes and reached the place where the Cowherds were staying. Mr. Cowherd came in that very night, disguised. He was in a very broken state of health and would probably have died if left alone. Newton Woolfolk managed with great caution to pass him through the Federal lines at St. Louis and Louisville and got him and his family safely home. Yet in a short time the Federal authorities in Louisville learned

of his being a Confederate soldier and sent a detachment out to the Henshaw home, surrounded the house, and carried him off to prison.

## Elizabeth Henshaw

The friendship of Dr. Newton and Miss Elizabeth Henshaw needs to be told here because she was associated for a long life time with the finest humanitarian services begun by Aunt Martha Eubank and Dr. Newton far back before the Civil War. Miss Elizabeth came of a splendid old Virginia family. The present home of Mr. P. E. Waters was the original Henshaw homestead here about one hundred years ago. Philip Henshaw of Orange county, Virginia, came with his young wife and children to Kentucky and with the slave labor built the imposing old residence two miles above Goshen. There were three children, John, Elizabeth and Jane. While on a visit to Virginia with his family some time after settling in Kentucky, Philip Henshaw was taken down

REV. DR. STUART ROBINSON

Famous Louisville Pastor of Mrs. Eubank and friend of Rev. John Rule. His funeral sermon on Mrs. Eubank was a great masterpiece in 1877.

with typhoid fever, died there and was buried with his fathers. The young widow was broken hearted, but she bravely returned to Kentucky with her children and carried out the wishes of her deceased husband.

Elizabeth Henshaw was very devoted to the memory of her father. He had a college friend by the name of Telfair who was more to him than a brother. So, years afterward, Elizabeth tried to find the friend for her father's sake. She was now along in years and her life had been given in unselfish and generous service to every one in need and sorrow. At last she saw in a college catalogue the name of Telfair, given to a young student. A letter resulted in the trace and the final location of her father's old friend in Ohio, whither he had gone years before. She made the journey and his daughters welcomed her like a mother. They arranged her hair to look young, and took her to a grand reception

where she was the center of interest and honor. The good old father gave her his benediction and passed away shortly after her return home.

Elizabeth Henshaw was devoted to her own mother and for this reason never married. She was educated at Nazareth Academy, Bardstown, Ky., far back when Protestant schools were not sufficiently established in the state to afford a classical education to young women. She was a devout member of the Christian church at Brownsboro; but she was a broad-minded strong type of womanhood, and she got the very best of her years at Nazareth. The Sisters all loved her and sixty years afterward there was a reunion of her class. She was full of sentiment and went back quietly on the train, not wishing to have anyone notice her but the few old friends who might be on hand. Scarcely had she reached the lawn, ere Mrs. Emily Snowden, an old friend from her home neighborhood, saw "Miss Liz," as everyone called her. A hearty exclamation and embrace once more made Elizabeth Henshaw the worthy but unwilling center of interest and honor. It was the crowning day of her life; for she was a saint uncanonized.

Captain James Henshaw was a brother of Philip Henshaw and lived at the present Stoll homestead, next farm to the Water's home. The Captain was a graduate of West Point Academy and a soldier in the U. S. A. One of his daughters married James Trigg. Mr. John Henshaw, brother of Miss Elizabeth, was educated at the University of Virginia. They were both opposed to secession during the Civil War, but took no active stand in the conflict. Miss Elizabeth Henshaw died December 1, 1902, at the age of seventy-eight years. She was a member of the Brownsboro Christian church, which she joined far back before the Civil War. She attended a May-day service there and resolved to build the Antioch Christian church near her own home. Mr. James Trigg, James Wilhoyte, John Clore and others joined in the work, and good crowds attended. This church stood on the corner of Edmund Waters farm above Goshen and was built some years before the Civil War began. The mother of Miss Elizabeth was a very intelligent woman but had never made a public profession of her faith. She united with her daughter and gave to the services her presence and support. Memories of this old church are forever identified with the name of Elizabeth Henshaw. Aunt Martha Eubank was a Presbyterian. Dr. Newton was an Episcopalian, and Miss Elizabeth a member of the Christian church; but these devoted souls were as one in those charities and benevolences which gave to Goshen community so great and deserved a reputation long ago. We have already repeatedly pointed out that the work of the Academy at Goshen, and the education and care of the boys and girls in the home of Aunt Martha and Mrs. Adaline Woolfolk, stand as the immediate predecessor of the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home, to which Dr. Newton and Aunt Martha went when it was completed and opened for its immortal work.

CHAPTER XXIV

# Col. and Mrs. Richard T. Jacob of Old Clifton

FOR years we have been trying to unearth the lost records of the first Mrs. Governor Jacob, of Westport, who was the gifted daughter of Senator Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri. In our childhood we often went with our parents to the home of Governor Jacob at Westport, and he often came to our home at Goshen. He frequently related his experiences in national affairs, but we were too young to take in the value and significance of what to us now would be priceless for this history. Senator Benton made his visits to the Jacob's home at Westport as he passed back and forth from Washington, and those visits and conversations with young Richard T. Jacob, his son-in-law, were one of the deep and powerful influences that made Col. Jacob such a staunch Union man.

Senator Benton was the great Masonic and Political champion of Andrew Jackson. Copies of his famous book, "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," were to be found in the library of nearly every cultured home in the days before the Civil War, and he was a figure of far greater significance than any United States Senator we might name now. The range of his reading and his knowledge and estimate of public men astonish you in the pages of his book. We have often heard Colonel Jacob tell incidents of Clay and Webster and Calhoun and other public men of the time when he was in Washington and studied daily the drama of national events. Here is one of the fine stories of General Jackson that Senator Benton loved to relate:

"I arrived at his home one wet, chilly evening in February, and came upon him in the twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. He started a little, called a servant to remove the two innocents to another room and explained to me how it was. The child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold, and begged him to bring it in, which he had done to please the child, his adopted son, then not two years old. The ferocious man does not do that; and though Jackson had his passion and his violence, they were for men and enemies—those who stood up against him—and not for women and children, or the weak and helpless; for all whom his feelings were those of protection and support. His hospitality was active as well as cordial, embracing the worthy in every walk of life, and seeking out deserving objects to receive it, no matter how obscure.

"Of this I learned a characteristic instance in relation to the son of the famous Daniel Boone. The young man had come to Nashville on his father's business, to be detained some weeks, and had his lodging at a small tavern, towards the lower part of town. General Jackson heard of it; sought him out; found him; took him home to remain as long as his business detained him in the country, saying, 'Your father's dog shall not stay in a tavern, when I have a house.' This was heart, and I had it from the young man himself, long after, when he

was a State Senator of the General Assembly of Missouri, and, as such, nominated me for the United States Senate at my first election in 1820: an act of hereditary friendship, as our fathers had been early friends."

Imagine what it must have meant to sit by the fireside at Old Clifton when Senator Benton came to see his daughter and her splendid husband. They were days indeed in Oldham County history.

## Mrs. Sarah Benton Jacob

Mrs. Sarah Benton Jacob was her father's favorite daughter indeed. She had two sisters, Mrs. John C. Freemont and a Mrs. Jones, whose first name we can not now recall. Mrs. Jacob was a woman of splendid commanding appearance, tall and stately as Miss Elizabeth Bacon Wright of the younger generation who was born in LaGrange. Mrs. Jacob opened her heart and home from the first to the young people of Westport and endeared herself to everybody. The late Mrs. Sallie Duerson Magruder, of Goshen, and Miss Theresa Talbot, of LaGrange, were then young girls at Westport and they carried through life the memory of her loving kindness. Mrs. Jacob could have easily been the first lady of the land but she never manifested that contemptible pride and superiority that characterize so many really inferior society types. Her father was democratic to his heart's core, and his daughter was like him to the very soul. She was happier entering into the lives and interests of all her neighbors and associates than in posing and parading above them. In gift and fame as one of the great women of Oldham County history she deservedly divides honors with Aunt Martha Eubank with whom she was very intimate.

Col. and Mrs. Jacob had two children, Richard, Jr., and Leila, who were born about 1848 and '50. They were sent to school at the Goshen Academy and boarded in the home of Mrs. Adaline Woolfolk. This drew the Jacobs to the Woolfolk home frequently and Mrs. Woolfolk often returned the visits. Dick and his sister Leila were bright young people and profited by their schooling. When Col. Jacob was elected Lieutenant Governor during the Civil War he moved to Frankfort and there his children had further advantages. We have told elsewhere how Mrs. Jacob lived in Louisville when the Colonel was away in the army. She boarded at one of the city hotels. She enjoyed her husband's little visits home greatly and one night at the hotel there was a delightful reception when Mrs. Jacob was the very life of the crowd. She was later taken suddenly ill with acute indigestion and died before morning. The grief and distress of the whole city were profound. She was a devoted Presbyterian and the Rev. James H. Dinsmore of the Goshen and Westport congregations was her pastor. He was living at Mrs. Woolfolk's and a messenger was sent for him at midnight to Goshen to come to Louisville at once when all hope of saving Mrs. Jacob was abandoned. He arose and went with all speed but our impression is that he arrived too late. He conducted the funeral service a few days afterward at the hotel parlors and all walks and ranks of life paid tribute to the memory of this noble woman. She was buried in Cave Hill cemetery.

## Dr. Johnson of Westport

One of the finest traits of Mrs. Jacob was perceiving and inspiring others to do and be their very best. Years before the Civil War Dr. Newton of Goshen thought of moving down to Mississippi where Rob Morris lived. The late Dr. Johnson, of Westport, was then a young married school teacher from Mercer county who had graduated in medicine. He came to Goshen to take Dr. Newton's practice, and boarded with Mrs. Woolfolk. Dr. Newton did not go to Mississippi and so Dr. Johnson located at Westport to practice. Col. and Mrs. Jacob at once made him welcome and she especially encouraged him. He was a finished musician with an excellent voice in those days, and withal a very highly educated and cultured man. But he was very modest and needed encouragement to bring out the best in him. Mrs. Jacob often remarked in the home of Mrs. Woolfolk that Dr. Johnson deserved a larger field and location than he had at Westport.

Dr. Johnson's wife was a Miss Gallagher; another sister married a Mr. Bozarth, of LaGrange, a prominent man and active Baptist. Another sister married a Mr. Button and lived very happily. These ties settled and cemented the attachments of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson at Westport and he lived a very useful life there. He was a very systematic and orderly man and had his garden in perfect time and season. He was a native of Ohio. He had an organ in his house. He understood the theory of music to perfection but could not play himself. He conducted a singing school and class at Goshen before he moved to Westport and trained the pupils of the Goshen Academy with fine art and success. His wife, Miss Gallagher, was a pupil of his in Mercer county and the love match resembled that of Dean Swift and Stella, the famous romance of literary history. On one occasion when there was a visiting Presbyterian minister at Westport helping our father in a revival service, he saw Dr. Johnson in his plain, simple surroundings at home, busy in house and garden. He appreciated the doctor for his genial qualities but was astonished to find him a finished Latin and Greek scholar and teacher. Such was the man and physician that Mrs. Jacob and her husband established in Westport community. Doctor Johnson died some thirty-five years ago of typhoid fever. Our father was his pastor. He and mother went to see Dr. Johnson and mother says the look of settled hopelessness on the Doctor's face was pitiful to see as they entered the room. Rev. Mr. Reynolds and other kindly neighbors were present to cheer him, but to all their pleasant remarks he only turned a sad countenance, not that he feared to die, for he was a very consecrated Christian man, but he was a very serious minded man and the giving up of life here below and entering on the last great journey moved him very deeply. He was buried on the farm of Col. Jacob at Clifton and will always be remembered and honored as their favorite physician and friend. No wonder Mrs. Sarah Jacob enjoyed his culture and personal charm. This is the only record ever made of his life and we mention all these worthy and notable people because they were so long bosom friends of our father and mother when he was the pastor at Westport.

# Annals of the Poor

THOMAS B. TALBOT

CHAPTER XXV

# Annals of the Poor

THE saying has gone abroad that the people of the old Goshen church and community were more reserved and proud and exclusive than anywhere else in Oldham county. Let us examine this statement a moment in connection with the work of men like Gideon Blackburn. Our mother, who was the very flower of that old church and community culture, says that she was always instinctively democratic. Her mother was the same way. Mother felt that if she had more of culture and privilege than others she was under obligations to help them. She says there were very few mountain types of people in the old home neighborhood. It is true that there was a difference between the families of means and culture and those who were less favored. But at the Goshen Academy the children of the entire country round had a chance for education and improvement. We can illustrate this delicate but vital social matter by reference to a book that deeply influenced the girlhood of our mother. The name of the book is "Annals of the Poor," by Rev. Leigh Richmond, a rector in Bedfordshire, England. It is dedicated to William Wilberforce, the father of the Anti-Slavery Movement in the British Empire. The author was the child of an ancient and honorable family, born in 1772. Leaping from a wall in childhood, he contracted an incurable lameness, which he carried through life. This affliction colored his thought and gave him a deeper sympathy with misfortune than most of his brother ministers possessed. He graduated with high honors and took a pastorate in a secluded village on the Isle of Wight.

Strange to say, Rev. Mr. Richmond was not truly awakened to the neglected jewels of common humanity around him until he read "Practical Views of Christianity" by William Wilberforce. This pamphlet of the great Abolitionist opened the eyes of the young pastor to the lowly poor around him. He made the astonishing discovery that the dairyman's daughter, the negro servant, the young cottager, and like rural types were capable of a godliness and nobility of character that put to blush the proud respectability of big land-owners and lords of the earth. These sketches got abroad and made Mr. Richmond famous. The book went into a second edition and was republished in America. It made a profound impression upon our mother. The young pastor discovered a vein of poetry in his soul; and some of the verses are exquisite. We could not begin to describe the big change that this book implied in the life of a country pastor. But when we review the character sketch of Gideon Blackburn at the opening of this present volume, we may well ask ourselves the question whether or not salvation is for the lost sheep of the House of Israel? As for our mother, she accepted this social gospel without question and practiced it among all classes of people. She was too true a spiritual daughter of Aunt Martha Eubank not to do this.

## Edward O. Guerrant

At this time of which we are writing, two or three years before the outbreak of the Civil War, our father was a student at Centre College, Danville. Among his schoolmates was a remarkable young man, Ed Guerrant. This young man was descended from the old Huguenots, and inherited the spirit and devotion of martyr days. Nevertheless, you would not have suspected such a spirit in the genial and fun-loving young fellow. He was very popular with his fellow students. He wrote and spoke in an easy, pleasing style. When the Civil War broke out he became a soldier under John Morgan and was a daring and chivalrous cavalryman. He studied medicine and began a successful practice ; but the call of the lowly poor, and neglected mountain people of Kentucky, took hold of his heart ; and he completed his course at the Union Theological Seminary of Virginia. Upon his graduation he was called to the First Presbyterian Church in Louisville, where Dr. Blackburn had ministered many years before.

The success of the young pastor was like that of Rector Richmond in his famous little village on the Isle of Wight, for he had the same social vision. Mr. Guerrant gathered into the old First Church scores of the lowly poor. He was one of the most amazing pastoral triumphs of the gospel in the history of the city. You would have thought that he would advance to the highest honors of the church and kingdom. But, instead, he left Louisville and went to the mountains of Kentucky where he labored for more than forty years among the types of people that John Fox made famous in his stories. In time the worth of his work brought wide renown; and he rendered services to Berea College and other institutions that will never be forgotten. This man was the bosom friend and fellow-minister of our father when he came to Goshen a half century and more ago. His name is on the old church records for the beautiful service he conducted before he left for the mountains. It is just such a ministry that is needed today in every country community throughout Oldham county.

## The Man of God at Home

The writer's father was very fortunate in being trained from his youth up on the labor principle, which was held so highly by the early colleges of the West. It was the custom of the old Jewish Rabbis to teach every spiritual pupil a trade in order to keep him practical and make him self-supporting. Our father paid his own way through college by his own labor with the addition of some help from his home church at Lexington. He attended Transylvania College at Lexington and came under the influence of two very great Presbyterian Masonic ministers, Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge and Dr. Robert G. Brank. He was skilled in the use of tools and was exact and thorough in all his studies. In a word, he was trained and fitted to become a teacher as well as a minister. So it is a matter of satisfaction and pride to us that he came into the notable succession of teachers of the Goshen Academy when Dr. Newton gave up the work. In those days just after the Civil War the Old Goshen church contained some of the finest families in its history; but they were rapidly passing away. The school life also had declined from its former renown exactly parallel with the wane of the old Masonic College at LaGrange. But he restored the Academy at

Goshen to a very high standard. Its influence in after years was far reaching in the inculcation of all the social virtues and graces of community life.

Another great joy to us is the memory of our father's pastorate at La-Grange when Rob Morris was at the summit of his fame and life work. The companionship between them was very pleasant and congenial; and our father rode the same circuit that Rev. Mr. Dinsmore had covered so faithfully twenty years before. In this way his ministry more and more led him to the common people who were always on his heart. In the midst of the county and community he dwelt like an old Jewish patriarch or prophet. A little farm of ninety acres with a small herd of choice Jersey cattle maintained the family while he went abroad on Sunday at the astonishing salary of ten dollars for a Lord's Day labor. Many times he has come in home from Westport horse-back with his beard frozen stiff with icicles. Yet he made those trips to Westport and LaGrange with a glad heart; and it was our pride and joy at times to go with him. He again opened an Academy in his own house at Goshen for select pupils pursuing the college branches. This was a work that he loved and did with ideal success. Those of us who were his pupils labored upon the farm and sustained ourselves as is was intended in the old labor colleges of his boyhood.

When his ministry at Westport and LaGrange was concluded, about the the time of Rob Morris' death, he found in due season another great field of service amongst the neglected and forgotten working people upon the farms and along the river in his own neighborhood. It seemed that his dream of the old Colonial Circuit Rider, Samuel Davies, of Virginia, dominated his life work. This great preacher was a poor boy like Gideon Blackburn and became the pastor of a wide range of country when the Presbyterian faith was outlawed in Virginia. He won the victory for free public worship and inspired the soul of Patrick Henry to become the voice and tongue of the American Revolution. He also was the supreme inspiration of our father's student days at Princeton Seminary, where the traditions of Davies and Witherspoon are commingled in noble religious and fraternal memory.

## Jacob Ditzler

It meant something for a man of this type to reside in the community. Rev. George Froh and the late Dr. Jacob Ditzler were bosom friends and fellow-ministers of our father. Dr. Ditzler and his brothers deserve the highest credit for the success they attained in life and the gospel calling. The father of Dr. Ditzler was an honest, hard-working German nurseryman. In the days when Dr. McCown conducted the Goshen Academy the Ditzler brothers and sister came to school in a spring wagon with a black horse. There were no barns and stables in those days to shelter vehicles and horses at school such as we have now. These young people studied hard and three preachers and one sister of great merit came out of that family. Jacob Ditzler stirred the ambition of the rest; and today we hold in our hand a book on Christian Baptism by Dr. Ditzler, dedicated "To My Beloved and Esteemed Former Preceptor, Rev. B. H. McCown, D. D.," This book was written at Longview, the home of Dr. Ditzler near Prospect. The words of dedication to Dr. McCown are very appreciative:

"Dear Sir: For several years after attending college, I had the honor of pursuing the languages under your direction. You were present, as you told me, during the discussion between Mr. Campbell and Rice at Lexington, Ky. Elder A. Campbell, as the debate shows, selected you as a most proper authority to whom on his part, he preferred referring a philosophical point in dispute. You are presumed, therefore, on both sides of this controversy, to be an impartial and able witness. Not on this account only, but because of your former kindness toward and interest in the Author, I have dedicated this book, the result of so much pains and toil, to you, as an humble token of regard, and subscribe myself,

"Yours in Christ.

1880. "J. DITZLER."

CHAPTER XXVI

# Hurried to Heaven

IN an old garden under some dark cedar trees on the Busey Snowden farm near Goshen, Kentucky, is a stone sarcophagus covering the grave of the Rev. John N. Blackburn, the young Presbyterian pastor-teacher of the old Goshen church and school ninety years ago. This young man was the son of the famous and eloquent Gideon Blackburn, founder of the old church and the most beloved preacher of pioneer days in Oldham county. He settled down here for a number of years under the direction of his gifted father and educated all the young people of the first generation of pioneers from Charlestown across the river, from Westport, LaGrange and the surrounding country. His school house was the Giltner Snowden home. He lived afterward and lies buried at the Busey Snowden farm. Mr. Blackburn was a very handsome man, with soft dark eyes and a black beard. He was very popular with his pupils and a gracious, gifted evangelist. He labored with such diligence that when he moved to Woodford county a few years later he was taken sick and died suddenly—"Hurried to Heaven," as the inscription upon his tombstone states so truly. He was only forty-four years old and died amid the grief and sorrow of a circle of people whose descendants even today pass his resting place with a reverent glance and speak his name with tender love.

Religion was possibly the first great civilizing force in the pioneer community; and Mr. Blackburn was its highest expression in our midst. He was a Hero of Yesterday. We come now to the life story of a man who nearly one hundred years after laid down his life for our community in supreme Christian love and Masonic devotion. This man was a Hero of Today—Rev. William Payton, the son of Emily and Gaines Payton, born in Munfordsville, Hart county, Ky., September 7, 1872. William Payton was descended from an old Virginia family who came to this State one hundred years ago. Silas M. Payton was one prominent member of the family and was a benevolent slave-holder of old days. It is said that he spoke to his slaves at all times with kindness and attention to their well-being. In the line of the Payton family were a number of ministers. The wives and mothers were mostly Presbyterians and William Payton inherited the gift of an evangelist to an unusual degree.

One day on the old farm of Stapleton Crutchfield near West Goshen, Kentucky, many years ago his granddaughter, Julia, now Mrs. Julia Snowden, and her companions, saw a burial party from the river bottom below. They were bringing the body of a child to put away in the earth without a song or prayer. To this earnest and tender-hearted young Christian girl the scene was shocking, for it was burying a child like a beast. Yet the people could not help it, for no one took any interest in them and no minister of the gospel or religious worker ever crossed their doorway. This was reported to the Christian people on the hill and Mrs. Julia Snowden, Mrs. Emma Hampton, Mrs. Sallie Taylor, Mrs. Mary Rule and other noble Christian women went to the

help of the people down in the bottom. In due time, about the year 1895, Rev. John Rule went as an evangelist to these people and a little church was organized which served for twenty-five years as a church and school among them. Rev. Mr. Rule became too old to minister longer to his beloved little flock.

It had fallen to the lot of his sons to keep this work going. The people are a transient population and at times the congregation is small; then again it is large. But on both sides of the river are between twenty and thirty families who belong to the circle of this little church. During the summer of 1921 many distracting influences made the work fall to a low ebb. But the faithful few down there hoped and prayed for a revival in the fall. It became our duty to find a man in the Presbytery of Louisville, U. S., to conduct such a meeting. The Home Mission Committee earnestly recommended to us the Rev. William Payton, pastor-evangelist of a little mission on Seventh street. We went to see Rev. Mr. Payton and engaged his services. He had been ill for several months and was very much discouraged about himself, but he manifested an enthusiasm to come that gave promise of a great meeting.

In our own spare time given on Sunday afternoons and Mondays from our regular work as a prison chaplain at the Indiana Reformatory, Jeffersonville, we had visited the cottages of these working people and felt a great love for their personal goodness and desire for their spiritual uplift. As we knelt in prayer with them in the humble home of Isaac Brown now deceased, a great assurance came down from heaven; and on the first night that Mr. Payton came he revealed a power and consecration as an evangelist that astonished the little congregation. The Divine Spirit descended as it did in the days of John N. Blackburn one hundred years ago. The sermon was simple and heart-searching. People sat as if dumb under the spell of this wonderful man. Not in a life-time had we seen such compelling sympathy and amazing demonstration of devoted leadership. The crowds increased from night to night until the little house could not contain them. One after another the souls of the wandering and lost were brought back into the fold.

Mr. Payton sojourned in the hospitable family of Mr. J. P. Brown and made his visits round about during the day. Across the hill stood one cottage where Aunt Martha Eubank taught a school for Stapleton Crutchfield in 1854. To this cottage Mr. Payton went and gathered in a whole family who were hungering for religious fellowship. Thus he labored until the meeting closed with Pentecostal power and then he returned to Louisville. A plan was on foot to get him to hold a similar meeting at the Goshen Presbyterian Church. But diphtheria in the public schools prevented. Then word came that Mr. Payton was on a sick bed. He got no better but was taken to the Deaconess Hospital in Louisville where he died Sunday morning, November 20, 1921.

The grief of Louisville Presbytery, Mr. Payton's own family and little church, and the sorrow of the West Goshen community, where he spent the last remnant of his strength like John N. Blackburn 100 years ago, can scarcely be imagined. We attended his funeral service on Monday, November 21, and witnessed the mourning congregation. A touching floral design from them bore the letters of fragrant blossoms, "Our Shepherd." Upon the gray casket containing the mortal remains of our departed brother minister was the Masonic apron; and

the precious burden was carried by the members of his lodge, who loved him as did his own people. It has been a long time since we looked into the tranquil countenance of a nobler saint of God who had answered the last summons and gone to the presence of the Great Architect and Father of us all with such a smile.

In these days of so many distracting influences and forces contrary to unselfish living and soul-consecration the story of this man reads like a romance of the First Century. Never have we seen outside of the circle and group of Rob Morris himself such a perfect combination of Christian service and Masonic brotherhood. It seemed to all of us that this man was sent of God to bring back to our neighborhood and people the glory and richness of generations gone by. To see him cut down by the hand of death in the prime of his great ministry was one of those dark problems that fill the human spirit with unutterable sorrow. So we have determined to put upon record for the years to come the facts of this man's life and death for others.

William Payton grew up in Munfordsville, Kentucky, and lived there till his school days were over. He was twenty years old when his father died at the age of fifty-nine; and the responsibility of helping support the family came upon him and his brothers. Two of his brothers and one sister were teachers and they helped him with his education.

One of his brothers was an editor at Munfordsville. William Payton went with a young man who was well educated and thus improved himself through friendship. They lived close by and whistled for each other when they wanted to go out together. He read good books and made a study of history and human nature. He was very popular among his boy companions and was a born leader in all social and recreational exercises. He was converted in his teens. He was in the church as a member five years before he became a real Christian. He was miserable until he found peace with God. His mother was at his side in an upper room when he was converted. It was after the death of a younger sister who was a very beautiful girl. He was very fond of her. On her dying bed she saw Jesus coming for her. He himself was the youngest brother and she the youngest sister in the family. His conversion brought him suddenly out of a great sorrow into a great joy. He felt so happy that he got far away from the idea that religion took all the pleasure and happiness out of life. Thus he was ever an evangel of love and sunshine and his presence was full of magnetism beyond words to describe.

William Payton was a railroad worker on the L. & N. and I. C. roads before he studied for the ministry. He quit the road when he married. His brother Silas taught him how to write up insurance and he worked hard at night cultivating those gifts and faculties which enable one to approach others with a proposition successfully. In this way William Payton discovered within himself unusual capacity to win men. Side by side with business success, which brought him a comfortable living for his family at a useful vocation, he developed his powers of persuasion in a spiritual way that made him an evangelist with increasing results and fruits. All this time in his younger days he was surrounded by temptations to drink and gamble that tested the mettle of young men everywhere in Kentucky. This was the greatest battle he ever fought and it gave him a heart for those people in the outlying districts

of towns and cities that the average church rarely reaches. In a word he went to the lost sheep wherever he found them.

The first mission work that William Payton did in Louisville was in behalf of colored people. While he was still railroading he did his work well but his heart was even then in the work of the ministry. When he took up insurance work he was located in Mt. Sterling and organized a Sunday School work out in the country. He was all this time getting experience as a preacher and evangelist. He lived at Mt. Sterling a year and a half, then went to Jeffersonville, Ind., for his company and started a mission work at the edge of town where he preached at night. He lived there about one year and was sent to Paducah, Ky., at a good salary. He continued his mission work down there. Droves of children followed him to these meetings, for they loved him like a father. He was in comfort and happiness with his family but was fighting the call to preach the gospel as a life work. His little girl sixteen months old was taken sick and during the crisis of her illness he fought the battle with himself to the end. She died and he was so grieved against God for taking her away that his heart was broken. His pastor stood by him until he surrendered to the call to preach the gospel. He made up his mind to trust God for the support of his family.

William Payton entered the Presbyterian Seminary in Louisville in 1911. He worked at the insurance business all the time and got a good support out of it. He did not even take advantage of the students' loan. He studied hard late and early and was a great favorite with his teachers. He had a very loving and unselfish nature and all the students were devoted to him. He increased in his ability and inspiration as a forceful preacher of the gospel. We never heard him but once, yet that sermon will remain in memory so long as we live. Those who heard him in the little meeting at West Goshen say that he had a power of analyzing human nature and clearing out the dark corners of excuse and self-righteousness that amazed his listeners. Ordinary people went away from the services repeating his stories and thoughts all day long in the field and by the fireside to one another.

It is told that during his seminary days he went to Danville where he had a church in the west part of town. A blind tiger was the social center of that neighborhood. William Payton by the wonderful Christian and Masonic power of his influence got the owner of this place to close it up. He did so by dropping in, ordering a coca-cola and then addressing himself to the reason, conscience and heart of the proprietor. The women of the community drank as well as the men and it was a great victory when the joint shut down. Carrie Nation herself could not have done a more thorough piece of work. The kegs and bottles were emptied and broken. Chairs were secured and the place was opened up as a Sunday School and mission chapel. Mr. Payton said nothing to the people about his own church connections. A union church was organized and the work was done so that even the Catholics took part and were satisfied. The Presbyterians were the largest contributors to this work and Mr. Payton went there with his wife in May, 1914, after he graduated from the Seminary. His wife was a great helper in all his work and to her he is indebted for much of his success in these difficult fields.

In spite of his gifts as a preacher, William Payton was not tempted to the places of comfort and large salary. It was characteristic of him to accept a call to the Corbin, Ky., Presbyterian church in the mountains just before Thanksgiving, 1914. He was there six months and brought up the membership of the church nearly double. He went to a little settlement outside of town far upon the mountains and started a Sunday School. The people began to come and the children loved him as they always did. In due time a new church was organized in that place with a great crowd and a big revival. One story told of him there is that he found a poor woman living under a cliff in January with a little fire and two beds. Her children were half frozen, for the snow was deep and the temperature was down to zero. He brought relief to them and they became members of his church.

This mountain work was very hard on Mr. Payton's health and for a time he gave up the active ministry and returned to the insurance business. But it was impossible for him to remain out of service. He preached a great deal for colored people and the poor white people where they were neglected. Down on Seventh street he found a mission hall that the holiness workers had left. So he prayed over this until God sent him a friend who bore half the expense of fitting up the place for work. It grew and soon afterward the Seventh Street Presbyterian church was organized. This work drew to him the attention of the religious people all over Louisville and Kentucky. He was called for by the larger churches to hold mission revivals everywhere. His success was astonishing. When he was ordained in his old home town of Munfordsville his mother was present. He went out on the street and brought in some of his old friends who were not converted that they might be brought to Christ in the service. His success in soul winning was like this ever afterward.

William Payton was made a Mason at Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, while he was living there in 1909. It was in the fall of the year. He was in the prime of his early manhood when he took the Masonic vows and it was the spirit of brotherhood and human kindness that gave his gospel messages such astonishing force with everybody. He would divide his last dollar with you. In the West Goshen meeting he rose to almost supernatural vision and consecration. His wife told us that he was impressed that his days were numbered, for he had a fatal malady that medical science could not cure. He came to us like a man going to offer himself for his country. He died in the way that the saints of old passed from earth. He had a vision of his mother near him and the voices of heaven were around him when his mortal spirit took flight. A beautiful memorial service was set for Sunday afternoon, November 27, 1921, at West Goshen. The Rev. A. A. Higgins and Dr. Sweets, of the Christian Observer, conducted his funeral in Louisville at his own little mission pastorate. He was a member of Lewis Lodge in Portland and was a very devoted member. Surely this man's labors entitle him to eternal memory in our community.

We understand that the First Presbyterian Church of Louisville, with which Mr. Payton's mission was connected, stood by him in his last illness as a Mother Church indeed. It shows the fraternal spirit of a true Church of God.

CHAPTER XXVII

# The Work at West Goshen

ON Tuesday night, October 31st, 1922, The Home Mission Committee of Louisville Presbytery, U. S., after careful consideration of the petition of the people of West Goshen neighborhood in Oldham County, to be organized into a separate and distinct church, unanimously voted in favor of this organization. The matter was to be presented to Presbytery within a month, and the organization gave promise to be accomplished by Christmas time. Rev. A. A. Higgins, of the Committee, who conducted a most inspiring revival service at Goshen in July of the same year, visited West Goshen on the third Sunday afternoon of November and made a careful survey of the field to report to Presbytery. Mr. Owen R. Mann, Secretary of the Committee of Home Missions, had in mind the extension and enlargement of the little West Goshen Chapel so as to afford room for Sunday School and social work in the building. Mr. Mann attended the October revival of 1922 continuously and did such splendid personal work that he presented the petition to the Home Mission Committee and made the recommendations for an immediate organization of the church.

Mr. Thos. B. Talbot, of West Lexington Presbytery, the lay evangelist, who conducted the revival meeting of 1922 at West Goshen that resulted in such a large ingathering, was a convert in early youth of the late famous Presbyterian mountain evangelist, Rev. E. O. Guerrant. Mr. Talbot speaks of Dr. Guerrant as an intrepid Soldier of the Cross, and his own missionary and educational work for the uplift of Kentucky mountain people, follows out the unfinished gospel program of Dr. Guerrant. Mr. Talbot became a lay minister by teaching in and organizing Sunday Schools in out of the way places where churches and congregations were afterward gathered together. He is a small man of slender build, like Dr. Guerrant, with dark hair and eyes and a very pleasant, companionable appearance and manner. After the death of Rev. William Payton, who held the West Goshen revival in 1921, Mr. Talbot was contemplated to do the work in 1922. He came to the Indiana Reformatory one Sunday morning in March of that year, and as Chaplain, we decided upon him instantly when we saw how quickly Mr. Talbot caught the heart of a prison audience by humor and truth presented in his own very striking and original way. Mr. Talbot was the son of a widowed mother, who taught school most of the time at forty dollars a month to support six children. His father was a Free Mason, and after his death the Lodge took care of the little family until the mother was able to provide for them. This experience of struggle finally drew Mr. Talbot into the work for the unfortunate boys and girls of our great mountain counties. He said that their loneliness and poverty and the lack of instruction in the comforts and refinements of home making impelled him to go as a messenger and teacher of better things to them. He came to West Goshen with the same earnest purpose and accomplished results that will be felt in the community for a generation hence.

At a community prayer service in the home of Mrs. Emma Smith Hampton, Wednesday night, November 1st, 1922, this good woman told the story of how the work for the river bottom people originated thirty-five years ago. She was wonderfully converted in a Methodist revival at Shiloh Church and was full of zeal and earnestness to do good unto others. She came down to Goshen and went with Miss Fanny Payton to visit a sick family on the Robert Snowden farm. They were negroes and yet she ministered to them and prayed with them besides giving them food and other necessities. They next went down to Harmony Landing where a family of white people were ill with measles. Mrs. Hampton said that Miss Fanny saw them as sick people, but to her they were also souls in distress because of sin; and they both worked joyfully to relieve the situation. The outcome was a little Sunday School under the spreading branches of a beech tree at this house during the summer. The Christian minister, Rev. Mr. Meevers, gave his help; but Mrs. Hampton was the worker with a vision. She taught the children and this man rather grew in vision afterward, and the work at this place was the real beginning of the West Goshen Mission of later years which was set on foot by Rev. John Rule.

Ten years of Mrs. Hampton's childhood were spent at the home of her Grandfather Shrader in the river bottom on the old Gilpin place at West Goshen. Her father managed the farm and the people who worked appealed to her sympathies unconsciously; but it was not until after her conversion that she understood the struggle and tragedy of their daily lives. Her mission of mercy took her down to an old hut on a certain farm where a poor white woman was dying of tuberculosis. Miss Emma's family and friends were very uneasy at the thought of her going to this terrible place and disease. But she braved it anyhow and found the woman upon an old straw mattress with no sheeting on the bed and no clean pillow for her head. A great rough man and several children in rags and dirt greeted her and Miss Fanny when they arrived. Again they sang and prayed and brought food and clothing and clean bedding. Mrs. Mary Rule, Mrs. Sallie Taylor and perhaps one or two others encouraged them on this mission. The work they did set a standard of Christian service that would have transformed the religious life of the entire community if the vision they shared could only have been general.

The writer's father, Rev. John Rule, was the founder of the little church that ultimately grew out of this movement to save the working people of West Goshen community. Like a Covenanter of old, Mr. Rule went to his task with a great devotion; and he has left on record an account of the work that will live in the story of Presbyterian Missions in this county. His story follows:

"In a section called the River Bottom, opposite Goshen, Kentucky, extending up the river from Harmony Landing about two and a half miles, lived a number of laboring people who were without any religious service. In addition to these, on the opposite shore, the Indiana side of the river, there were other families who, with their skiffs, often crossed the river, and associated with the people in the bottom. In July, 1895, C. W. Rule, son of Rev. John Rule (who was without charge), visited a few of the families in the Bottom and asked them if they would like to have a Sunday afternoon religious service.

They responded that they would. So he appointed a service at three P. M. on the second Sabbath of July, and Rev. John Rule began the work on that date.

"They had prepared seats with some logs and some planks in front of a tenant house on the farm of A. R. Singleton, under several locust trees, about midway of the bottom. About one and one-half dozen people were present at the first service. Women came wearing their sunbonnets, the men in their shirt-sleeves. All were attentive, but though the gospel hymns were used, they knew but little how to sing them. At the close of the service, another appointment was made for next Sabbath at the same house. Mr. Rule thought that some who had come to the first service had come out of curiosity and perhaps the next service would not be so well attended. In this, however, he was mistaken. There were more at the second service than there were at the first. These services were conducted regularly every Sabbath afternoon until the latter part of September. At the close of the services, September 22nd, one of the attendants at the service saw Mr. Rule and said to him. "Your preaching has stirred us all up. We want a protracted meeting if you will do the preaching. We have no place to hold it; but we can get some wagon-sheets and make a tent and light the tent with lanterns." Mr. Rule told them to go ahead and build their tent and he would do the preaching; and that the meeting would begin the next Wednesday night, September 25th.

"When he went down, he found the tent well filled, and interest was manifested from the very beginning. The meeting could be held in the tent only two nights, as the weather turned much cooler and the second night there was also considerable wind. So the place of service was changed to the house of a Mrs. Ulmer. The meeting continued for nine days. At the close of the meeting twenty-three persons, all grown, and quite a number of them heads of families, had come forward in evidence that they had accepted Christ and wished to live a Christian life.

"The night before the meeting closed, a committee was sent out to meet Mr. Rule as he arrived at the meeting, to ask him how they were all to be baptized. He told them any way they preferred. There were not far off a Baptist, a Christian, a Methodist and a Presbyterian church. They could get to go into any one of these churches they chose to. The next night before the meeting opened, the committee met Mr. Rule and told him they had considered the matter and decided not to divide up but all would go with him.

"The meeting closed on Friday night, and a meeting was appointed the following Sunday afternoon, at the house of Frank Smith, at which there would be a meeting of the Goshen Presbyterian session, to receive into that church all who desired to be received. The session met at Frank Smith's the following Sunday afternoon, October 6th, 1895. There were present Elders R. J. Woolfolk, Dr. A. M. Morrison, and Charles Collier. Rev. John Rule was invited to moderate the session. The session was opened with prayer. The following persons presented themselves as candidates for membership in the Goshen Church: Geo. Washburn, Mrs. Mary Washburn, Mrs. Alonzo Hall, Mrs. Mary Hall, Walter Hall, Wm. H. Hall, Mrs. Mary Hall, Mrs. Lulie Tacket, Frank Smith, Mrs. Lillie Smith, Lucian Stevens, Mrs. Sarah C. Stevens, Mrs. Florence Bryson, Mrs. Cora Bryson, Chas. Bryson, Joseph A. Hall, Mrs.

Mattie Hall, Chas. Smith, James Bryson, Mrs. Emma Bryson, Mrs. Belle Sears, Minerva Bryson, and Mrs. Mary Ulmer.

"The above named persons upon profession of faith and having been baptized were received by the session into full communion with the Goshen Church. Session was closed with prayer.

"Services were conducted every Sabbath. A place of worship was needed. These people said that while they had no money they would put in their time helping to build a chapel. A subscription was started among the Goshen people. A nice and comfortable chapel was built on a piece of land donated by A. R. Singleton, furnished and paid for, and was dedicated on Sunday, April 19, 1896. The dedication service sermon was preached by Rev. Thomas Converse, D. D., of Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Singleton, in addition to giving

THE WEST GOSHEN DAY SCHOOL
Taught by Miss Lizzie Lee
About 1907

a lot for the chapel also gave the land adjoining the lot of the chapel for a cemetery. The church and the cemetery were both enclosed with a nice fence with nice gates."

## Special Meeting

Louisville, Ky., November 28, 1922.

A Special Meeting of the Presbytery of Louisville was held today at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at 2 p. m.

The Presbytery was called to order by the Moderator Rev. P. H. Pleune, and was opened with prayer.

There were present the following: Ministers—T. E. Gouwens, R. L. St. Clair, J. R. Woodson, I. J. Heizer, J. P. Smith, Jr., A. A. Higgins, W. T. McElroy, P. H. Pleune, J. V. Logan, and Ruling Elder C. W. Rule, of the Goshen church.

Rev. L. V. Rule, of the Presbytery of New Albany, U. S. A., was invited to sit as a corresponding member.

A petition was read, with the following fifty-seven names attached, asking for the organization of a church at West Goshen:

Michael Carter, Mrs. Mary Hall, Theo Zimmerman, Mrs. Nettie Carter, Fred Hall, Mrs. Elam Elkins, Mrs. Daisy Hampton, Mrs. Fred Hall, Mrs. Mary Anne Miller, Virgil Hall, Birdie Harbin, Minnie May Harbin, Arthur Smith, Frank Smith, Mrs. Lillie Smith, Thomas Harbin, Ethel Yocum Hall, James Harbin, Leola Smith, Mrs. Cora Henderson, Mrs. Mamie Walker, Catherine Smith, Dorothy Hall, Stanford Smith, Thomas Smith, Demsey Smith, Aileen Carter, Hallie Hall, Elizabeth Hall, Chas. Walker, William Hampton, Wm. Hall Jr., Lee Rowen, Mrs. John Ditchler, Lottie Harbin, Mrs. Cunningham, Anna L. Harbin, Mrs. Mattie Hall, Oscar Smith, Manuel Washburn, Mrs. Oscar Smith, Leonard Walker, Lucile Cunningham, Alma Fay Beare, Wm. Horstman, Wesley Washburn, Paul Meeks, Louise Washburn, Mrs. Annie Rosenberger, John A. Ditchler, Mrs. Emma Horstman, Raymond Carter, Henry Perkinson, Rosa Horstman, Theodore Blythe, Gertrude Cosine, Elam Elkins

After a full statement of the history of the Mission at West Goshen and its present condition, by Rev. L. V. Rule and Ruling Elder C. W. Rule, and after a full discussion by the members of the Presbytery, the request was heartily granted. The following commission was appointed for the organization of this church: Rev. A. A. Higgins, Chairman; Rev. W. T. McElroy, Rev. John Rule, Rev. R. L. St. Clair, and Ruling Elders C. W. Rule and Owen R. Mann.

The Commission appointed to organize a church at West Goshen Chapel reported to Presbytery later on that it met at that place Sunday, December 3, 1922, and was constituted with prayer. A sermon was preached by Rev. R. L. St. Clair, the constitutional questions were propounded by Rev. A. A. Higgins, D. D., Chairman. A letter was presented from the Goshen church containing fifty-seven names who entered into the organization. The prayer was made by Rev. Lucian V. Rule, a member of the Commission by invitation. Elders and deacons were then elected and the Commission adjourned till January 7, 1923, to complete the organization by the ordination and installation of the elders and the deacons. There were present Rev. A. A. Higgins, Rev. R. L. St. Clair, Ruling Elder Owen R. Mann, Rev. Lucian V. Rule, and Mr. Thomas B. Talbot, by invitation.

On Sunday, January 7, 1923, the Commission met at the church and was opened with prayer and a sermon was preached. The following officers were ordained and installed: Ruling Elders Frank Smith, Elam Elkins; Deacons Arthur Smith and William Hampton. The name chosen for the church was the "Rule Memorial Church." The organization was completed. The members of the Commission present were Rev. A. A. Higgins, Rev. Wm. T. McElroy, and Ruling Elder C. W. Rule.

CHAPTER XXVIII

# The Struggle For A Free School at West Goshen

THE first school house of which we have record or tradition in the neighborhood of West Goshen stood on the Clarence Stoll farm in a beautiful woodland of native forest trees. It was on the hill sloping eastward and was built of logs with windows around the walls to let in the light upon the desks, which ran the entire length of the sides and were set in the walls with a slope downward. The benches on the four sides of the building were backless, the pupils sitting with faces to the wall and swinging around toward the middle of the room when the classes were called. A single long, backless recitation bench was the only additional furniture unless perhaps a simple desk or table and chair for the teacher. This school flourished during the Mexican War and was taught by a Prof. William Johnson of New England, who was a man of real ability and under whom the children of the surrounding neighborhood made real progress. The establishment of a branch Goshen school at West Goshen in the year 1923 was in keeping with historic tradition and community necessity. The West Goshen School will do the same foundation work amoung the children of that neighborhood that is intended to be done in the small out-lying schools surrounding the consolidated school at Liberty above us.

It is to Mr. W. B. Belknap, our worthy representative in the Legislature, that we are indebted for the move that has made this school at West Goshen financially possible. The statement at the head of the subscription paper prepared by Mr. Belknap for the people of West Goshen was simple and to the point, as follows: "In order to raise money for a school at West Goshen and to show the County Superintendent that we are in earnest, the undersigned make the following subscriptions for the year 1923-4." Starting this paper off with a generous contribution himself, Mr. Belknap inspired others to take hold. He outlined to us in conversation the method and spirit necessary to make this school a success. Mr. Arthur Smith, a young deacon at West Goshen church, took this subscription paper and worked with a zeal highly commendable. J. A. Ditchler and several hard-working men of West Goshen made subscriptions that, in proportion to their earthly possessions, would deserve praise beyond all words. Mr. Eugene Pinnell, Mr. Rob Shrader, Mr. J. P. Nicholson, and other farmer friends of West Goshen came to the aid of the work with strong hands and willing hearts. Two mass meetings held on church days, with remarkable free discussion from the men and women as in the old town meetings of New England, topped off with pie and chicken, cake and lemonade, not to mention juicy sandwiches galore, unified these people to undertake what at the outset seemed but a fool's dream.

When the committee, which consisted of Eugene Pinnell, J. P. Nicholson, Rob Shrader, J. A. Ditchler, Arthur Smith, Fred Hall, C. W. Rule and Wes King, presented the appeal to the County Superintendent with the pledges made, he

was convinced, as Mr. Belknap had indicated he would be, by the pledge made. Prof. Selph deserves the highest commendation for the manner in which he presented the cause of these West Goshen children to the County Board of Education. The Board not only appropriated three hundred dollars without hesitation, but Mr. Wade Hampton of the Board afterward constantly advised and suggested in the details of this school. State Superintendent George Colvin sent a special school inspector with Prof. Selph to West Goshen and they directed what was needed and convinced themselves of the practical necessity of the school at this point. Prof. Selph with clear foresight predicted the thorough school privileges that would henceforth be given to those children as a matter of justice to the child of every humble citizen. We are as proud and happy over this little school as the Liberty people are over their new brick building. Mr. Selph said that in fact the entire school movement in this corner of the country is one with future education among us. The Goshen school itself is full and the West Goshen school started off with thirty-three pupils. In the end it will give to the children on the hill and to those in the bottom better chances and more thorough training. To Prof. Willis Kemp of Jefferson county we were also indebted for constant encouragement. This was all in fulfillment of prayer and sacrifice such as the outside world but little dreams of, yet which Prof. Kemp saw and rallied to with unerring insight and human sympathy.

## "The Backwoods Seminary"

We are putting on record the detailed facts of this school movement in the Goshen and Liberty neighborhood because the people pushing it are unconsciously building on similar foundations laid one hundred years ago. The presence of the Todd brothers in the command of George Rogers Clark around Louisville had much to do with drawing Rev. John Todd, their first cousin, to this vicinity. He came to Kentucky from Hanover Presbytery, Virginia, in 1809. He was a New School man. In this he was in most hearty accord with Gideon Blackburn. Mr. Todd was perhaps too insistent over his views for he was most solemnly admonished by the Presbytery of Transylvania, August 14, 1812. The matter was carried to Synod but Presbytery took action April 15, 1813, positively suspending him for the time being. Mr. Todd's appeal to the Synod was in vain. So he came to this frontier settlement to preach the gospel and to establish schools. We find him in the community east of Charlestown, Indiana, about this time promoting churches and schools among the pioneers. October 11, 1817, Transylvania Presbytery, upon his appeal and explanation of his views, restored him to full fellowship. These are painful facts to recall in the history of so great a man; but they give us a clue to the school movement in this section a century ago. The Legislature of Kentucky in 1798 appropriated several land endowments to prospective backwoods seminaries, namely, Franklin, Salem, Jefferson and Lexington. Little's "Laws of Kentucky," Vols. 1 and 2, give record of this transaction. The tract of land around Harrod's Creek, and extending into what is now Oldham County, was such an appropriation for Transylvania Seminary, which Mr. Todd seems to have contemplated establishing at that time in this vicinity. We have, however, only problematic evidence of this. But since he and Dr. Blackburn seem to have together established the Acadamy in Goshen neighborhood shortly afterward and put the gifted son of Dr. Blackburn in charge, the evidence assumes a more probable character.

Dr. Blackburn, as Moderator of the Synod of Kentucky at Shelbyville, October 18, 1824, signed an order of Synod put forth as a Memorial regarding the original struggle of the Presbyterians over Transylvania Seminary. This memorial recites that the Presbyterians gave the first impulse to a system of liberal education in Kentucky. The patrons of this movement were Rev. John Todd, Sr., Col. John Todd, Rev. David Rice and Hon. Caleb Wallace. The controversy involved also the library of Rev. John Todd, Sr., given to the Transylvania school. As this matter came up only a few years before Dr. Blackburn's installation as President of Centre College we readily see that this is all one story. The Jefferson Seminary, mentioned with the other backwoods schools for which the Legislature of 1798 appropriated lands, was without doubt one of the earliest schools in Louisville, the trustees of which were John Thompson, William Crogan, Alexander S. Bullitt, James Merriweather, John Thurston, Henry Churchhill, William Taylor, and Richard Clough Anderson.

The West Goshen day school fifteen years ago grew out of the Sunday school. George Washburn, Frank Smith, Will and Ed Hall and others who had children to educate, put their money together and appealed to the Presbyterian church for additional support. Miss Lizzie Lee, a splendid teacher from the Presbyterian church in Springfield, Ky., was employed. The Women's Club, of Louisville, came to the front with one hundred dollars and a donation of books to the little library. Miss Lee taught for two years and was succeeded by Miss Merle Brown and Miss Nettie Hall. The good done was fundamental in character. And now the Presbyterian church has once more come to the aid of the little school to help establish it permanently.

## Thomas B. Talbot

"The Little Man of the Mountains" is Elder Thomas B. Talbot, Superintendent of Home Missions in West Lexington Presbytery. He came to West Goshen for the basket meeting on Sunday, September 2, 1923. The people have been devoted to him ever since the revival in the fall of 1922. He made a talk at the basket meeting which will never be forgotten.

Mr. Talbot is the spiritual child of Evangelist E. O. Guerrant, the famous Presbyterian mountain missionary. Like Dr. Guerrant, he is a small man but very much alive. After conducting the last big chapel service at the Indiana Reformatory before its removal from Jeffersonville, he arrived at West Goshen when the good women were spreading the chicken and pie, the sandwiches and cakes. Bubbling over with fun and beaming with humor, he set the crowd to laughing in a moment. This continued during the entire bountiful meal. A photograph was taken of the assemblage immediately after dinner. The Goshen pastor and his people were well represented. The afternoon service was a climax of the school movement for the entire summer. Mr. Talbot said that he was the father of four daughters and two sons, one of whom, his own namesake, was with him. He said that his other boy reached a point in his education where he was ready to stop, and that it required the exercise of unyielding parental authority to push the boy past this crisis. His son said to him not long ago that he would now place a value of ten thousand dollars on that one year when he continued at school. Mr. Talbot showed the people of West Goshen what their sacrifice would mean in years to come. He gave

WEST GOSHEN CHURCH AND SCHOOL

Evangelist Thomas B. Talbot and section of crowd at the Church and School Basket Meeting Sunday, September 2, 1923. Left to right of doorway are Rev. L. V. Rule, pastor; Evangelist Talbot, Elders Wesley King and C. W. Rule, of Goshen Church.

instances from his mountain work that prove the possibilities bound up in the country boy and girl. He closed with an appeal to the parents to stand by their work.

Mr. Wes King arose and followed Mr. Talbot with very earnest words to the same effect. C. W. Rule, Trustee of Goshen and West Goshen schools, announced the success of the school movement with enthusiasm. Mr. Virgil Snowden was present with his wife, who sang in the service. He arose and said: "I wish to add my word of gratitude at the success of this school movement. I have known you people since my boyhood. I have worked and toiled in the field by your side for many years. I have known your struggles and hardships to provide for your families; and I know as well as you do the sacrifice you have made to put this school over financially. You will find that education is the basis of your religion if it is not to be mere blind feeling. Give your boys and girls something in this school that time can not take from them. Prepare them for the future; and in the end you will realize a success out of your struggles that you can scarcely dream of now."

Mrs. Wes King, Miss Mary Collier, and others put in a word of hope and good cheer. Aileen Carter sang a very sweet song of service that was echoed in every heart. As we sat there beside Mr. Talbot we remembered the little log school house on the Stoll farm where our mother went long ago. The preachers of Old Goshen church were mostly teachers of the community school as a matter of necessity. Elder Francis Snowden took care of the pastor teachers during his lifetime. In his old age and after his death they were cared for at the Woolfolk home.

Mr. Talbot was spiritually nourished in the arms of the fathers and mothers of Israel belonging to that generation. The traditions of the pioneer Presbyterian teachers and pastors around Danville stamped something upon his soul that later on called him from a successful business life into the real work of the ministry. The revival meeting of October 1923 at West Goshen was in his hands. The church and social work intermingled. The aim was to give the humblest and most distant child of the community access to the best possible mental training and moral development.

It is by no means strange that the most cultured and refined Presbyterian families should produce pastors of the people and evangelists of the common life. Evangelist Talbot is a direct descendant of Governor Owsley and inherits his marvelous humor and human anecdote from the line of his mother's sister—Miss Nannie Barbee, the impersonator and dialect reciter of Danville. Evangelist Talbot's mother was left a widow with six children and she was a teacher for forty years. He said recently that her memory was the richest inheritance of his life. When he stood beside her casket and looked upon the beloved face for the last time he bewailed with bitter tears the recollection of the slightest impatience and inappreciation he had ever shown for the sacrifices in his behalf. Her good husband was a Freemason and friends were kind to her when he was gone; but nevertheless it was no easy matter to face life with six children to support and educate on the salary paid to teachers in the State of Kentucky forty and fifty years ago.

The Talbots were of Virginia descent, but there was sold some time ago in the city of New York by a dealer in rare books and literary treasures an old

Talbot family Bible of precisely the same date and print and edition as the famous Dallas family Bible which Dr. Rob Morris presented to Fortitude Lodge after the Civil War. We understand that the gentleman who purchased the old Talbot Bible cherishes it very highly and has made of it a family Bible of his own household. Evangelist Talbot has never become a Freemason, but he says he holds the order in highest regard because of his father's Masonic memory. One time when the evangelist was a boy there was a Christian judge in the town where he lived who stopped him on the street and took the widow's son home to dinner. The judge encouraged him to have an ambition in life and never to give up because he was poor. Mr. Talbot was a little boy when Rev. John Rule was the Presbyterian minister at Carlisle, Ky. The next pastor at the old church there was Rev. Dr. Scudder, who remained for half a century. A revival meeting was held in the town by Rev. Edward O. Guerrant, the mountain evangelist, who was an old school mate of Rev. John Rule at Center College, Danville. Tom Talbot was converted in that meeting and became so impressed with the famous preacher's mountain mission that in after years he stepped into Dr. Guerrant's place by the unanimous choice of the Presbyterian church, U. S. From a very busy life, and a very large field of labor, Evangelist Talbot came each October to the little West Goshen Mission as one of the happiest experiences of his life. He always sent word ahead to Brother and Mrs. Frank Smith at West Goshen to kill the fatted chicken and bake the biggest apple pie that the oven would hold. This year (1923) Mr. Talbot could only remain a few days to start the revival; but the laughter and tears his genial talks brought forth were like a refreshing from the Lord, and ten souls had found salvation the first three nights of the meeting. He made special talks on respecting the teacher and upholding the school; and he boosted the good road movement as the next local accomplishment.

Mr. Talbot sent in his place for the remainder of the revival one of his young pastor-teachers from the Kentucky mountain schools—Rev. Mr. Brandenburg. The young man was reared in the heart of Lexington, and left a business life, even after marriage, to become principal of a Presbyterian Academy in Breathitt county. His wife was matron and nurse and says that those boys and girls at ten years of age are better trained to become intelligent Christians and active church members than the older generation at fifty. The first night Mr. Brandenburg occupied the pulpit at West Goshen he remarked upon the similarity of the church and school work in that community to what Mr. Talbot and he conduct and direct in the live centers of Eastern Kentucky. Miss Wilson, the West Goshen teacher, was a splendid young student of Hanover College, though a member of the Christian church. Thus in an absolutely non-sectarian manner the cultural and spiritual work of the old Goshen Academy is being revived and restored to all classes of people.

CHAPTER XXIX

# A New Time Kentuckian

IT is very gratifying to see the historic old homesteads on the Upper River Road, that have been vacated by the last survivors of the pioneer people, taken over by worthy descendants of other families no less noted in the annals of early Kentucky history. Of no other homestead in this statement so true as that of the Magruder residence now owned by our good neighbor, William B. Belknap. We have just returned from renewed researches into the traditions of the Pigeon Roost Massacre across the river in the War of 1812, which so terrorized the settlements in this vicinity and drove the people to take refuge in the big brick house, which is now Mr. Belknap's home. On Wednesday evening, July 1, 1925, we visited Mr. Belknap at the familiar old place so long associated with the Magruders, who were very dear to us. The soft moonlight silvered the landscape and sky toward the west, which had glowed with an unusually beautiful sunset. We crossed the field to the big sycamore that used to shelter the cool, bubbling spring and spring house. Memory and sentiment intermingled tenderly as we thought of the simple, hospitable Kentuckians of the olden time who sleep now in the quiet enclosure beyond the residence. Mr. Belknap remarked upon the extraordinary skill and industry that had erected so massive a brick homestead right out of the green woodland in 1811. He has left the residence practically intact with the exception of some modern improvements and conveniences; and the addition of a stone-built, fireproof wing to the left front is for the purpose of sheltering the priceless library and treasures of art and literature which have fallen to the custody of Mr. Belknap since the family home in Louisville was broken up by the death of his parents.

When we characterize Mr. Belknap as "A New Time Kentuckian," it goes without saying that his instincts and inheritances of domestic, social, and cultured life are from the same ancestral sources that made the home and family life of the Old Time Kentuckians so pleasing to contemplate and so inspiring to a poet-singer like Stephen Foster. Mr. Belknap welcomes you with the peculiar simplicity and sincerity and heartiness of the good old days; and you have to see him under his own home roof to sense the personality and spirit of the man who has meant so much to "The Land O' Goshen" since he settled in it. Some people thought he would be but a bird of passage when he purchased the old Magruder home; but the addition of the stone wing to shelter his cultural treasures and family archives, and the devoted domestic life he has established here in our midst with his charming and congenial wife and two little children, proves to us that he is no sojourner of a day but a dweller for time to come. His ancestors came down the Ohio river on the log floats of Indian days and dangers, like other pioneers; they landed like the Zachary Taylor clan and other forerunners, on the high banks of the Ohio between Harrods Creek and the Falls; and they have been identified with Louisville and the

Upper River Road country for more than a century. So that no man from the Falls city could more naturally or rightfully become the inheritor and preserver of the best traditions and ideals of "The Land O' Goshen" than Mr. Belknap.

William B. Belknap belongs to the younger generation that has grown up since the Civil War and has understood at first hand all the problems of social and political life that the Civil War left us. He is descended from the best New England family stock but you will not find much about his people in the old histories of Louisville. It was a family tradition of the Belknaps to serve and work instead of holding themselves up as society leaders. They most emphatically have never been members of the so-called "Four Hundred"

"LAND O'GOSHEN"
Home of William B. Belknap

of high society, though none were more clearly entitled thereto by blood and wealth. It was contrary to their every instinct to have any such aspirations or pretentions. They were always able to make a good living and to accumulate by working and not by living off of the community. In support of these statements we are going to quote here enter the only available family sketch

of the Belknaps to be found in any Louisville or Kentucky history; and even this was not published until ten years ago, after the death of Mr. Belknap's father. It is now most worthily added to the annals of our county because Mr. Belknap is now settled among us for life and has identified himself with every matter of interest and progress and growth in this community and the county at large.

"The American history of the family," says this chronicle, "goes back to the early years of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, when a Belknap came from Liverpool and settled at Lynn, Massachusetts, and later at historic Salem, where he died in 1643. His son, Abraham Belknap, became a member of the Haverhill Colony in November, 1677. Among his four sons was Samuel Belknap, who married an Aunt of Rob Morris, a signer of the Declaration of Independence . The next generation of the family was represented by Joseph Belknap, whose son William was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, about 1740. His son, Morris Burke Belknap, was born in Massachusetts June 25, 1780, and died in Livingston county, Kentucky, July 26, 1837. He married Phoebe Locke Thompson, who died in Arkansas, February 5, 1873.

Morris B. Belknap left the old home in Massachusetts in 1807 and first located at Marietta, Ohio, where he was a pioneer in the development of the iron industry west of the Alleghanies. In 1816 he moved to Pittsburgh, and was influential in promoting some of the first rolling mills in that city. In 1827 he prospected the ore fields of the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers, traveling on horseback, and later organized the capital for the building of iron furnaces in Steward County, Tennessee and at Nashville.

"His son, William Burke Belknap, founder of the business known as the Belknap Hardware and Manufacturing Company, was born at Brimfield, Mass., May 17, 1811, and was educated at Pittsburgh. At the age of sixteen his father delegated him the responsibility of transporting the household goods from Pittsburgh to Tennessee, and the duty of securing new machinery for the iron furnace in the West. He embarked the property on a flatboat, which had to be unloaded at Louisville and portaged around the falls. He was associated with his father for several years in the iron business, and at the age of nineteen began his independent career at Hickman, Fulton County, Kentucky, as a general merchant. With other associates he developed a business which became well known along the Lower Mississippi, and continued to prosper until the panic of 1837.

"In 1840 William B. Belknap re-established himself at Louisville as agent for a firm of Pittsburgh manufacturers of nails and boiler plate. In 1847 he and Captain Thomas C. Coleman bought a rolling mill and began the manufacture of bar iron, an industry with which he continued to be identified for many years. He had also organized W. B. Belknap and Company as dealers in heavy iron and heavy hardware, his business partner for several years being his brother, Morris Lacke Belknap. Later he acquired full control of the business and incorporated it as the Belknap Hardware and Manufacturing Company. This corporation as wholesalers represented some of the largest manufacturers of standard hardware and metal equipment in the United States, and the company also entered the field of manufacturing and was interested in a number of manufacturing industries. It would be difficult to name one of the great commercial industries centered in Louisville that did more to give

the city its prestige as a commercial metropolis. William B. Belknap was also at one time President of the Southern Bank at Louisville. He died February 24, 1889, at the age of seventy-eight."

Now we could go on with facts of the family history; how William B. Belknap, Sr., was married in 1845 to Mary Richardson, born in Lexington, Ky., June 11, 1821, and who survived her husband many years. She was the daughter of William Richardson, of Louisville, a leading banker and financier. She was a woman of great force and benevolence of character, like her husband, and the Belknap home in Louisville was open at all times to noble women like Aunt Martha Eubank of the Presbyterian Orphanage, and the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home.

The world never will know the extent of the human service rendered by the Senior Mr. and Mrs. Belknap in the causes of charity, education, and city missions of every worthy sort. Nor was it by anything but a good providence that William B. Belknap, Jr., of our own generation, was named for this sturdy and kind-hearted New England grandfather. The younger man was not called to success in business enterprise. His father, William R. Belknap, inherited the organizing and directing genius in the big Belknap Company; and it is a matter of touching interest that when William B. Belknap Jr., had lost his mother in early childhood, he was afterward, in his young manhood, called upon to relinquish his entrance into business to be a companion of his father and to oversee his father's affairs, who had become an invalid in the prime of life.

William B. Belknap, Jr., born in Louisville April 18, 1885, educated in the public schools and the Manual Training School of the city, completed his education at Harvard and Yale. He won the John Harvard Fellowship at Harvard and the Ricardo prize scholarship for his work in economics. He was still pursuing his studies when his father's death occurred and when the World War broke out. He met these two trying emergencies in a spirit of unselfish devotion. Having discharged his duties as a son, in due time he offered himself to his country for overseas service. He was turned down because of physical unfitness by the recruiting officers in both army and navy; but he persisted and went overseas as a Captain with the American Red Cross. He had no thought of withholding his own life in the cause of the country and human kind. Indeed, he told us that when he left our shores he felt as every other young man in the service did—that he, in all probability, would never come back alive. What he saw and encountered "Over There" will be reserved for our next recital, with other facts of supreme interest to us now since the Great Conflict is a matter of history.

CHAPTER XXX

# The Miracle at Romsey

THE above title was given to a stirring story of Red Cross hospital building by our American boys overseas in a great emergency that arose in Southwest England where Captain William B. Belknap was assigned for active service. George Buchanan Fife, who told the story in his book, "The Passing Legions," tells how the American Red Cross met the American Army in Great Britain, the Gateway to France. He says that the exhilaration and incentive born of service at the front, and of contact with actual fighting, adventure and danger where shot and shell were thickest, were denied to the American Red Cross staff in Great Britain. But nevertheless there were dramatic times and experiences. Their services lay back of the lines—"for a million American soldiers passed through England on their long journey to the battle zone—or on leaving or returning, wounded and worn, from the firing line. To these men it ministered in many ways which are past forgetfulness."

Mr. Belknap had been studying at Chicago University in 1913-14, and at Harvard in 1914-16. He had formed some very fond friendships that were suddenly and rudely interrupted by the outbreak of the World Conflict. On his arrival in France with the American Red Cross he was assigned to duty at Romsey in Southwest England, where the emergency we have just mentioned had arisen. The transformation of a temporary camp for the passing soldiers into a big permanent hospital with every needed equipment was demanded of our American Red Cross. They responded with instant determination. There was no regular labor unit to be had for building purposes in all England, and it became imperative to utilize shifts of our own men sojourning temporarily at the camp at Romsey. It was in the spring months, said to be the most beautiful imaginable in the British Isles. A young contractor and architect in the ranks from Rhode Island offered his services and the work got under way. Sometimes the working units of Americans could only get in two or three days and then pass on, leaving their task but half finished. Yet the undertaking went forward astonishingly, and in due season one of the best equipped places of the war became a reality at Romsey. That was the "miracle" referred to; and the author of "The Passing Legions" quotes Captain Belknap's daily observations and weekly reports of their work as follows:

"The influenza epidemic struck this camp just as we were ready to open our new hospital. We rushed the final work and were able to take care of all the patients as they came. Fortunately the Red Cross storehouses were well stocked with blankets, pneumonia jackets, pajamas, towels and all the other things which were needed in this emergency. Every man of the Red Cross staff worked eighteen hours a day during the time of high pressure and did everything from helping to undress patients to carrying in supplies.

"The Red Cross has now assisted in 500 cases of American soldiers unable for various reasons to get their back pay.

"We had in camp here this week approximately 100 transient women of the United States Army, the majority being telephone girls and nurses. They were housed by the Red Cross, and we did all we could to make their stay comfortable. They used the Red Cross Reading Room at Abbotswood in the evenings and had at all times the use of the Red Cross Nurses' Club in the camp.

"The refitting and interior work on the Officers Club is now completed, and all permanent officers, both of the camp and hospital, are now quartered in rooms on the upper floor, while the lower floors included mess-halls, lounges, reading and writing rooms, not only for the permanent officers of the camp, but also for the scores of transients who are found in the camp every day.

WILLIAM B. BELKNAP

"The Nurses' Club has overflowed its old quarters and a piece of land adjacent has been leased on which a large hut is being erected to accommodate the overflow. We are bearing all the expenses in connection with this house.

"The signing of the Armistice has put a stop to the construction and equipment work on our canteen building for troops arriving at Romsey Rest Camp. This would have opened in about a fortnight, with equipment for canteening about 2,000 troops at one time."

Mr. Belknap said that he witnessed all the horrors of men shot to pieces in battle, their backs blown off, pieces of shell in the brain, and a thousand and one indescribable instances of suffering. He learned to forget himself in helping his countrymen in their dire need of succor and solace. When he arrived to go on duty as officer in charge at the Romsey Hospital it is said that a certain superior had opinion of him that he could talk books and culture and art and would possible "play out" in a couple of weeks. But William Belknap was

not that sort. He lost all thought of anything but ministering to these soldier boys in every imaginable distress and necessity. They trusted him as a comrade and brother. He saw them away from home, face to face with conditions that tested them to the uttermost. He saw the seamy side of War with the glory worn off. He lived for weeks and months under mental and moral stress with our boys "Over There." We shall never forget the description given of the first awful days by Ernest P. Bicknell, on his return to America in the fall of 1914. Nor shall we soon forget the description given by Mr. Belknap of the terrible ordeal through which our nurses and ministering comrades of the Red Cross service had to pass as their part and experience of the great world tragedy.

And now that the Big War is over, let us address ourselves to the demands of peace and its problems here at home. Mr. Belknap has never been a stranger to struggling and suffering. He had a spell of scarlet fever in childhood that made it necessary for him to fight a battle for health just as strenous as that of Theodore Roosevelt. His coming to Oldham County to live was in great part with the purpose of getting back to Nature and the soil, which give back vigor and strength and resources with which to endure the demands of human service. Mr. Belknap had to take over at his father's death great benevolent interests as his Berea College and University of Louisville activities. These enterprises in the forward work of education and enlightenment are among the most vital of our time and State; and Mr. Belknap has devoted his personal attention and strength and means to these causes just as he gave himself in the World War. He has shared rightly the confidence and gratitude of numberless youth whose pathway to education and success in life has been made possible by him. In this ideal world of service Mrs. Belknap has been equally distinguished.

With reference to public affairs here at home, Mr. Belknap says a close study of public finance and public expenditure reveals the fact that whereas one twelfth of the net income of the nation was expended before the World War, we have been expending one-sixth since the war. The demand for better roads, schools, and such necessities, also calls for a closer study where to get the money to do these things without wrecking the property of the nation; how to spread the tax and burdens more equally among the population; and how to solve and settle the problem of inheritance taxes. We may remark in passing that Mr. Belknap possesses a native aptitude for economic and social problems, for he is a grandson of Prof. Benjamin Silliman of Yale, who was a master of these same subjects. Mr. Belknap has been chairman of a committee on inheritances in the National Tax Association, which has rendered notable service in untangling these perplexing problems in all the States of the Union: and he has represented Kentucky, by appointment of the Governor, at Washington City to straighten out the matter of inheritance taxes so the States can continue to get the revenue from them without working injustice in any way. It is not the purpose of this article to interpret or quote the views of Mr. Belknap upon any of these important and difficult subjects, because they are issues upon which he alone must speak for himself. We merely wish to point out that in all his study and research along these fundamental lines he has not only sought to set forth the facts justly and fully, without any selfish thought or class interest whatever; but that he collected material for a book representing five years of tireless investigation; and he has been quoted as an impartial, de-

pendable authority many times by the Saturday Evening Post. It is not at all surprising that as the representative of his constituency in the Legislature at Frankfort Mr. Belknap enjoyed the confidence of his colleagues to such an extent that the measures he advocated and saw enacted into law were adopted without any dissent whatever, even from partisans. That is the spirit in which he approaches every problem of the public good. He is a typical Kentuckian in that respect; for indeed the Old English love of fair play lies at the root of his sense of justice. In this he absolutely duplicates James Stapleton Crutchfield who filled a similar place of public trust in our county one hundred years ago. This is the soul of his Masonic ideal also; for he is a most devoted member of that Brotherhood.

CHAPTER XXXI

# Mr. W. N. Taylor Discusses the Future of Goshen Church and Community

AT the January meeting of the Filson Club in Louisville the present year, 1925, the secretary, Mr. Otto Rothert, gave us three kodak pictures of the graves of Commodore Richard Taylor and wife, of Revolutionary times, buried on the Thomas Bottorff farm near Shrader's Landing in Oldham county. These pictures were taken October 22, 1924, when Dr. R. A. Bate, J. E. Miller, Otto Rothert and R. C. Ballard-Thurston visited the old Taylor home and burial place in search of data for the paper of Dr. Bate read before the society at its January meeting. This paper covered much of the same material that we published on the same subject in our Oldham History a few years ago. Dr. Bate is a descendant of the Commodore and gave attention to every fact and detail and the paper was really a centennial memorial of the brave old Commodore's decease in our home community one hundred years ago. We were much impressed with the remarks of a cultured Taylor descendant of our generation regarding the strange lack of pride in a centennial of LaGrange and Oldham county in 1923-1924. We could not explain this indifference ourselves because we had repeatedly urged and supported a fitting celebration while publishing the county history in the columns of the Era. Perhaps most people deemed the history itself sufficient, but we made up our mind that Goshen should have a fitting celebration and homecoming this present year of grace.

For some years past one of the worthiest and most representative Taylor descendants has had his summer home at Goshen. We refer to Mr. W. N. Taylor of Pittsburgh, Pa., who purchased and modernized the old Wesley Shrader farm just above Goshen. We are not prepared to give any reliable facts or details regarding the ancestry of our Mr. Taylor, but he says the History of Washington County, Pa., has the family story in full. Several Taylor brothers crossed the Atlantic and landed at Baltimore and Mr. Taylor says he has often wondered if some of these brothers did not scatter out and come to Kentucky and the Ohio Valley by way of Virginia. He says there are many Taylors in Western Pennsylvania and at points up and down the Ohio Valley—more perhaps than anywhere else in the country. There are nearly sixty Taylors listed in the Cumberland Telephone Company book in Louisville and they may be found far and near. How near of kin they are we cannot say; but it shows how large the clan connection is. Our Mr. Taylor says one of his ancestors, Henry Taylor, was a surveyor and came to Washington county, Pa., far back in early times. He cut a tomahawk circle on all the trees of the forest surrounding a certain tract of land which he lay claim to. He had another man build a cabin on it and left for the winter. When he returned some squatters had taken possession

CENTENNIAL OF OLD GOSHEN CHURCH, 1925

and the county records show where Henry Taylor had to resort to legal measures to oust them. Henry Taylor was a man of unusual culture and character and one thing about him seems amusing to us now. He was called up and churched by the session of the famous old Redstone Presbyterian Meeting House in Western Pennsylvania for dancing the Virginia reel at an evening party. The Virginia and Kentucky Taylors were all a lively and social type of people and not the solemn, blueback Puritan brand at all.

But Mr. W. N. Taylor is a Presbyterian. He became one by voluntary choice and is an active supporter and most liberal contributor to the Goshen Presbyterian church. During a recent stay at his home in Goshen we called upon him and we discussed in most refreshing fashion the early pioneers, the old village church centennial and the adaptation of it to modern community conditions and needs. He had been trimming trees all day, for he is a real dirt farmer and orchard man while among us. He was enjoying a smoke with a comely little black pipe and in conversation he is full of anecdote and illustration. Speaking of the local church and its future, he said when he first came among us some years ago he was several times disappointed at finding the church closed on Sunday and no regular service held. He was one man who immediately advocated opening up the House of God every Sunday in the year for some sort of service, and he came to the front in a generous way to make this possible. He is not a man who mentions his liberalities. In fact, when we spoke of what he and his good wife had meant to the church and community he said that he was glad they could be helpful; but that a church was more democratic and progressive when everyone did his part financially and took his part spiritually in the meetings. He is a most unassuming, neighborly man and spoke of the past generation in the history of the church and community when people were mostly of the same social level and culture and evidently very happy together.

Mr. Taylor, at our request, recalled the time some twenty-five years or more ago when he and his wife had purchased land for a suburban home near Pittsburg. A community of splendid people were growing together there, but they were more than a mile away from churches in all directions. For a while they walked the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad to go to service Sunday mornings; but at last he and an old Union soldier took papers around and got the pledges of the people to put up a sort of community church in their midst. The first meeting had been held at Mr. Taylor's home and a committee of solicitation appointed, but they approached the people so gingerly and timidly that they got nowhere. So Mr. Taylor and the old soldier recanvassed the neighborhood and told those same people to put down the full amount they really meant to give. The result was beyond satisfaction and although the majority voted to organize a Presbyterian church, everybody went in and they had a congregation of real Christians.

Protestant people are too much divided, said Mr. Taylor. He mentioned how the Catholic working people go to early mass and then later there is the regular morning service for others who cannot attend so soon. They are not all split up into separate groups and sects as we are. He said that the people were often ahead of their spiritual leaders in being ready for religious and social unity. Men who promote division merely to uphold their particular church and creed are church politicians and not true spiritual shepherds of the people. He

felt that in a community like ours here we should all cultivate the get-together and go-to-church habit. We should support the services of the House of God or else our Protestantism may fall into decay by reason of our conflicts with one another. We were happy to assure him that the spirit of friendly co-operation and fellowship had long been the rule and practice in our midst here.

When it came to the manifestation of the spirit of Christ toward all men, Mr. Taylor came right to the point; and we take the liberty of mentioning the fact that when he heard of the illness of our worthy young blacksmith in Goshen, who is a tenant of his, Mr. Taylor went right to the house and made personal investigation of the young man's condition. He later went to the bedside and made practical and most helpful suggestions about caring for him, which the family faithfully followed. Mr. Taylor has been close to the sick a great deal, though a man of perfect health; and his kindness and his human interest in those who live on his farm and work for him is a spirit that cannot be too highly appreciated. He spoke in most genuine terms of the worthy characteristics and possibilities in the human types occupying the farms and cultivating them today in the community; and Mr. Taylor desires above all things to see a resident minister on the Goshen work who can lead us on to larger unity and service. We mentioned the unusual qualities of David N. Roller, the gifted and eloquent young Seminary man, who reminded us strongly of Gideon Blackburn in his younger years; and we remarked upon what a splendid leader he would be if he could be persuaded to remain among us after his ordination. Mr. Taylor said he had never met or heard Mr. Roller, but he saw the marked increase in attendance on the services since he was last here. And he felt with us that the need of the neighborhood right at home demanded the services of as capable and consecrated a man of God as the foreign field itself. The Goshen and West Goshen churches and schools under large minded spiritual leadership can prepare the way for a community life equal to the old in years to come. Mr. Taylor said he had been sufficiently interested in the old neighborhood here to even wish to spend his retiring years with us. Business interests will likely prevent this, but he is vitally interested in the local situation and no pioneer of a century past has been a more genuine addition to the human stock of the splendid old families of the community. He was reading John Fiske's History of the American Revolution and he has been a very close reader of every chapter in the History of Oldham County. He mentioned how the hireling Hessian soldiers of the Revolution settled down at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and became the progenitors of the sturdy Pennsylvania Dutch and he discussed most illuminatingly the transformation of the present day human raw material into worthy and dependable citizenship. This, said he, is the biggest task and problem that confronts us here at home.

# From Servitude to Service

JOSEPH S. COTTER AND CHILDREN AT STORY HOUR.

CHAPTER XXXII

# From Servitude to Service

## UNCLE WILLIAM AND AUNT VIOLET

TWO old men sat talking in a Louisville office about twenty-five years ago. They were brothers. One was a retired lawyer, the other a farmer. The lawyer, white-haired and weak, told how weary he and his wife were keeping their house on the avenue.

"Why even our butler came to me and said: 'Boss, does you know dat you'se got five niggers to wait on jes' dat many white folks? Hit don't pay, Boss.' He's right and we've sold out."

The farmer gloomily remarked that his big place was a burden to him in his old age; and wished he, too, could retire.

"By the way, William was up to see me the other day," resumed the lawyer, referring to a faithful slave of the family. "He was in need, and I gave him some money. Lives in a little room over his sister on G street. He's seventy-four now. Curious he never accumulated anything after freedom. Wasn't he economical, or did he drink?"

"No; William was unusually good at saving his wages," answered the farmer, whom Uncle William nursed in childhood. "He never drank, either. You know he had a large family, he and Violet, and they were hard workers."

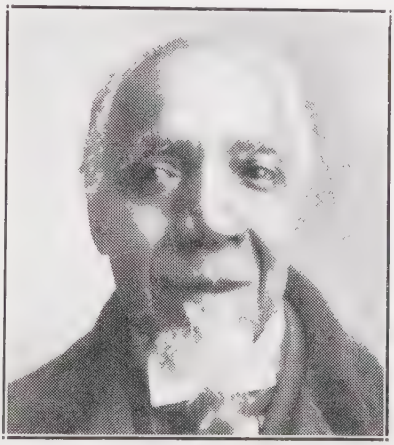
"I met William's son, Jacob,, on the street," continued the lawyer. "Told him he oughtn't to let his old father suffer. Asked him if he ever helped the old man. Said yes, he sent the old man a dollar Christmas."

The two brothers laughed and wondered how Uncle William had wintered on one hundred cents! Not strange at all that he so often sighed for the old days of bondage!

When I was a little child Uncle William and Aunt Violet lived in the cabin on the hill near our old home. Their children were our playmates from infancy. Each of us had a playmate our own age, we brothers. They addressed their parents as "Pahbuh and Muh," at which we often laughed; but it was a real fellowship we shared.

The earliest recollections of my childhood center around that old cabin, now gone, and replaced by a more modern wage-worker's dwelling. I remember Uncle William hauling wood. I stood in awe of him when he came home, though he never addressed me unkindly. I witnessed a genuine house-raising when the cabin was remodeled. We children played up and down the hill all day long. A dim recollection comes back to me now of an old Negro man; Uncle Sam was his name; and he had a large wen on the side of his head. He was found dead in the field, and the Sunday of his interment was a beautiful morning. Uncle William's family were busy dressing and blacking their shoes to go to the funeral services; and it impressed me strangely.

Henry was always my playmate. I shall never forget how melancholy I was when he died of tuberculosis, or "consumption," as we then called it, the dread disease that made such ravages in Uncle William's family. I was a boy of eleven at school, and as the sad procession wended its way through the village, an humble spring-wagon containing the casket covered with a dark cloth, Uncle William, Aunt Violet, the family and a few friends following afoot in true peasant fashion, it smote me with unspeakable pain and sympathy. For days I had a nameless dread of the Great Destroyer, Death, which had smitten my little comrade.



"UNCLE WILLIAM"

Faithful old slave of the "Old Black Joe" type, uneducated, humble and pathetically attached to the old home and surroundings. Passed his old age in exile in the city, longing for "De ole folks at home."

Uncle William grew up in the house of our grandmother with her eldest-born son, James. She taught them both to read and write. William learned fairly well. He was only an average Negro. Yet he was honest and truthful. One day grandmother found a note scribbled by William, saying, "Betsy stol flor." So she knew that Betsy had been in the flour.

Uncle William was drafted during the Civil War, but by not rushing in where names were being enrolled, he got off when they had enough men. He courted and married Aunt Violet, a slave on an adjoining plantation; and grandmother hired her so she could be with Uncle William. No license was necessary when slaves married; but there was a big gathering at Aunt Violet's house, which my mother attended; and the old Negro preacher told them to "pull togedder like good hosses!" So the ceremony was ended with the customary festivity. Uncle William was proud of his bride but was too timid to stay with her for awhile.

Aunt Violet's owners contended with grandmother about having their family physician in case Aunt Violet was taken sick while hired out. The wages had been agreed on, and grandmother insisted that her own family physi-

cian was just as good as the other one. It shows that the old time master and mistress had an economic interest in the physical well-being of the slave.

Aunt Violet was a remarkable Negro. Black as coal, she had as white a heart as ever beat in a mother's bosom. Her own mother was a strong, dignified character who had the respect of white people. Aunt Violet was intelligent, though she never learned to read or write. She had no chance. How she would have developed with a little education and training!

She had a sense of justice equal to any woman's; and she was discreet and trustworthy in very important matters. She was a fluent and sensible talker, and I have heard her and my mother in many an hour's companionship. She was a good woman before but a noble woman after her conversion. She seemed to have the gift of prayer and testimony; and her life corresponded to a living faith. As I recollect her now she was lacking in a sense of humor, so common with the Negro race. She was a pious mother and whipped her children severely; but she slaved to the last for every one of them. Tuberculosis made dread ravages among Aunt Violet's children; and in due season she, too, folded her faithful hands in eternal rest.

Many years ago Uncle William came back to the old neighborhood when his little grandchild died. He stopped by our house for dinner. Mother herself went out to serve him; he had been faithful to them in the long gone years. As he started away she put a piece of money in his hand, saying, "Take it, William, for the sake of the old times!" He thanked her, as he had thanked God for the good dinner provided; for Uncle William, too, was an humble disciple of the Lord Christ. He spoke joyfully of his conversion; how the Lord drew him up out of self and sin just as though from the dark and damp of a well, Uncle William said, to the sunlight and gladness of pardon and peace.

His old eyes glanced with loving recollection over the cleared and cultivated fields around what once constituted the estate of his master. "I helped to clear them woods away," he said in response to my question. "An' I lifted logs tel I cud see stahs, I did!" he added with sad reminiscence of the early manhood now gone in age.

He spoke of the privation of the present compared to the plenty and happiness of the old slave days. "Marse Jeff's garden" was an Eden in his memory. And as he arose to return to his hut and toil in Louisville, a vision of Heaven came to him—a vision of Father Abraham's Bosom.

"Hit'll be all right up dah! he said, pointing starward.

"Yes, Uncle William, and it will be all right down here, too some day," I answered, the vision dimming my eyes with tears.

He did not understand. But as the bent figure, and the face still wreathed in a smile, disappeared over the hill, walking as I had seen him when little Henry died, returning now to his long wait till "De good Lawd call," I vowed a new devotion to the humble children of toil.

CHAPTER XXXIII

# "My Old Kentucky Home"

HAVELOCK ELLIS truly says that the child's supreme parent is the mother, and from the moment of conception to birth the nature and destiny of the child are determined by the forces that work through her. It was even so with Rachel and her son, Joseph. She was born in slave-times in the heart of Old Kentucky in the year 1840 and bore Joseph her son when she was a young girl of twenty. Hence she transmitted to him the epic soul of her race and people.

Rachel's father was a freeman with a mixture of English and Indian blood. He was a small man with a weight of only a hundred and fifteen or twenty pounds. But Rachel's mother was a large black Amazon type, weighing nearly two hundred and fifty and could spring upon a horse with ease. She was the mother of sixteen children and came from East Tennessee to Nelson County, Kentucky, with her husband in a horse and wagon far back in pioneer days. She was a woman of courage and initiative, while her husband was a timid man. They camped one night near a hill in Central Kentucky that was infested with robbers. She saw a hut in the distance and a light appeared for a moment and then went out. After a while a low growling sound was heard and a big black bear, apparently, passed by, pausing to sniff the air and take in the surroundings. The husband was nearly scared out of his wits and climbed the nearest tree; but the big brave wife seized the axe and made for the bear with the intention of splitting his head wide open. At her approach the bear turned and ran away into the woods, and a little later a light appeared again in the cabin window. The man and his wife then realized that the supposed bear was really a robber in a bearskin who had come to harm them but had been driven away by the courage of the woman.

Rachel's father became a locally famous herb doctor in Nelson County in his time and died leaving his widow with a large family to care for. They were free people but it became necessary now for the mother to bind her children out, and thus Rachel became a bond-woman until she was grown. She was sent to the house of a farmer and slave-owner near Bardstown and worked faithfully but she would not stand mistreatment or whipping. She was as fiery and full of nerve as her mother. Thereupon, the new master said he would not have so spirited a slave around, lest she demoralize the discipline of the others; so he ordered Rachel to leave. She told the master that he had sent for her with a team of horses and escort and he could return her the same way or she would not go a step. This brought him to reason, and he sent her back home the right way.

Rachel's services were not long unsought, for we next find her at Federal Hill, "MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME," near Bardstown. She milked the cows, kept house and nursed the children in the Rowan family. The story goes

that Mother Rowan, wife of Judge Rowan when he was the American minister to France, had purchased a lot of Parisian finery which she was afterward ashamed to wear among her more simple and unpretentious neighbors about Bardstown. It was one of Rachel's regular duties to put these Parisian gowns out to sun and keep them in order.

Rachel often heard the Rowans speak of the visit of Foster, the famous song writer, to Federal Hill and how he came to write "My Old Kentucky Home." She was too young to have known anything about it herself, but the family said that Foster was a man of melancholy sentiment and had a very tender heart for the pathos and tragedy of the old slave-times. He frequented the Negro camp meetings and studied them in their homes and about their work as they toiled and sang, and the melodies immortal came to him from the very soul of a race in bondage. For a while in recent years the ultra-cultured Negro circles in the large cities of the East agreed together to discourage the singing of these old folk songs in the public schools and social gatherings, but they soon realized that the sentiment of these old melodies inspired a powerful sympathy and love of home between the races that will always exist, and the songs are more widely popular now than ever before.

In due season Rachel created her own songs and stories which she chanted and told to her son Joseph. She was very fervent in her religious devotions and a very hard worker. She would sometimes wash nearly all night and then have periods of prayer and exaltation. Then again during the day she would draw from her bosom a favorite book and pause to read over the wash tub. She had a strong dramatic instinct and would frequently make up little plays of her own and represent each character vividly.

Inheriting from her father the instinct to heal and nurse the sick, Rachel too, became widely known for the old fashioned herb remedies. She made herself an authority on the subject by a close study of books and nature and by experience in caring for certain diseases. She only took a reasonable compensation for her time and remedies and trouble for she was generous and good to all.

In after years while living in Louisville she went to see the sick afar and near. Her professional service was that of mid-wife, and she at times had more success than the attending physician in saving the life of mother and child. A peculiarly pathetic incident occurred which her son Joseph told in after years. Mother Rachel herself had been ill with typhoid fever at one of the old residences in the city and was waited upon especially by a young colored girl, in whom she took an exceptionally keen interest, assuring her that if she was ever in trouble to come at once to Mother Rachel.

Sometime afterward the young girl was led astray and ruined by a young man, who left her at the mercy of fate. She remained in the family where she was working until her condition was discovered and then she was discharged. Having nowhere to go, she remembered Mother Rachel's promise and turned to her as a door of hope. When the child was born a neighborhood physician was called in to attend the case. At a very critical moment when the life of mother and child was in jeopardy Mother Rachel suggested something she had always done before, but the doctor said no, it was unnecessary. In consequence the young girl and her child died and Mother Rachel never ceased to reproach herself for not using her own judgment in spite of the doctor. The tragic death of the girl and her child so haunted her thoughts that many a night

afterward she could see the girl and child appear plainly in the room. Joseph himself, though not the least superstitious, one night wide awake, witnessed the same appearance with his own eyes. Thus as the years went on Mother Rachel's heart took in the suffering, afflicted and fallen all over the city, and her son inherited a double portion of her spirit.

* * * *

The following beautiful and touching account of how Foster's famous song, "My Old Kentucky Home" was written should be familiar to every lover of his native State. It is the classic story of the song.

A young man and his sister were visiting their old friends, Judge Rowan's family, who lived near Bardstown, Kentucky. With true Kentucky hospitality, he entertained his guests, showing them the various points of interest on his estate and throughout the surrounding country. The brother and sister were delighted with what they saw. The spell of the Kentucky fields was about them. They began to weave into their fancy, the beautiful thoughts that slowly crept into their minds.

One beautiful morning, while the Negroes were at work in the corn fields and the sun was shining with a mighty splendor on the waving grass, Stephen Collins Foster and his sister were seated upon a bench in front of the Rowan Homestead.

High up in the top of a tree a mocking bird warbled its sweet notes. Over the hidden recesses of the bush, the thrush's mellow tone could be heard. From where they sat the brother and sister could see in the distance St. Joseph's College, one of Kentucky's famous institutions of learning. Small Negro children were playing not far away.

Almost unconsciously, Foster began to write the words of a song that was going through his head. When he had finished it his sister took the paper from his hand and in a sweet mellow voice sang the first verse of the song that has since become famous.

The sun shines bright on my Old Kentucky Home:
'Tis summer the darkies are gay:
The Corn Top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright,
By-m by hard times comes a-knockin' at the door—
Then My Old Kentucky Home, good night.

The Negroes had laid down their hoe and rake; the little tots had placed themselves behind the large sheltering trees, while the old black women were sweeping around the corner of the house. The faithful old house dog never took his eyes off the young singers. Every thing was still, not even the leaves broke the wonderful silence. Again the brother and sister took hold of the remaining stanzas and sang in sweet accents:

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my Old Kentucky home, good night.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend
Wherever the darkies may go.
A few more days and the trouble all will end,
In the fields where the sugar cane grow.
A few more days to tote the weary load—
No matter it never will be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my Old Kentucky home, good night!

As the song was finished tears flowed down the old Negro cheeks. The children crept from their hiding places behind the trees, their faces wreathed in smiles. The mocking bird and the thrush sought their homes in the thicket, while the old dog still lay basking in the sun.

CHAPTER XXXIV

# The Story of a Slave Child

IT was in the month of February, 1861. The storm of Civil War was coming, but the Emancipation Proclamation had not been written or signed by Abraham Lincoln. There still remained one year of bondage for the slave of the South. But the mighty Mother of men, America, was nearing the birthtime of a new age in the freedom of man. Far down among the hills of Central Kentucky, the section of country where Abraham Lincoln was born, there was a young slave woman who had been brought up by a very devout Catholic family. She was now a servant in the family of Judge Rowan, who lived at "Federal Hill" the old farmhouse near Bardstown where "My Old Kentucky Home" was written. Her young child, for the years of its infancy, was cradled in the sentiment of the Foster songs. The mother was a woman of remarkable imagination, humor and sympathy. She understood children by instinct and could tell stories to them by the hour.

She taught herself to read and knew lots about human nature. She was a woman of moods and at times very dramatic. She would pray aloud at night in the old-fashioned way; but she taught her son the religion of industry, honesty and self-improvement. She seemed to have the dream of his future service to his people. She came to Louisville to work when her child was very small. Like all great mothers, she was not afraid of work. The Gospels say that it is woe to become a mother when wars and revolutions are stirring the world; but in such seasons of history remarkable men and women are born. Booker T. Washington was born at such a period, and Abraham Lincoln said in his great Gettysburg address above the graves of the martyred dead below, that America was again in the birth throes of a new freedom. It was even so, and naturally the slave race was expected to generate great souls to lead it on to liberty and progress.

Old Kentucky, the Mother State of Abraham Lincoln, has also been the Mother State for poets, teachers and leaders of the African race in America. The same might be said of Old Virginia where Booker T. Washington was born. But Paul Lawrence Dunbar's mother was once a slave in Old Kentucky. She loved the folk song and story of her people, and from her Paul Lawrence inherited his wonderful gift of poetry and imagination. It is said that she used to sit on the door-step of the old home in the Blue-grass country at twilight and murmur the melodies of her race as lullaby songs.

Dunbar was an ordinary looking man until you saw his eyes and heard his voice. Then he enchanted you with the witchery and romance of melody. "When Malindy Sings" was written of his own mother. Poor Dunbar spent the years of early manhood struggling against poverty and tuberculosis, and finally died of the disease from which so many of his race have suffered since they were taken from the open air of the farm country and became toilers in the cities.

Dunbar's mother is still living at a good age, full of the poetry and romance of the past.

Now the mother of the Slave Child that we mentioned a little while ago was very fond of the Bible and told the story of Joseph and his Brethren to all the children of the Old Kentucky Home. Joseph was a dreamer and he was sold into slavery and became a great man in Egypt. So the slave mother named her child Joseph and reared him in the same hope of service to her people. The Bible stories, especially of Joseph, molded his character and decided his career. He learned to read when he was four or five and he was taught many things when he first went to school.

PROF. JOSEPH S. COTTER

Representing the first generation of education, progress and culture. Possessing a rare poetic genius and exquisite human sympathy he became more than a manual laborer and rose to distinction as a teacher of Negro youth. Few men have ever made finer use of the imagination and humor in folk love and the playtime of childhood. Religion and fraternity have also inspired Prof. Cotter to a noble race leadership; and he has the universal confidence and regard of white people. He won his place in the group of Kentucky poets twenty-five years ago, and is today known widely as the originator of "The Story Hour" for children in the schools and public libraries of America. Prof. Cotter has written a great book on his mother; and he lost a son, one of the most gifted young poets of his generation.

But, like Booker Washington, little Joseph learned that his race could only rise through it's own heroic efforts to reach manhood and womanhood. It was necessary for him to stop school and go to work when he was yet not ten years of age; so he forgot his alphabet and lost all his learning in the hard days of struggle and reconstruction during and following the Civil War. He grew up in Louisville and labored as a teamster on the leve, hauling and unloading cotton, tobacco, corn and whiskey until he was twenty-one years old. Then his old longing for an education came back and he worked all day and attended night school in the city, taught by men and women who were helping the poor and ignorant to better their lot in life.

Thus did young Joseph secure his first license to teach, and he became a man of mind, and heart, and soul, as well as a man of muscle and strength. These energies, we are told in the Scriptures, must be dedicated to the love of God and the service of our fellowmen; and young Joseph so consecrated his life. One day he saw a vision of his race from the long ages in Africa, through slavery and on into the Land of Promise. This vision grew into song and poured itself out in passionate measure. The young poet took his verses to his teacher and the wise man was proud of the boy. Then he showed them to his mother and she rejoiced because she knew, within her heart, that the dream would come true.

CHAPTER XXXV

# The Dream of Freedom

JOSEPH, the Slave Child, when he had grown to manhood and became a great leader among his people in education and progress, said: "My mother was a bond-woman who was liberated." He showed the torn and yellow scrip of his mother's freedom proudly, for sweet indeed is the birthright and heritage of human liberty. And Joseph's mother was a great woman if ever there was one.

'I will tell you the story of the Underground Railroad and the Feather Bed," said Joseph to his friend and fellow-poet, one day in Louisville, their mutual home city.

"It was at the beginning of the Civil War," said Joseph. "My mother was hired to a colored man and his wife in the alley between Fourth and Fifth and Broadway and York, where the gymnasium of the Baptist Theological Seminary now stands. This man owned a team, a stable, some hogs and bee-hives. There was a large pile of truck thrown out of the stable to the rear.

"One night there came to them a slave woman who wanted to go to Canada by the underground railway. They felt for her deeply, and willingly assisted in the dangerous venture. She had brought to them by night a trunk, a feather bed, a basket, a piece of zinc and a quilt. The feather bed and quilt were used by the colored man and his wife. My mother sat in a chair all winter and watched over me, a child in her arms, for we had no bed to sleep in and just enough clothes to keep us warm. Surely they were anxious days and nights for our race and people.

"The slave woman was caught. She told where the things were. The officers came and went back to her mistress to get a good description of the things the slave woman had. It was the moment to act. The colored man and his wife lost their nerve, so my mother came to the front immediately. The feather bed and quilt were thrown out of a window and the trunk hastily carried to the same spot. The hogs had made a hole in the dump heap of the stable, so the trunk was put there and covered up. The quilt and feather bed were put under the bee-hives and covered with bushes. The basket was coal-oiled and burned and the zinc thrown amid some rubbish nearby. So there was no visible evidence against the slave woman when the officers returned. Thus did my mother save the colored man and his wife and herself from going to jail.

"The next spring the colored man's hogs died and he thought it was a curse sent by the Almighty for not getting the slave woman off to Canada. My mother took the dead hogs for her pay. She rendered them up and made a lot of old fashioned soap which she sold to rich white families. She then bought a feather bed and quilt which we used the next winter. So this was the first and last attempt of my mother and the colored family to run an underground railroad station."

## A Story of Little Africa

"In my seventeenth year," said Joseph, "I decided to buy a horse and wagon during the brickyard season for use the next winter, of a man by the name of Seigel, for whom I worked. He offered me a blind horse for twenty-eight dollars. I was to pay a small sum each week from my wages, which were four and a half.

"I saw the horse each day at work. It was an inspiration to me. After each payment I rejoiced that I owned more and more of the horse. Buying this horse gave me a standing among the men and boys. My neighbor, a colored man, told me that if I would help him cultivate eight acres of ground, where 'Little Africa' now stands, he would give me feed enough for my horse the next winter.

"I put in all my spare time helping him with four acres of oats and four acres of corn. We gathered in the crop. Winter came on. I had paid for the horse and bought a wagon and harness. About Christmas time the colored man said to me, 'Jose, has you ever heard that one hundred ears of corn makes a bushel?'

"I replied that I had so heard. Then he said, 'There is the feed what I promised you for the hoss.' He then counted out one hundred nubbins and threw them on the ground. That was all the pay I received for helping to cultivate eight acres of ground in 'Little Africa!' "

## The Young Brickmaker

"I worked from my eighteenth year in the old fashioned brick-yards about Louisville," said Joseph. "I turned up bricks doubly and singly; turned clay, tempered mud, wheeled mud and bricks, moulded bricks, and all the other work about a brick yard except paying off the hands out of my own pocket, something I desired very much to do.

"But I had trouble with the boys, both white and colored. A colored boy took my food for a whole day and beat me for speaking about it. I was then twelve years old. How could I outwit him? He was too big for me to fight. The white boys chased me for the fun of seeing me run. How could I outwit them?

"One day a crowd gave chase. I ran awhile. Then I thought me of marbles in my pocket. When the crowd neared me I threw some marbles into it. This I continued to do until I was safe.

"But how was I to prevent the imposition and rowdyism of the crowd from recurring? After the day's work the men, white and black, sat around in a circle and told tales. Now boys had to be seen and not heard. Here was my chance. I sat off at a distance and told stories to the other boys. The men heard them laughing and came over to listen. They told me to go on and laughed with the boys.

"After this I was story-teller and had a hearing from both men and boys. From that time on I made my way. I won the men through the boys and the boys through the men. It is marvelous, the magic of a story on the human imagination."

CHAPTER XXXVI

# The Young Light Bearer

MY FIRST school was at Cloverport, Kentucky, said Joseph. "I lived in a little house next to the Presbyterian Church." "The same town and church where I delivered my trial sermon and was licensed to preach," we exclaimed.

"Quite a coincidence," answered Joseph. "Well, I remember so clearly the beautiful day of my first school. I saw a wedding and heard the bells ringing. The bride lived in Cloverport, and the groom in another town. One year afterwards the bride was dead and I saw her husband with a babe in his arms following after at her funeral. It was very sad."

"What social conditions did you find there?" we asked.

"I found typical conditions," answered Joseph. 'Just what you would expect in a little river town. The school had been taught by Marshall W. Taylor, who collected Negro Melodies, and also by Bishop Walters, one of the noted colored preachers.

"I went down on a steamboat from Louisville. It was the first time I had ever been away from home and mother. It nearly killed me. I stood the torture of homesickness until Christmas and then I had to come back for a visit. My home attachments are truly Kentuckian.

"Well, school teaching gave me the first leisure time I ever had in my life. I worked five days in the week and then had a Saturday holiday. I learned to use it as a student should and have profited immensely by it.

"I must tell you about the teacher's examination. You know I had to be examined for teacher's license at Hardinsburg, the countyseat. I rode over there on horse-back, and the children hailed me as I went by, saying, 'Is you the new teacher? Is you goin' to whup us?' This embarrased me greatly and I made no reply.

"You see there was a one-legged colored man who had taught school all over Breckinridge County. He was a great whipper, like old teacher Ball in the 'Hoosier School-Boy.' The children stood in terror of him and naturally wondered what policy I would pursue. Well, we took our examination together. We were examined for the first time in physiology. My companion at least had never heard of the subject before. So he said, 'What's this here the white man done give us now?'

"There was a question about how many bones in the human arm. Well, I was up a tree, but I counted my bones by feeling and guessing. I passed with some credit and got my license. The man who examined me afterward became a prominent attorney in Louisville and was always my friend.

"I began teaching where children, boys and girls, had run wild. They had even driven out the teacher on several occasions. One boy had a razor and tried to cut the teacher's throat. Well, I had to whip him. He went crazy and in

after years was a jail-bird in Louisville. He was very rough and threw rocks at some lawyers passing along. I got a bunch of switches and applied plenty of muscular Christianity to the youngsters until they were subdued."

"Did you succeed finally in rising superior to mere physical force?" we asked eagerly.

"Yes, gradually," answered Joseph. "I was stout enough to clean out the whole school, for that matter, and I was not afraid of any of them physically. But temperamentally I was as timid as a rabbit. I could not face the school without embarassment. In those days I could not face a crowd in church. I could not eat before people. It took my appetite. And I could not speak or read with any success even before ignorant children.

"But I mastered this timidity in an amusing way. I had to meet another colored man in debate. I worked hard at night preparing. The church was the school-house down there and the debate was held in the same place. My opponent was a smooth talker and I perspired profusely in nervous anticipation. He talked till the lights began to go out. That was my salvation. I arose in the dim shadow of darkness and made such a creditable reply that I won standing in the town."

'How did you finally conquer self-consciousness?" we inquired much interested.

"By telling stories to the children," answered Joseph. "That art has been my salvation in many tight places. Once in my recollection I was honored by a place as poet upon the program and when my turn came I was simply paralyzed upon the platform. They had to excuse me. But there is a wonderful magic in story-telling. Back in my brick-yard experience I even turned the minds of the men and boys from gambling by holding them spell-bound or making them laugh at my stories. The gambling was awful, too. Those fellows craved excitement and threw their wages away as fast as they were paid off. My mother's strict religious training of me prevented the habit taking hold on me. We both regarded that as dishonest money. But of course the men and boys cared nothing for such scruples, and so I outwitted them again by the world-old magic of 'once upon a time!' "

"Isn't it much the same with the juvenile delinquency and crime among your people as it is with the whites?" we asked.

"Certainly," answered Joseph. "Mainly a problem of misdirected boyish energy in a vicious environment. Leisure time unoccupied and so misspent in a lawless fashion. The game and play-ground, the folk-dance and the folk-story have largely solved the problem in our school world."

"And you were personally fortunate in marriage and home life, I presume?" we asked, filled with admiration of the noble Light-Bearer and Poet of the Negro Race.

"Yes," answered Joseph. "You can say that I was fortunate in both. My wife's father was a steward. He lived in Magazine street. He had some means and held his head higher and prouder than the poor and shiftless. He never went on their side of the street at all. My wife's mother had a fine domestic training. My wife had a fine schooling herself and was a teacher for fifteen years. She is wholly practical and serious-minded. I never joke with her. I always gave her my salary at the end of the month and she made good use of it. I had never

known a real home till I married. A home is a place to go when your work is done. There you can find food and comfort and rest. A virtuous companion, true to your interests and in full sympathy with your work and thought is the soul of the home. When she becomes wife and mother you have done your duty to God and man and reap the reward of human happiness."

CHAPTER XXXVII

# The Story of William the Shepherd

IN the town of Lexington, Virginia, where Stonewall Jackson's slave-time Sunday-school for Negro children made such a marked impression, there lived an attractive and intelligent young colored person who married a young Negro barber. This fine young woman and equally fine young man were the father and mother of William the Shepherd.

Mother Shepherd was a free woman even in the slave days. She was a splendid cook and had charge of the household in the family where she lived. Her husband was the best barber for white folks in the town where they lived.

Mother Shepherd was converted in the family where she worked and became a member of the old Presbyterian Church in Lexington and Staunton during a residence in each place. She was a very gentle young woman and was always doing something for others, and the white ladies were devoted to her. She was a woman of fine judgment and was regarded with high respect by everyone.

Her little son William was born during the last days of slavery while his parents were living at Waynesboro, Va. There was also a sister to whom William was very devoted. The mother taught them the little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep" while they were yet very small, and then of evenings, when her day's work was done, the father and mother would sit by the light of the open wood fire-place and tell the children folk tales and Bible stories before going to bed.

During the War days the little family suffered much hardship. They were very thankful to get ash cake and pones of cornbread with a little molasses for breakfast and supper, and greens, corn bread and a little fat meat occasionally for dinner. They were such useful and unselfish people that the white folks generally saw that they were not neglected. After the Civil War Mother Shepherd had a sister who was the wealthiest colored woman in the Valley of Virginia. She and her husband owned two large brick houses, a village tavern and other property. Her husband even had good race horses. They never gave any heed to good Mother Shepherd and her little family. Indeed, they dared nothing for God and his humble lowly, but spent everything on their own selfish pride and pleasure. In time the horses went, then the bar room and brick houses, until finally they themselves died poor and alone.

The circumstance made a deep impression upon little William. He first went to the colored Sunday-school and was converted and joined the white Presbyterian Church, as all colored people did in those days. He was about twelve years old then. One day a good white lady in Waynesboro, having carefully noted this bright little colored boy, called him to her door when he was playing in the mud after a rain.

"William," she said, "I am praying that God will send you as a Missionary to Africa to your own people."

William had never heard of Africa, but he thanked her and the suggestion took root in his young heart and he definitely formed his ideal that day to go as a Light-Bearer and Shepherd to his people in the Dark Continent.

The dying echoes of the Civil War, which set his people free in America, yet rang in the soul of the growing boy. He remembered a brave ride of his own mother on horseback to perform some signal and heroic service. Then, too, he watched the weeping friends and relatives from the North and South coming to the Soldiers' Cemetery near the recent battlefields in search of the graves of their fallen dead.

Rev. and Mrs. William H. Sheppard, noted Missionaries of the Southern Presbyterian Church, now for a number of years located in Mission work for their race and people with Rev. John Little in Louisville. Dr. Sheppard is the original of "William the Shepherd" in our life story here.

This was the object lesson from a line in "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" that since Jesus died to make men holy, so these brave heroes died to make men free. And the pathway to that freedom, though open now before him, was rough and full of peril and hardship. The boy William and his sister attended school in a little log Methodist meeting house for Negroes. There was very little wood to be had, and they were so cold during the winter months as they trudged through the snow that a kind old blacksmith along the way warmed their freezing hands and feet at his bellows. In school the whip was wielded unmercifully and the instruction was poor at best.

William soon left this makeshift of a school and worked for a dentist and his wife in Staunton. The wife took a deep interest in his studies and gave him Robinson Crusoe to read. This classic of adventure made such a lasting impression upon the boy's mind that he treasured the story next to his Bible. Years

afterward in the heart of Africa he saved a native from starvation one Friday, and humorously gave him the name of Robinson Crusoe's man.

It is a peculiar providence of history that near the very spot where the first ship-load of Negro slaves were landed and sold to the Virginia planters in 1610, there, generations afterward, the first great step from servitude to service would be taken by the newly liberated black people. The little town of Hampton is situated on a little creek which flows into Hampton Roads at the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. The invaders of 1812 left the village desolate, and the Civil War swept over it with even more fearful havoc, leaving ruined residences where the wealthy white people summered in the olden days. And as the wartide raged in fury great throngs of recently emancipated Negroes crowded into the vicinity, seeking the shelter of Fortress Monroe and the nearby camps of the Union Armies. A writer has said that they came like the Israelites of old running toward the Cities of Refuge to excape the avengers of blood. They built themselves rude cabins of split logs and this section was called Slabtown. They lived on the ragged edge of starvation until the Federal authorities gave them temporary assistance. Then the American Missionary Society of the Northern States took up the matter and sent down the Rev. C. L. Lockwood to minister among them.

Mr. Lockwood first organized them into Sunday-schools and Church Societies and then taught them the religion of industry and social order. He found them remarkably free from intemperance and eager to learn to read and write and cipher. The Negroes crowded into these newly opened schools, and there was a Mrs. Peaks, a free colored woman, who first taught her people here and died devotedly under the heavy burden she bore, almost alone. There were sixteen hundred pupils in a very short time, and the Quakers as well as the American Missionary Society sent teachers among them with wonderful results.

In due season the work became so well established that General Armstrong, whose father was a faithful Missionary to the Sandwich Islands for nearly forty years, took charge of it. This noted Missionary was such a believer in industrial education and vocational training that he organized all his mission schools on a manual labor basis. His son, General Armstrong, who had commanded thousands of Negro soldiers in the Union Army, adopted the same plan as his father for lifting the liberated slaves from helpless dependency to self-reliance and self-support. Thus came into existence the first great institute for the Negro race in America.

It was to this famous school that young William the Shepherd went to prepare himself for his future life work. He had struggled along with manual labor by day and some schooling by night until he was ready for this long coveted opportunity. General Armstrong took a great liking to the lad, and gave him every opportunity and encouragement. And while he was busy learning the lessons of head and hand, young William did not lose sight of the heart culture or religious service. Indeed, one Sunday when his teacher called for volunteers to go with him to Slabtown for a missionary meeting, young William offered himself and carried the books, earnestly wishing that he, too, could tell the Gospel story to the lost and ignorant of his own race at home. He was touched with the sight of the poverty he saw, and appealed to the white people to give him bundles of clothing and other comforts for the needy and

sick at Slabtown. Thereby he won the gratitude of many an humble soul that otherwise would have suffered.

He mingled with equal freedom among the hundreds of Indians being educated at Hampton, learning their native dialect and winning their good will, so that they delighted to impart to him the knowledge of many things which were of service when he found himself alone with the savage tribes of Africa. So well did he learn the Indian words that years afterwards when he returned to America and told his story at Hampton, he used again for a moment or two the Indian tongue, and the Red Men sent up a shout of approval and pleasure. Thus, step by step, did William, the Shepherd, rise from poverty and obscurity until he was a Light-Bearer of the Gospel, following in the footsteps of David Livingstone himself.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

# A Home Missionary to Little Africa

WHEN the Civil War closed in Alabama there was a noble Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Dr. Stillman, who determined to accept the issues of Emancipation and help prepare the Negro race for its new-found freedom. From a genuinely Christian interest in the welfare and future of the Negro people Dr. Stillman began his educational work among them in an old slave cabin, with a dry-goods box for a desk, a few chairs, and a class of Negro young men eager to prepare themselves to teach among their people. This work in due season became a Presbyterian Theological Seminary for colored men; and ministers of all denominations received thorough instruction and training to go as pastors to destitute places. It was here that William the Shepherd was sent by the white session of his home church in Virginia when he put himself under their care as a candidate for the Presbyterian ministry.

Dr. Stillman was the Presbyterian pastor for many years in the town where this memorable movement began. One of his leading elders was a retired physician who was now a banker—Dr. Little by name, a man of great intelligence and Christian devotion to the betterment of humanity. He had once served for years as physician at the State hospital for insane, and he took a deep interest now in the preparation of the Negro people for their new citizenship. The Southern Presbyterian Assembly appointed a Committee on Colored Evangelization, and Dr. Little was made treasurer because he would more likely find funds for this missionary enterprise. The funds, however, were exceedingly scarce. But God raised up in the family of this same physician the very young man he wanted to become his Home Missionary to Little Africa.

John Little, the son of this consecrated banker-physician, was a boy whose heart God had touched. His first social and spiritual sympathy for the Negro race was awakened by a colored boy, Fred, who came to work in Dr. Little's family. Fred was about twelve or fourteen years old and made himself useful getting coal, splitting kindling, and doing odd jobs about the house. Mrs. Dr. Little was an invalid, not able to walk but little. So Fred drove her around and attended to the horse. All the family were very fond of Fred because he was so straight and honest and kind. He grew up in the Little family until he was eighteen or nineteen years old.

John Little gave his heart to God and united with the church about the time he was eighteen or twenty. Fred, who was about the same age, worked all week while the meeting was going on, but toward the Sabbath day he asked John how he felt when he got religion? John was sensitive on the subject and evaded the question. Fred was under conviction himself and was seeking the light: so on Sunday when John was received into the Church Fred asked him a second time how he felt when he got religion. Again John evaded the question and gave Fred no satisfaction whatever. Fred said no more after that.

John soon became active in Christian service about town. He went to the poor farm and conducted Sunday meetings for the inmates. He was the superintendent of a Sunday-school for white factory workers, and as president of the Christian Endeavor Society he pushed forward much good work among the poor.

Fred came home one day and said he wanted to leave the Little family and go to Birmingham to work in the coal mines. This was painful news to the household, but they did not feel it fair to dissuade Fred when he wanted to try his wings in the outside world. Another boy took Fred's place and unhitched the horse. One night he told John that Fred was home again with lung trouble, spitting blood. John was cut to the heart as with a whip or knife. He had never spoken to Fred on the subject of religion and this worried John day and night.

"I did not know exactly what to do," said John Little himself years afterward as he related the story. "I prayed for Fred; but I suppose I should have sent a physician out to see him that same night. But I did do so Sunday and told him to save Fred's life at any cost. 'You just give Fred anything he needs and I'll see to the bill, doctor,' said I. He afterward reported that Fred was doing very well.

"Fred was a large, tall young man but he moved like an old man when we got down on our knees to pray when I called on him. He was very weak and had a hard fight to get well. But he got out again and came to our house to work for a while. He insisted on paying back every cent of money we had spent on him for his illness. He was honest and straight to the very heart. I shall never forget Fred because through him I first discovered the needs and possibilities of his race right here in our midst at home. It was then I decided to study for the ministry and came to the Louisville Presbyterian Seminary. Fred got a good job with the railroad and succeeded as he deserved. He always called to see me when we were back at the old home town."

"How did the vision of this great industrial and social settlement work among the Negroes come to you?" we asked Mr. Little, eager for the life story always.

"Well, even during my Seminary studies I said often that it was inconsistent to leave the Negro out of any Christian program: for how could we send missionaries to far-off China and India and Africa and ignore the same flesh and blood right at our own door? My room-mate and I were digging away at Greek and Hebrew but my heart was working out a plan to uplift the neglected and forgotten Negroes all around us. I settled down to my work like an old stager, and the boys at the Seminary chided me about it.

"But I went home for my summer vacation and then resumed these same activities among the poor and lowly that had given me so much happiness before. I was merely finding myself. That second year we had a meeting at the Seminary for home mission work among the Negroes of Louisville. A committee was appointed but the movement was tabled for a month. Then my cousin, Dan Little, pushed it. I promised to help in a Negro Sunday-school work. The committee got busy and found a building on Preston street where nothing whatever in the line of uplift work was being done.

"My cousin Dan got the house and started the work. The first Sunday there were twenty-three children. I taught the little tots. Not one of them

had ever heard the story of Jesus. Our lesson was from Isaiah, 65th Chapter, where the peace of the nations is prophesied; the wolf and the lamb feeding together; and the serpent tamed so that it would not harm a child. 'They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord.'

"Little did I realize the significance of those beautiful words as applied to the very work we were doing to abolish animosities and hatreds of race for race and people for people right in our own borders. I never saw children so ignorant, yet those same neglected youngsters were the future useful citizens or certain criminals of the community. I had a time teaching them. I remained at home from the white church the next Sunday to prepare myself to meet those little Negroes. My Greek and Hebrew did not do me much good on that job.

"I got a book on child pedagogy called 'Points of Contact,' from the known to the unknown. I went back to the beginning. My very soul was in a sweat over that problem. I was determined to make the afternoon lesson interesting or die in the attempt.

"It was in the middle of winter, along about February. I saw the coal bucket in my room and an idea came to me. I took a lump of coal and wrapped it nicely in paper. I knew this would arouse their curiosity. Then I got a bottle and filled it with water. I went down into the yard and dug a little earth and scratched up some dead grass from under the snow. These I wrapped as carefully as the others. You see our lesson was on the creation and I was ready.

"Well those little Negroes were all alive with excitement when they saw the box; and I was so nervous, too, that I broke my water bottle the first thing. But we had a great time that Sunday and I had no trouble afterward. The next Sunday the lesson was about the Sun, Moon and Stars and I drew colored pictures for them on papers. It was wonderful to see how they responded. We remade and adapted our lessons for them from that time with perfect success."

"That is the way all great work begins and grows,' we exclaimed with enthusiasm; "right down in the details."

"Yes," answered John Little, the home missionary to the "Little Africa" of Louisville, "the work grew rapidly. By May we had a big Sunday-school with my cousin Dan at the head of it. The Synod gave us a small appropriation and we engaged new teachers and had assistants out looking up new pupils. We gave one whole afternoon a week to visiting among the colored people of the community. We took the houses one by one and left our literature. My class had grown until we had to rent two new rooms.

"One Sunday a Negro boy from Smoketown came to service and invited us over there. We had our hands full as it was; so he importuned us Sunday after Sunday until I began to really think of it. My cousin Dan could not stay that summer to work with us, so I agreed to stay myself, if Dan would raise the money. Dan said he would canvass one of the wealthy Presbyterian Churches for the needed funds and secured enough to go on safely. We then looked over Smoketown together and discovered a vacant house with a bookcase in it. This was the colored library. We saw the woman owner and rented it for Sunday afternoons and Wednesday nights.

"We reported to the Seminary and opened our second Sunday-school at once. The money was raised for us in one day and we began the next Sunday. We had twenty-four chairs and thirty-five children and had to use boards for seats. It has been that way ever since—more children than we can possibly accommodate.

"I took charge of both schools that summer myself and lived on faith in the work. I saw one of our leading ministers and he had the work put under the care of the Presbytery, but did not guarantee us anything. There was a Committee but no provision for support. I had the authority but the schools had no cash in hand. Indeed, I had just fifteen dollars for three months, and if that wasn't living on faith in the work, I don't know what faith is.

"At this juncture a call came for me from a Church in the South that promised relief and comfort from this seemingly thankless task of Negro uplift. I weakened for a little while. Then my leading minister friend advised me to stay on the job right there at home. He promised that he would make a little journey with me to all the Churches on Sunday evenings, where he would preach and then let me tell my own story and ask for support in the work. The plan succeeded admirably and I became God's permanent Home Missionary to the Little Africa of Louisville."

CHAPTER XXXIX

# The Shepherd and His People

IN the winter of 1916-17 when we were Chaplain of the Indiana Reformatory in Jeffersonville, about the time of Lincoln's birthday, we arranged with William the Shepherd to visit the Reformatory and tell the story of the mission to the Dark Continent to the several hundred colored inmates. This was an event of extraordinary interest to the boys, as it was the first time in a long while that a minister of their own race had come to speak to them within the walls. William the Shepherd was accompanied by his wife, who shared with him the perils and hardships of the African journey. She was a wonderfully sweet singer, and the Gospel hymns that day were a rare treat indeed. The colored chorus gave selections of their own also, and the program was splendid.

The noted Missionary told how he had cherished his ideal from early boyhood to carry the light of the Gospel message to the very heart of Africa. Finally the Board of Foreign Missions accepted his services, and together with Rev. Samuel N. Lapsley, a devoted young volunteer missionary from Alabama, the son of a distinguished judge, the great journey was at last begun. The mother of young Lapsley saw them off at New York and her last injunction was, "Shepherd, take care of Sam." He assured her that he would; and then arose one of those strong friendships between the two young men that only the annals of the Old South itself can parallel.

They went by way of London and followed in the ocean path of Livingston and Stanley, finally landing at the mouth of the Congo, where they were in imminent danger from the man-eating sharks so numerous there. They noted, too, the fact of the terrible African fevers, and the many forms of death they would have to face. Nevertheless, with undaunted souls they struck out for the heart of the Dark Continent. They penetrated twelve hundred miles from the coast and eight hundred miles from the nearest foreign settlement. Upon the river banks they disembarked and bade farewell to their conductors who promised to return in nine months.

Scarcely had their guides departed down the stream when great hordes of hostile natives rushed upon them from every hidden point in the forest and jungle. William the Shepherd started to fire upon them but his companion Lapsley forbade. Instead, they chanced to spy a hippopotamus in the river, which Shepherd easily shot, and with a hospitable smile bade the savage welcome to share the meal with him. This clever ruse succeeded and the savages fell upon the hippopotomus and made short work of him. Then they took the two missionaries to their village to spend the night.

Words could never tell the terror of that night in the wilds. They were overawed by their own daring and fearful of the morning light and new perils to encounter. They wept like children, homesick, heartsick and human

as the most common mortals imaginable. But at dawn they heard a rooster crowing and it soothed them with the solace of the familiar and homelike.

"That was a language we colored men can all understand—the crowing of a cock!" said the great missionary smiling, and the boys burst into a great roar of laughter.

He then related many incidents and superstitions in their contact with the natives. An alphabet and written language were next put together by signs and objects and questions, and in a very few months they were able to make themselves understood in the native tongue. After winning the love of the natives and seeing the change to civilization near at hand, Lapsley was called to the coast by the Governor, and there, taken suddenly ill with an African fever, he expired. He was known among the natives as the Pathfinder and when the news of his death came back to the interior a mournful lamentation was made for him.

William the Shepherd, greatly distressed also, took counsel of the Most High and resolved to plunge deeper into the wilds of hostile territory, trusting his life and future into the hands of Providence alone. The story of that memorable journey to the gateway of a land where foreigners were slain at their first approach and how the Shepherd disarmed their relentless prejudice and hatred and penetrated to the very house and heart of the king, would thrill anyone to hear. Then on and on he went into the very hidden recesses of the Cannibal Country until he braved death in its most awful form, eaten by his fellow beings. Again God gave him entrance to the confidence of kings and natives and his name became a household word to thousands far and wide. The kindly services in sickness and the many acts of kindness and good will performed toward the suffering everywhere endeared the Shepherd and his wife to these people like a father and mother. What wonder then that he returned to his native land twenty years afterward with the highest honors awarded a Missionary of the Cross! He risked his life time and again to stop the awful horrors of slavery and cannibalism and the rubber trade atrocities. And when he set foot on American soil at last he was privileged to address more white people than any other man of his race except Booker T. Washington.

When this wonderful address in the Reformatory Chapel was concluded, Samuel Hardin, a Negro prisoner with a tragic history, who had been unanimously chosen to speak for his fellow inmates, stepped forward and in a beautifully touching way thanked the great missionary for his message and the good wife for her tender songs of comfort and cheer: "If every sentence I utter were a rose and every word a petal of thought; if thankfulness we all feel toward you could be conveyed in human language at all, it would be like the color and beauty and sweet perfume of the loveliest of flowers. This I offer you as the most fitting expression of our gratitude and affection."

From that day forward it was the one hope and purpose of Samuel Hardin's life to be paroled to the great missionary and work at his side for the social and spiritual uplift of his race and people. As Chaplain, we made frequent visits to the home and congregation of William the Shepherd and told the story of Samuel Harding in such a manner that it won the sympathy and prayers of all who heard. The people themselves looked forward joyfully to the time of his liberation and companionship.

William the Shepherd had been called to Louisville several years before to labor with Rev. John Little in his growing home mission and social work among the Negroes of the East End. This devoted service had attracted attention throughout the country. A student of the problem had written a book called, "The Negro Life in the South." It was the text book that other students were waiting for. Industrial education at Hampton showed what the Negro could be taught in vocational training. A conference down in North Carolina called for information and John Little responded. His welcome among these keen young white collegians astonished him. He had not dreamed that they were ready to take up the subject so eagerly. His patience and tact and undoubted experience dispelled prejudice immediately and his wonderful Stereoptican Story of the work held his audience spell-bound. The Y. M. C. A. made out an intinerary for him covering the entire South and Southwest. He delivered twenty-nine lectures at the colleges and universities in one month's time, and five hundred dollars for expenses was raised before he began his tour. He thus addressed thousands of young men who wanted to know at once what they could do to help.

In a brief space of time ten thousand college students were studying Weatherford's book and the service of a social expert on that one problem alone was demanded. John Little was himself offered this important task but declined the call because he was giving his whole life to put the work in Louisville on a permanent foundation for the future. Meanwhile these young collegians returned to their home communities with a vision and a zeal to serve equal to the enthusiasm of the early teachers and students at Hampton itself. White men though they were, they started Sunday-schools for the ignorant and neglected Negro children and taught them to read and write by night in the churches. In town after town and city after city the movement gathered momentum until it resembled the first great awakening of the Northern people themselves to educate and civilize and Christianize the newly-liberated Negro race. Churches and religious organizations that had passed this immense social problem by so long, now fell into line and the great work went forward. The South had awakened from her slumber at last.

Throughout the entire city of Louisville William the Shepherd sought and ministered to the lost people of his own race. He became known everywhere and was soon loved by tens of thousands. The whole city was his parish and every needy, sick, or troubled soul of his race found him a father and a friend. He gave to scores of ministers a new conception of service, and the blessing of his labors and the sweet songs of his devoted wife were felt and heard in the darkest haunts of sin and shame. The call of this glorious mission reached Samuel Hardin's soul like the sound of a trumpet and his future was now radiant with hope and promise. But death claimed him suddenly in the late fall of 1917 behind the walls when the Governor had prepared to release him that very Christmas. His story became one of the most beautiful incidents in the life of William the Shepherd and was prophetic of the future salvation of his race and people everywhere.

Joseph S. Cotter, Jr., (deceased). Son and namesake of his gifted father. Inheritor of the same poetic genius, which placed him in the first rank of Negro poets in America. Born in September, 1895, he became one of the most promising young men of his race in Louisville. He and a cultured sister, Florence, were the pride and joy of their parents. But on the threshold of manhood and womanhood tuberculosis developed and cut them down like the flowers of springtime. At the graveside of his sister, Florence, Joseph Jr. first realized the gift of song; and during the five fleeting years remaining he sang the great themes of human life and love with a pathos and tenderness like Keats of old. His white physician said he never saw greater courage, patience and cheerfulness in youth facing death. He died in his father's arms February 3, 1919; and the father afterward wrote a noble and beautiful song in his memory, "I am Wondering." His little book of poems, "The Band of Gideon," and other works—all interwoven with a love story most beautiful to tell; a story that is deathless as his songs—have won for him an enviable and deserved memory among the singers of his race and time.

CHAPTER XL

# A Book of Remembrance

IT WAS in the month of August, 1925, in contemplation of the Goshen Church Centennial, and of my father's sojourn of practically sixty-one years as a resident minister in the Old Goshen community, that he and I talked over the publication of the present volume. For quite a number of years previous I had taken down in story outline the chief episodes and pastoral experiences of my father's long and useful ministry. He was a man of remarkably clear and accurate memory and could give a vivid account of events and characters long since lost to others. He was at first favorable only to a modest summary of his gospel preaching, with a few typical sermons published therewith. But due consideration won his consent to the present narrative of his life interwoven with the impressive and inspiring Light Bearers of Presbyterian history, with some of whom he had been closely and intimately associated during the years he was in the making as a man of God. Every chapter was read to him and he selected most of the pictures he wanted reproduced as illustrations. In a word, the book was gathered togethere, set in type and arranged in accord with his entire good judgment and to his satisfaction. He was more than pleased and gratified to come in line after Gideon Blackburn, David Rice, Thomas Cleland, Lewis Green, Robert J. Breckinridge, Edward P. Humphrey, Stuart Robinson and other mighty men of God, a "Lesser Light" of the Kingdom, but one that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

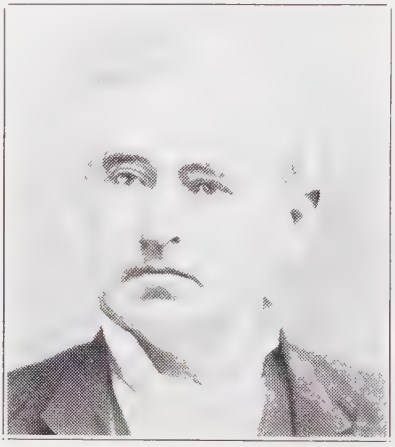
In July, 1863, Rev. J. H. Hopper presented my father with a copy of the "Memoirs of Thomas Cleland" compiled by Edward P. Humphrey and Thomas H. Cleland. This little book was a classic account of the great pioneer Light Bearer. My father's eyesight and hearing failed grievously the last two years of his life, and he experienced much delight the last few weeks before his final illness when I read to him the Memoirs of Thomas Cleland. It was Thomas H. Cleland who preached at the Perryville Church when my father was converted in boyhood. Dr. Cleland, Junior, was assisting the Perryville pastor, Rev. John Hancock, during the revival; and my father spoke especially of the impressive and apt illustrations of gospel truth used by Dr. Cleland in his sermons. The personality of the minister, so radiant of the Master, had much to do with giving my father a hopeful and joyous anticipation of the Christian life. These facts were much on his mind in connection with the Memoirs of the Senior Dr. Cleland; and my father realized that the publication of his own story was a means of preserving and dispensing the very message he had so long and devotedly carried to others.

## The Centennial of Goshen Church

In spite of a dark and threatening day, people gathered from far and near to attend the centennial exercises of the Old Goshen Church on Sunday, September 27, 1925. Neighboring churches joined in the services and in serving the

bountiful dinner at noon, which symbolized the hospitality of old times. There was hardly a family of old days in the community unrepresented by the younger generation; and quite a large number of former members came back for the first time in years.

The morning music of old favorite hymns was led by Mr. Robert Veasey, student pianist and singer of the Louisville Seminary. The church officers conducted an old-fashioned roll call of the pastors, elders, deacons and members of long ago, rendered very impressive at its close by singing, "When The Roll is Called Up Yonder." C. W. Rule read the pastors' names, John Pierce the elders, Duke Collier the deacons and Virgil Snowden the old members. Allen Adams, grandson of an old elder of the same name, was on the program. Pierce Woolfolk read "The Burning and Rebuilding of Old Goshen Church in 1887" under Rev. E. D. Gregory; and Wesley King read a brief history of the various church organizations. John Bottorff, Jr., read the scripture.



Rev. Thomas H. Cleland, D. D., son and biographer of his father, Rev. Thomas Cleland, D. D., with Rev. Edward P. Humphrey, D. D. Rev. John Rule was converted under the ministry of Rev. Thomas H. Cleland at Perryville, Ky., in early youth.

Rev. C. R. Hemphill, D. D., of Louisville Seminary, conducted the devotional exercise before the sermon, and then read the reminiscent message of Rev. John Rule, the old pastor, who was in his eighty-ninth year and was too feeble to speak. Dr. Hemphill, who had been in Louisville Presbytery over forty years with Mr. Rule, read the message in a most gracious and beautiful way, and his address on what the Presbyterian system of doctrine, government and spiritual training has meant in modern history was a masterpiece of informal, refreshing and forceful characterization.

Mrs. Julia Snowden read the reminiscent message of Mrs. Mary Rule, the last survivor of the old generation, with an added word of her own; and Miss Mary Collier read a closing poem, "At the Sundown of Life," for the pilgrims

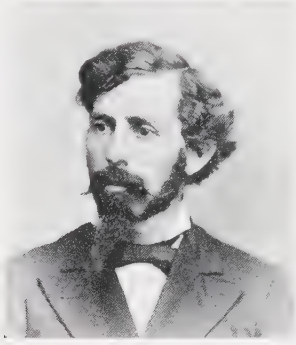
of the past. Rev. Chas. W. Welch, D. D., and his Fourth Avenue Church Choir conducted one of the choicest historic and musical programs in the afternoon ever given at Goshen; and this old church and community have had many such in past years of educational and religious life that first made it famous. Dr. Welch touched upon those influences, and upon Dr. Gideon Blackburn, founder of Goshen Church in 1825, with his own rare eloquence and feeling. The service was cut short by an approaching storm, and by an unavoidable delay in photographing the crowd by Louisville photographers. Rev. H. Pleune, of the Highland Church, Louisville, was present. Rev. John Rule pronounced the benediction.

## "As the Life of a Tree"

No doubt everyone of us, when we review our lives at the middle, or near the close, have serious and oft-recurring misgivings and regrets as to the course we pursued, the choice we made and the final results of our labor realized. My father was no exception to human nature in this particular. He had a deep-seated ideal of the long-time ministry of the Eastern States when he was a boy back in New Jersey. At the time of his graduation from Princeton in 1864, Dr. Green of the Seminary offered to see him favorably located in the East. It was a great opportunity and temptation; but my father was a devoted home man. He loved the old New Jersey ties where he was born; but his family were all in Kentucky and here he returned despite the storm of Civil War still raging. He often mentioned the fact that a minister of the gospel in the East was more regarded than in the West. Out here he had to take his chances with other professions, and the intense denominational rivalry was far more apt to discount a minister as such than back East, where the community churches were older and more settled in tradition and respect for the pastoral office.

It goes without saying that my father won his standing and held it out here in the West; but even down to the last months of his life he would occasionally indulge in that peculiarly pensive retrospect expressed by Whittier's line, "It might have been." He left in my hands two or three years before his death a brief sketch of his life to be sent on to Princeton Seminary when he had passed away. It was almost as concise as the record on a tombstone. I felt that it was too modest and brief. The original outline was in one of his note books. It contains some facts that are worthy of preservation. But the main point is that he closed this original sketch with the termination of his regular pastorate at the old home church. That was the tragedy to him. He was not a man to move about after he had once settled his abode. Opportunities for favorable locations were not plentiful in Kentucky forty odd years ago, even to Presbyterian ministers. He was a peculiarly reserved and modest man when it came to advancing himself. He had been offered the pastorate of the New Providence Church on one occasion while he was still happily located at Goshen. And at the time of his retirement from the Goshen Church he was capable of rendering the best service of his life as a pastor or teacher. But he did not wish to move unless he could do justice to the education of his children and be assured of a living wage for his work. Yet he had a horror of being considered mercenary in his calling.

It was a source of infinite pain to him to leave his pastoral study and depend upon the income of our little farm for subsistence. But he was a thorough and painstaking man and he was the best farmer in the entire community. He gradually became reconciled to these "earthly, or wordly, avocations" by giving his time and labor without recompense to the Home Mission cause in the field which he himself discovered and so devotedly cultivated. Rev. A. A. Higgins truly said at his funeral that he was not only a man of faith, but that he was faithful unto death in the service of his Lord, for the good of the smaller groups of Home Mission Churches. Dr. Higgins said, furthermore, that



REV. EDWARD O. GUERRANT

The Old First Presbyterian Church, Louisville, was pastored one hundred years ago by Dr. Gideon Blackburn, when he founded the church at Goshen. Rev. Edward O. Guerrant was called to the pulpit of this same church in January, 1879, and after a great revival awakening in the congregation was chosen Home Mission Evangelist of the Synod of Kentucky, in November, 1881. This movement was in answer to the dying prayer of Rev. Stuart Robinson, D. D., the same year, who had himself hoped to lead it as Synodical Evangelist; but Dr. Guerrant bore the mantle of Elijah when Dr. Robinson was called home to God; and the generous gifts of Bennett H. Young, R. S. Veech and A. J. Alexander assured the permanence of the work. Rev. John Rule became a Home Missionary in this same movement and his West Goshen work fifteen years later grew into another great Evangelical awakening in Louisville Presbytery.

he was singularly free from the ambition possessed by so many ministers to occupy the larger city pulpits. Not that he was conscious of any inability to measure up to the demands of such pulpits, for he often filled them with impressiveness and satisfaction. But here was a scholar and teacher and natural scientist with an unusal mind and executive capacity in everything he undertook, who settled down and served a wide-spread rural population for sixty-one years. In youth a finished mechanic and worker in wood, a builder and cultivator, near to nature and close to the soil, he was alive and virile to the very end of his days. His cheeks were ruddy and his blood was pure and red and clean. He was sincere to his heart's core. He mastered every subject and problem that came before him. He was an investigator and student of the human anatomy and of disease as long as his eyesight lasted; and he never lost that keen, incisive, sane interpretation of spiritual truth characteristic of him always as an oracle of God. So deeply did he identify himself with his section of country and its people that it is almost impossible to contemplate his absence now. He was

always practical, logical, persistent. Dr. Higgins said at his funeral that amid all the changing times and periods of his life of nearly ninety years he was forward-looking, and went right on; though he did grieve deeply over the unspiritual tendencies and unhallowed influences abroad today. In his eighty-first year we addressed to him this Birthday Greeting, which is just as truly typical of his character as any symbol it were possible to employ:

"AS THE LIFE OF A TREE"

"Servant of God, well done."
Today at eighty-one
Life's full, well-rounded sun
Goes down as it begun.
Thy soul was always young,
And Truth was on thy tongue:
A noble oak among
Life's trees that storms have wrung.

A pilgrim of the earth
Not over-moved by mirth,
But sturdy, brave and strong;
A psalm thy daily song.
Thy heart is true to home;
Too wedded there to roam.
Yet looking toward the dome
Of God and Life to come.

A patriarch of old
Who scorned the lure of Gold,
And to his faith will hold
'Till Time's last hour is told.
Thy children honor thee,
And round thy kindly knee
Would gather and agree
To brothers ever be.

Thou and thy brothers stood
Like monarchs of the wood
For all that brothers should;
And life was sweet and good.
So in the Life Beyond
Unbroken be the bond.
Love's Resurrection wand
Shall wake, so young and fond.

The gentlest of them all,
Who answered Death's sad call
Like them who bravely fall
To break earth's tyrant thrall;
And happily ye twain,
Together once again,
Shall lift Love's tender strain
Where Life shall never wane.

## The Dark Mother Comes

My father failed very perceptibly the last year of his life, though we will always believe that had be relaxed somewhat from the very simple and austere diet and daily routine which he followed just as religiously as he did his spiritual devotions, he might have persisted into the nineties. He had never been seriously ill, and never in bed for any time worth mentioning. He believed in medical science and consulted physicians when necessary; but he always "weathered" a cold with the use of a little quinine and some application to his chest at night. He succeeded every winter until this last one. Indications of a sluggish and unresisting constitutional status gave warning several times that the grand old ship of his physical man could hardly weather another serious gale. The approaches of bronchial pneumonia were very subtle, engaging his strength and will-power gradually, with increasing discomfort and discomfiture. He had

always hoped and expected to pass away quickly without a struggle. But for the Warrior of God, the Soldier of the Cross, there seemed to be no such passage to the Elysium of the Blessed. In his weakness and waiting he repeated over and over the beautiful stanzas of old, favorite hymns and put his case in the hands of the Great Pilot and Captain of his soul.

We can never forget the last time he led the family devotions before he took to his bed. Assisted by his son, Clarence, he stood by the mantle and lifted up a feeble voice in prayer with the remark that as long as he was able he would not forget his God. After that, in the drowsiness and dream of his illness he reminded one deeply of a voyager just setting forth on the Sea of Death, looking back to the familiar shores of the Homeland here, perplexed and anxious as to the intervening perils and pains to be encountered. What we dreaded most was that he might feel lonely and alone, humanly speaking. We would go in and speak to him and take him by the hand, and for the moment he would rouse up and greet us faintly, then lapse into slumber. More than once he seemed sensible of the presence of a beloved brother who had long since passed over the River; and we finally had to realize that he was beyond mortal relief.

Yet it was on Thanksgiving Day, 1925, about 4:15 p. m. that he fell asleep in Jesus as quietly as an infant going to rest. Our mother was sitting at his bedside and had been holding his hand in her own, when in a moment of time the venerable servant of God slipped down into the Great Silence. The Dark Mother, Death, is so noiseless and gentle, and his passing was peaceful and serene. It was patriarchal, like that of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. He had roused up a week or ten days before and asked us if it were not well to let his friends know his condition. An item in the papers brought wide-spread interest and sympathy to him, which was a great comfort. And in the final services his own wishes were so fully carried out that our mother remarked several times how much she wished he might be aware of all that was going on. It would have been such a recompense for all the battles and struggles and encounters of his militant, heroic Christian life. Pilgrim's Progress was the last favorite book which he read with own eyes; and Dr. Higgins said at his funeral service that his death was a release, a victory, a triumph. His long-time friend and fellow-Presbyter, Rev. H. Y. Davis, also assisted in the services. His burial was at the Brownsboro Cemetery, in Oldham County, Kentucky, and the funeral was held on Sunday morning, from the old home church where he had participated in the centennial exercises a few months before. Dr. Higgins conducted an infinitely tender service at the home for our mother, who was not able to go to the church. Sunday evening when we assembled about the fireside at home, our elder brother, Clarence, took father's place at the family altar; and we read the following memorial stanzas:

Say not that he is dead,
Though lowly lies his head;
And hearts, uncomforted,
Shrink back with nameless dread.
Say not that he is gone,
Though from our sight withdrawn,
His spirit upward, on,
Hath passed into God's Dawn.

Say not he is no more,
Though from that Unseen Shore
No answering signs restore
Faith in what lies before.
Say not that he is dust,
Though like a crumbling crust,
Life endeth as it must,
Testing our utmost trust.

Wrapped in the mystic calm
Of slumber and of psalm,
Death came like Gilead's Balm,
And Faith's triumphant palm.
Life's seasons, one by one,
Beneath a favoring sun,
Had ripened rich and run;
And now God's will was done.

The pang of parting pains;
But memory sweet remains.
The losses and the gains
Are summed in tender strains.
Then let the garb of grief
Lift with a glad relief;
For Life's full ripened sheaf
Was cut by Heaven's Chief.

Rugged, heroic here;
A stranger unto Fear,
When Mother Death drew near
'Twas like a Friend most dear.
Then let the wintry snows
Cover his deep repose
Till Spring Eternal glows
With Lilies and the Rose.

# INDEX


Page

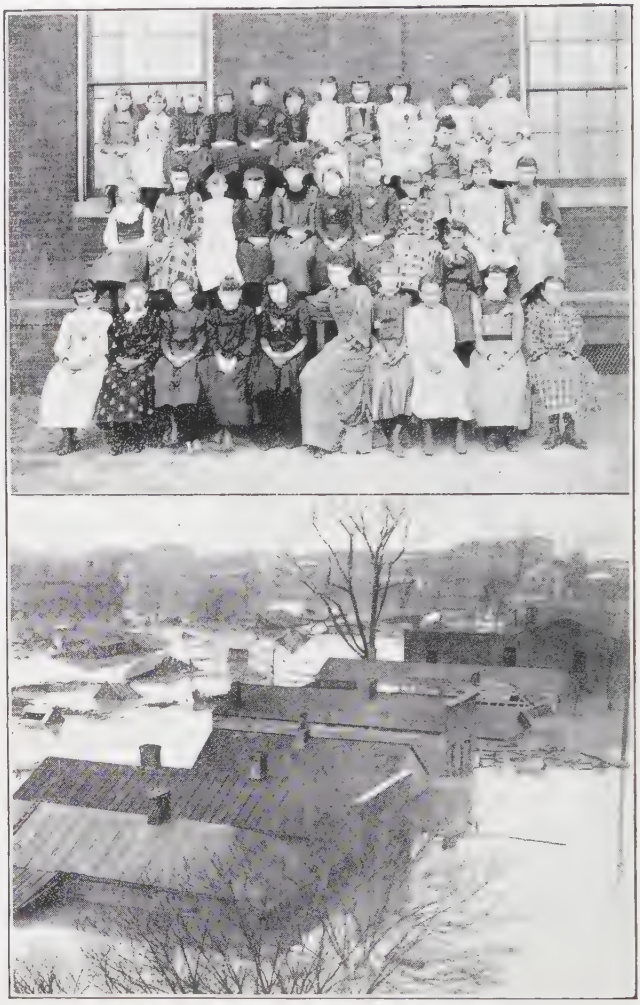
Armstrong, John ..... 29
Armstrong, William ..... 29, 34
Blackburn, Gideon ..... 1-5, 6-10, 11-12, 13-15
Blackburn, John N. ..... 48
Barton, Prof. ..... 53
Brank, Rev. R. G. ..... 23, 71
Brown, Wm. ..... 34-38
Belknap, W. B. ..... 78, 144-151, 138
Boone, Daniel ..... 59
Barnes, Rev. George O. ..... 96-97
Caldwell, Adaline ..... 13
Casseday, Jennie ..... 53
Comfort, Pastor ..... 29, 87
Cotter, Jos. S. ..... 5, 161-172
Cotter, Jos. S., Jr. ..... 184
Cortelyou, Peter ..... 19
Christie, Wm. ..... 21
Centre College ..... 34-38
Cleland, Thomas ..... 93-94
Davies, Samuel ..... 5, 26, 84-87
Davis, Jefferson ..... 19
Dickey, John M. ..... 84-87
Dinsmore, Rev. J. H. ..... 54, 105-109
Doak ..... 7
Eggleston, Edward ..... 3
Edmunds, Prof. ..... 101-102
Eubank, Mrs. Martha ..... 56-57, 111-114
Flournoy, Rev. P. P. ..... 71
Gloucester, John ..... 9-10
Green, L. W. ..... 37-38
Green, E. M. ..... 39-43
George, Webster ..... 57-62
Glover, John F. ..... 63-66
Guerrant, E. O. ..... 125
Hall, Rev. J. W. ..... 12
Hampton, Mrs. Emma ..... 134-135
Hill, Rev. D. W. ..... 73
Jackson, Andrew ..... 11-12
Jacob, Governor ..... 105, 119-121
Johnson, Dr. ..... 55
Knox, John ..... 25
Keller, Wm. and Abram ..... 23
Knight, Rev. M. G. ..... 77-78
Kuykendall Brothers ..... 1a-2a
Kuykendall Fortress ..... 46
Little, Rev. John ..... 9, 177-183
Laird, Rev. H. R. ..... 15
Mackemie, Francis ..... 3-4
Magruder, Mrs. Sallie ..... 74-76
McCown, Rev. B. H. ..... 15, 92-93
McKendree, Wm. ..... 4
Morris, Rob ..... 108-110
Newton, Dr. A. S. ..... 54-56, 111-114
Salem, Old Presbytery ..... 39-40
Pope, Curran ..... 8

Page

Perryville, Battle of ..... 37-38
Payton, Rev. Wm. ..... 128-132
Pilkington, Family ..... 87-89
Pilkington, Mrs. Kate ..... 90-91
Phillips, Fanny ..... 52
Richie, Gideon ..... 5
Rice, David ..... 13, 39-43
Rule, John ..... 15-24, 25-28, 29
Rule, Abram ..... 34-38
Rule, Mary W. ..... 45, 50-53, 54-56
Robinson, Rev. Stuart ..... 71
Snowden, Joseph ..... 13-14
Snowden, Francis ..... 14
Snowden, Giltner ..... 13-14
Steele, A. ..... 69-70
Sears, Dominie ..... 80183
Shirley, Rev. Andrew ..... 95-96
Sheppard, Rev. Wm. H. ..... 173-183
Taylor W. N. ..... 78, 152-155
Taylor, Zachary ..... 1a
Tarleton, Ralph ..... 56
Tennent, Gilbert ..... 86-87
Talbot, Thomas ..... 133-143
Todd, John ..... 103
Todd, Rev. John ..... 139-140
Voorhees, Helena ..... 26, 29
Woolfolk, Thos. J. ..... 27, 46-53
Witherspoon, John. ..... 25, 26
Webb, Maggie ..... 89 90
Washburn, Elihu B. ..... 56

# The Books and Life Work of Lucien V. Rule

LUCIEN V. RULE



## "THE SUBMERGED TENTH"

A young school teacher heroine of the River Front in Louisville, who carried out in her house to house visitation and early Red Cross relief work among the children of the poor the spirit and mission of "Aunt Martha" Eubank, the first great Masonic Mother of the city. This young girl lived and died a martyr to the poor and ignorant, the suffering and afflicted all over the flooded area of "The Point" and "Towhead Island." The young poet first met her in "The Old Country Church" of his home neighborhood, where she was recuperating from the stress and strain of her noble work. He had returned from Old Centre College to the home farm broken in health and hope and spirit, yet compelled by bitter need to grapple with the problem of making a living. She was a working girl heroine of the "Jane Eyre" type, and through her eyes of great and loving vision for humanity he saw the world of labor and service and brotherhood. He told her story in "The Shrine of Love," which won immediate recognition in this country and England.

## "APPLE BOWER"

The little cottage home sung in the poet's dream as "The House of Love." Here he eventually brought the bride who incarnated his vision and made his hope of happy mating real and true. She was a girl of the open country, vigorous and beautiful, yet sensitive and tender to human need and suffering, a veritable Louisa May Alcott, her ideal, in vision and social efficiency as a teacher and home-maker. She incarnated the region and people of "Old Kentucky Home," near which she was born; and there was in her love the romance and lullaby and consolation of Foster's immortal songs. Joy and gladness intermingled with the undertone of world sorrow and human sympathy that had characterized the young poet's work hitherto; and this new book of heart songs and sonnets won a permanent place in American poetry.

## "THE PARADISE OF YOUTH"

The golden land of song and story, where Youth and Fraternity walk hand in hand. The mystic realm where the Boy and Girl Scouts, the Social Crusaders and other young dreamers are made ready by ritual, drama, and pageant impersonation to assume the dignity and glory, the vows and visions of manhood and womanhood as they enter with heroic hearts and high enthusiasm the life-long struggle of the world. This is the native atmosphere of the poet and his wife—who met, romanced, and were mated in "The Paradise of Youth." Their little daughter, Mary Lily, has never known any other world of play and happiness; and the spiritual and poetic story of this world is told in "An Old Country Church," "The Social Crusaders" and "The Cross of Honor," rare and beautiful booklets, which may be had from the publishers at fifty cents each. "The Cross of Honor" is the only complete poetic pageant of the Red Cross ever written or published. The author's wife was the inspiration and the heroine of it, and in 1918 at the Centennial of Rob Morris, Masonic Poet-Laureate, the chief characters were impersonated and presented in a notable and impressive way under her personal direction.

# "THE CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS"

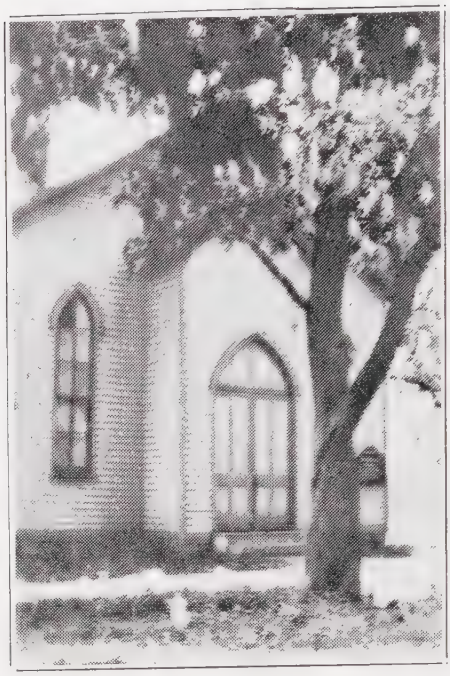
"OLD PRISON SOUTH." JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA

OLD STATE PRISON, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

"THE CITY OF DEAD SOULS"

KNOWN TO ALL PRISONERS AS
"THE CITY OF DEAD YOUTH"

Story of the "Old Prison South" at Jeffersonville, Indiana, and the Old Kentucky Penitentiary at Frankfort. From "The Paradise of Youth," where Love and Hope and Joy made every heart glad; where the voices of birds and brooks and children filled the air with song and laughter, the poet passed into prison walls where youth was withered and dead. There Love and Hope and Joy were strangers; and there the only laughter and song were cold and mocking and vile beyond description. Nearly ten years (from 1914 to 1923) were spent in the service of these lost souls and broken lives as Chaplain and Teacher; and out of these great experiences grew a book, "The City of Dead Souls," which told the story and changed the spirit of men toward the lost denizens of "The Place of Punishment." Here you will find the full history of a hundred years of horror, cruelty and crime. The author penetrated into the deepest and darkest secrets of these old "Hells Above Ground," as John Wesley called all such places. The "Keeper of Souls," as the young Chaplain was designated, led men forth to light and liberty in the name of Jesus Christ. The Salvation Army made this a standard prison story, and it was circulated throughout the English-speaking world.

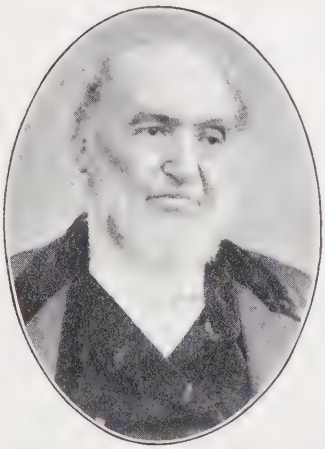


THE LITTLE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, LA GRANGE, KENTUCKY
WHERE ROB MORRIS WORSHIPPED

## "PIONEERING IN MASONRY"

The Life and Time of Rob Morris, Masonic Poet-Laureate, together with the story of Clara Barton and the Eastern Star.

The theme of Human Brotherhood, like that of Human Liberty, was always a passion with the author. Out of the pain and peril of the great panic of the nineties he emerged convinced that Fraternity, next to the spiritual repentance and faith of the Gospel itself, was the one great redeeming force of the nation and the world. He was commissioned and ordained by the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., to preach and teach the Gospel of Divine Love and Human Brotherhood to the working people. His experiences with the toiling masses and the Labor Movement of America had been as deep and revealing as his ten years within prison walls; and he carried through the years the tragic consciousness of what Faith and Fraternity must do for the toiling masses if the dream and hope of man for Liberty and Brotherhood were ever to be realized. His father was the pastor of Rob Morris, and a childhood friendship with the great Masonic Laureate eventually led the author into Free Masonry. He also inevitably became the biographer of Dr. Morris; and his work with Youth and Fraternity led him to discover the untold story of Clara Barton and the Eastern Star. The book resulting has been called one of the most important of recent Masonic publications. It is the Centennial History of Fraternity in America: and its pages are rich and abounding in the fruits of research and experience in the supreme task of teaching men to love and serve one another.



REV. JAMES H. SMITH, D. D., PASTOR OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL., 1850 TO 1856

## "FORERUNNERS OF LINCOLN"

The One Hundred Year History of the great pioneer Presbyterian preachers and educators and emancipators, who cleared the way and lifted the Cross of Light and Liberty in the wilds of Kentucky and the forest of Indiana while Lincoln was yet a youth. The author was himself for years a Circuit Rider and Home Missionary over the classic ground of "The Hoosier School Master." He enjoyed a personal friendship with Edward Eggleston, who was his ideal minister and romancer from earliest youth, and the great Hoosier story-writer gave his dying benediction and unfinished tasks to the young poet-preacher. He served as pastor where John M. Dickey, Lyman and Henry Ward Beecher, and many other great Liberators had labored and suffered and triumphed long ago; and slowly through a twenty-year ministry he gathered and matured the priceless material for this epochal book of the pioneer heroes of the faith. A very close and inspiring friendship with Rev. J. R. Barnard, D. D., of Madison, Indiana, father of the famous sculptor and Lincoln portrayer, George Grey Barnard, gave the author rare opportunity to put the artist theme and touch in his pages. It climaxes in a poetic pageant called "The New Covenanters," which is akin to the soul-story of the great masterpieces of George Grey Barnard in "The Broken Law," "The Burden of Life," "I Feel Two Natures Struggling Within Me." "Fraternity," "The Rose Maiden," and "Lincoln." The book is published as a companion volume to "The Light Bearers."

"The Shrine of Love" ..... $1.50 net

"The House of Love" ..... $1.50 net

"An Old Country Church" ..... 50c net

"The Social Crusaders" ..... 50c net

"The Cross of Honor" ..... 50c net

"The City of Dead Souls" ..... $3.00 net

"Pioneering In Masonry" ..... $3 00 net

"The Light Bearers" ..... $2.50 net

"Forerunners of Lincoln" ..... $3.00 net

BRANDT-CONNORS & FOWLER

*PUBLISHERS*

541 South Second Street

LOUISVILLE -- KENTUCKY

*The illustrations for this book were made from rare and historic photographs and daguerreotypes by The Tinsley-Clingman Company of Louisville.*

Y0-CHE-984